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THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE
OF
SPORTS AND PASTIMES

VOL. XXIII.

THE
BADMINTON MAGAZINE
OF
SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY
ALFRED E. T. WATSON

VOLUME XXIII.
JULY TO DECEMBER 1906

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MR. HUGH OWEN WITH THE BELVOIR HOUNDS AT SCALFORD

(Photograph by Mr. John Day, Leicester)

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

IX.—MR. HUGH OWEN

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THE series of "Sportsmen of Mark" has included of leading horsemen Messrs. George Lambton, Arthur Coventry, George Thursby, Capt. Wentworth Hope-Johnstone, Messrs. Gwyn Saunders-Davies and W. F. Lee; and one of the best and busiest of their contemporaries was the subject of the present sketch. Mr. Hugh Darby Annesley Owen, son of Hugh Owen, of Bettws Hall, Montgomeryshire, and Lady Muriel, daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, was born at Prestbury Lodge, Cheltenham, and it is to be remembered that Prestbury was also the birthplace of Fred Archer, of whom, by the way, no satisfactory memoir was ever written, though one would

have been intensely interesting if only it could have been done by an efficient hand. Mr. Hugh Owen came of a family of sportsmen, and that the taste was hereditary may be judged from the fact that he and his brother, the much-loved and lamented "Roddy," both so greatly distinguished themselves in the saddle. As little boys they hunted chiefly with the Cotswold, afterwards being attracted to the Duke of Beaufort's country, the praises of which, as a home of the most genuine sport, need no reiteration, though it is a subject on which from many of my own delightful experiences I should be



PRESTBURY COURT, FORMERLY PRESTBURY LODGE, CHELTENHAM, THE BIRTHPLACE OF MR. HUGH OWEN

(Photograph by Captain W. Kerr, Prestbury Court)

so sorely tempted to dilate were it not that the theme does not come quite within the scope of this article. For the sake of the sport Mr. Hugh Owen took up his residence at Tetbury, a more convenient centre, but later circumstances tempted him to the Shires. Market Harborough and then Melton became his headquarters, and it may be briefly observed that though the seventies are some way back his heart is still in the chase and he is as keen as ever.

The hunting field is almost invariably the school of the 'cross-country rider, for going well to hounds seems to tempt the enthusiast to see what he can do between the flags. Early in the seventies Sir Morgan Crofton had a horse called Checkmate entered for the



MR. HUGH OWEN

Seven Banks Steeplechase at Worcester. He wanted a jockey, and having seen enough of Hugh Owen to recognise the makings of a good one in him, asked if he would ride the horse. Nothing could have delighted him more, and though he did not win, the horse that beat him did so, as he finished second. This was an excellent start and naturally made him more enthusiastic than before. Whenever he got a chance he seized it, and in order that chances might not be lacking bought a few horses for himself on which he won a fair share of races. Equally good over fences, hurdles, or on the flat, it is not quite clear why he should have specially distinguished himself in the last-named species of contest, but it is a fact that to hunters' flat races he specially devoted his talents, probably because he won so many of them that owners were anxious to secure his services. That admirable judge of horses and their riders, the late Robert Peck, took note of his capacity in this direction, and on the horses trained by that master of his art he was continually to the fore. A leading trainer of this day was Tom Golby (Richard Marsh was at this period Golby's head lad), and North-leach became Mr. Owen's frequent residence, for there he stayed to ride gallops and generally to devote himself to the well-being of the stable.

To ask a man what was the best horse he ever rode when he has been riding for many years is a natural question, but at the same time rather a foolish one, for the reason that it is practically impossible to make comparisons. One of the best associated with the name of Mr. Hugh Owen must certainly have been Sir William Throckmorton's Phantom, a son of Tomahawk and Miss Fanny—Sir William, who has abandoned racing, and even withdrawn from the Jockey Club, to the sincere regret of his friends, was in a jocular mood when he named the horse. In the days when the Stockbridge Meeting was at the height of its popularity, in the Bibury Stakes of 1884, Comanche with Mr. Arthur Coventry up was a hot favourite at 6 to 4 on. Phantom had the steadier of 12 st. 7 lb., but starting at 10 to 1 he carried off the race from a good horse of Tom Cannon's called The Dethroned. Next day in the Andover Stakes Phantom was burdened with 13 st., which according to the general opinion was too much for him, especially as Fred Archer was riding Condor II., and on the handicap it seemed certain that The Dethroned, Mr. Arthur Coventry's mount this time, with 12 st. 5 lb., must reverse the Bibury Stakes running. Mr. Hugh Owen, however, got his mount comfortably home, the two favourites being unplaced, with Mount Temple, ridden by Mr. Bevill, second, and Saucy third, that cheery and popular soldier, Captain "Bobby" Fisher, having the ride.

Stockbridge, indeed, was one of Mr. Owen's most successful meetings, for he thoroughly understood the tricky course which was calculated to upset the inexperienced rider. On arriving there one day John Porter asked him to ride a horse in the Andover Stakes, an animal that he had bought to lead work, but had put into the race ; for all the good men of the day were particularly anxious to support Tom Cannon's meeting. For some reason or other Mr. Owen had not been riding for several weeks and was a long way from fit ; but Porter was anxious to put him up, and he consented, feeling, however, that he could not do justice to the animal. He had not misjudged the situation, and when in the bottom of one of the dips



THE MARKET PLACE, MARKET HARBOROUGH

which occur in the straight—the best method of dashing into and emerging from which (I am giving the too familiar word “negotiate” a rest) was naturally one of Tom Cannon's strong points—he was so blown that he could do no more, and had perforce to leave off riding. Mr. Arthur Coventry on one of the “Master of Danebury's” horses, and Mr. Lushington on one belonging to the then Prince of Wales, seemed to have the race between them ; but the little pause from exertion had enabled Mr. Owen to recover his breath ; when his horse got out of the dip he set off after the leaders, and was just able to get up in the last stride to beat Arthur Coventry a head on the post. Had he not been obliged to take

a pull he could not have won, so that to all intents and purposes he won the race for the reason that he was not fit to ride it, which is rather an extraordinary thing.

That a race is never lost until it is won receives constant demonstration. About this time the late Captain "Bay" Middleton had a horse called Lord of the Harem, who was almost invincible in hunters' races, and one day, supposing that he had won another of them comfortably, he stopped riding some distance from the post. Mr. Hugh Owen on an animal called Galileo was following on behind, apparently out of it; but seeing that his friend was taking a liberty pulled his horse together for a rush and just got home by a short head, to the intense annoyance of "Bay," who disliked being beaten at all times, and naturally most of all when he was aware that he ought to have won. It was on a horse of Captain Middleton's called Minotaur that Mr. Owen came in first for a much-coveted trophy, the Pytchley Hunt Cup, second favourite at 3 to 1. Captain Middleton was riding another of his own in the race, though why he was not up on the better of the two I do not know. After a comfortable ten-lengths victory Mr. Owen returned to weigh in, and was horrified to find that he could not draw the weight. Disqualification of course followed, but Captain Middleton had been second and so got the race.

Horses at this time were often entered to be sold for £40. This was the price of a mare called Miss Monaghan, whom Mr. Owen was once asked to ride in one of his favourite hunters' flat races at Warwick. He did so, beating Charles Archer on Anchorite, and took such a fancy to the mare that he bought her for 210 guineas, and afterwards won continually on her.

Horses seem to have been harder worked some quarter of a century ago than they are now, notwithstanding that a few of the old stagers are still kept at it very busily. In looking through an old *Calendar* I find the following as an example of the fact remarked upon. A mare called Agnes Peel, carrying 13 st. 3 lb., Mr. C. J. Cunningham up, ran in the last race at a certain northern fixture. The first race next day was a hunters' flat; and Agnes Peel came out with the same weight and finished second. The very next event on the card was a steeplechase, Agnes Peel had to carry 14 st., but she was *again* sent to the post, for three consecutive races it will be seen, though certainly a night had elapsed between her exertions in the first and second events. Still, it is not very surprising to find that she was beaten fifty lengths. That 14 st. is not a racing weight will be generally agreed, but this was not the maximum. At Streatham in November, 1877, I find a horse called Gamekeeper, ridden by James Adams, going to the post for a four-mile steeplechase

carrying 14 st. 7 lb. A three-year-old named Julien, with 12 st. 7 lb. on his back, won the race, Gamekeeper having been pulled up. Whether Julien was good for much afterwards I have no idea, but to ask a three-year-old to gallop four miles with such a weight is certainly startling! There used also at this time to be hurdle races over a mile and three-quarters, seven hurdles, and in one of them at Sandown those constant opponents Lord Marcus Beresford and Mr. Hugh Owen were in antagonism, the latter beaten a head on an animal called Croesus, with Mr. Arthur Coventry and



MR. HUGH OWEN

Captain Hope-Johnstone behind. Some of these old *Calendars* have amusing items. There was a great race over a country between three animals which ended in the victory of one called Dragonfly. On returning to scale the owner of the second, Lady Craw, objected to the winner on the ground that he had carried too little weight. On investigation the point was demonstrated, Dragonfly was disqualified, and the race awarded to Lady Craw; whereupon she was objected to on the ground that she had won more than £100. There was no doubt she had done so, she was disqualified in turn, and the race awarded to the third. An

objection to him was laid in turn, on the ground that his certificate had not been lodged in time. This proved to be the case, and there was therefore nothing for it but to declare the race void. Horses and jockeys had been busy for nothing, and the Stewards almost busiest of all.

The nearest Mr. Hugh Owen has ever got to Liverpool honours was his second in the Sefton Steeplechase on Earl Marshall. Other good jumpers he has ridden are Solicitor, belonging to Mr. Houldsworth, a brother of the member of the Jockey Club; Citizen, the property of Sir John Kaye, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Thornfield.



A MEET OF THE BELVOIR HOUNDS AT CROXTON PARK

This Mr. Owen rode in the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, for which the horse was thought to have a great chance. One of the best-known features of the Auteuil course is the huge bank, or mound, up and down which the horses gallop. It happened unfortunately that the start for this race was a bad one. Some of the riders had no idea that the signal was going to be given, Mr. Owen indeed had just turned Thornfield round and was facing the wrong way when the flag fell; the consequence being that he was hopelessly left. He set off after the others, however, many lengths behind, and so came to the bank. Had he been with his field, the horse would probably have seen what the others were doing and followed their example,

but he had never come across anything like this bank before, and so galloping to the top of it, leaped wildly into the air, turning a complete somersault, and giving his rider a shattering fall. Mr. Owen is familiar with many foreign courses, having ridden at Baden, Frankfurt, Aix, and other places, as well as in France.

A curious and distressing accident once happened to him nearer home, at Sandown in fact. A stable companion of the great Galopin was a horse called Peripatetic, also the property of Prince Batthyany. Peripatetic had been tried more than once the better of the pair, strange as that will seem to those who have come to regard St. Simon's sire as a marvel, in fact there are those who rate him as



CARLTON CURLIEU HALL, FOR SOME TIME A RESIDENCE OF MR. HUGH OWEN

(Photograph by John Burton and Sons, Leicester)

at least the equal of his great son, and I believe he could do wonderful things with Petrarch. The highest hopes were naturally entertained about him, but he went wrong, and was sold to the late Lord Dupplin, who had him patched up so that he seemed comparatively sound, and he was qualified for hunters' races. If he had retained a vestige of his old form it may be guessed what a champion he would have been at this game! Mr. Hugh Owen had the mount on him when he first came out, and he was going strong and well opposite the pay-gate when suddenly he faltered, struggled on for a few strides, and then came down, having snapped both his fore-legs.

The idea was that some strong dressing which had been used for him must have injured and weakened the bone, and so rendered it brittle.

The comparative dearth of gentlemen riders in the present day is a subject of frequent remark and lament, and it need scarcely be said that a man must have been really good to have held his own against those who have been named in this article and others who are not forgotten; of these last Mr. E. P. Wilson being notable. That he was extraordinarily good is the universal testimony, and Mr. Owen was always particularly struck by the peculiar skill with which Mr. Wilson, when riding hard, would for a moment pull his horse together so as to enable him to snatch a breath. This is one of the rare refinements of jockeyship, a veritable stroke of genius in its way, which just marks the distinction between the great artist in the saddle and the average good rider.

It was doubtless through Hugh that his younger brother "Roddy" took to riding. Years ago Hugh Owen had some horses in training at Emblem Cottage, now occupied by Captain Charles Coventry. One day he wanted to try some of them, and suggested to Roddy, who had never been up in a race, that he should come and ride. Roddy was put on an animal called Hawkhead, who was not expected to win but did so, and Hugh was greatly surprised and delighted at the natural aptitude his brother displayed. Roddy soon afterwards went to India, where he gained considerable experience, and many of us recollect how when he came back he at once took his position in the very front rank. Of Roddy, however, a memoir has been written by his sister, Mrs. Mai Bovill (John Murray, Albemarle Street), and I must not diverge into a tempting theme, for he was a friend for whom I had the warmest regard—as which of his friends had not?

It was Mr. Arthur Coventry who suggested to Mr. Hugh Owen the idea of applying for the post of starter. Mr. Owen had never thought about such a thing until one day Arthur Coventry expressed belief that it would "just suit him." The best possible apprenticeship for the post is to have ridden races, as it will be seen Mr. Owen had done for many years. That Mr. Arthur Coventry's judgment was right has been abundantly proved. I have before now pointed out how often the starter is unjustly blamed, and need not go in detail into the subject again, it being sufficient here briefly to remark that horses are often in perfect line when the barrier goes up, but that, some being quick beginners and others slow, there is often a long distance between the leaders and the last batch when two or three hundred yards have been covered; and the start, which has been irreproachable, is set down as a bad

one. This Mr. Owen believes is partly due to the introduction of the new seat; jockeys have not the control of their horses which they had when they sat upon their backs, the consequence being that they jump off sideways, swerve, bump their neighbours, and in many cases cannot readily be straightened. Mr. Owen is so great a believer in the machine that he declares he would not under any account undertake starting with the flag; the machine, in his opinion, works well, and he believes that other people would agree with him if they went down to see starts instead of criticising from the incorrect impressions obtainable from the stand. He thinks, however, that the starter should have power to fine troublesome



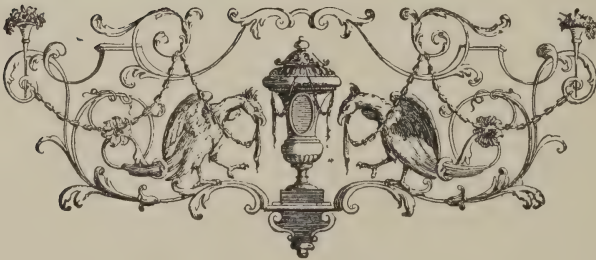
MR. HUGH OWEN CALLING THE NUMBERS AT NEWMARKET

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

jockeys on the spot, if not to suspend those who are evidently wilful, though he bears testimony to the general good behaviour of the riders who come under his charge. As to whether it is well that horses should jump off a stand divergent ideas exist. Mr. Owen sees no harm in it, and has doubts as to whether a walking-up start is desirable. There will, he truly remarks, always be complaints if horses do not win when they have been backed. There are still delays, as we are all aware, but at Epsom in the flag days it was not uncommon to have the last race something like an hour late. On the Tuesday of the recent meeting the five o'clock race was started at five-two, on the Wednesday at five-three; on the Thursday, the

time being four-thirty, the field was despatched five minutes late, and precisely the same was the case next day. If a favourite is left now the gate is invariably blamed. Mr. Owen is curious to know the percentage of favourites and well-backed horses which win nowadays as compared with those who won when the flag was in vogue. That some horses have an invincible antipathy to the machine every man who goes racing is aware, and the opposition to it on the part of many people is deep and decided. I am, however, here merely quoting the views of one who should know most about it, and who, for the matter of that, does know.

The subject of this sketch is certainly an excellent all-round sportsman. When polo first came to England Monmouthshire furnished a capital team of which he was a leading member, and not a little by reason of his skill they won the first cup that was ever given at Hurlingham, the Blues being their opponents. Mr. Owen is an excellent shot with gun and rifle, and used to be a very fair cricketer. Years since he annually got up and played in matches between amateur and professional jockeys, as also between jockeys and huntsmen. He still owns a few horses, and has a modest breeding establishment at Easton which is likely to grow because it is intelligently directed. Few men have more friends or better deserve them.





THE ROYAL SUMMER PALACE, DROTTNINGHOLM

ROYAL HOMES OF SPORT

XVI.—NORWAY AND SWEDEN

BY SIR HENRY SETON-KARR, C.M.G.

THE recent severance of the kingdoms of Norway and Sweden naturally necessitates, among other more important consequences, a separate and distinct survey of the Royal sport in the two countries. But in this respect King Oscar, who is a keen sportsman and a generous sporting host, and, if rumour be correct, an expert shot, has not suffered much loss in vacating the Norwegian throne. The Royal Sporting Home of Norway has yet to be created. The country that many years ago insisted on abolishing its nobility by statute has quite consistently given no special sporting rights or facilities to its monarchs in the past, and King Haakon II. has yet to be provided with a Royal sporting residence, and accompanying sporting facilities.

The democratic and republican tendencies of the Norwegian people have been nowhere more apparent than in their characteristic treatment of public sporting rights. There are, of course, large stretches of Government land. As a matter of fact the writer happens to be lessee of the elk-shooting rights over a considerable stretch of such land in the Gula Valley; these and other similar elk-

rights being a matter of bargain and sale between the practical and businesslike Norwegian Government on the one hand, and the highest bidder for the same on the other. But, apart from the elk, the importance of whose preservation is clearly recognised by the Norske Government, it is open to every Norwegian citizen to shoot, at certain seasons, on Government land, and nowhere are any Royal rights recognised thereon. Communal rights in elk are obviously impossible. It would very soon mean no elk. Not so many years ago elk were nearly exterminated in Norway. The Government only just in time enacted and rigidly enforced stern protective measures, and now this great deer is again fairly plentiful in Norwegian forests. But ryper, blackgame, hares, and such small fry have to take their chance on Government land, and if I happen to meet the casual Gula-Dal peasant strolling through my rented elk-forest with a gun in search of small game, I have no legal remedy or redress. Fortunately this incident is rare. It has only happened once, in my case, over a considerable term of years; mainly because, on communal Government land, winged game are naturally scarce, and also because Gula-Dal natives have some sense of decency, and, moreover, appreciate the advantage to their valley of a satisfied elk-shooting tenant and a plentiful distribution of elk meat.

The wild reindeer-stalking of the Norwegian fjeld is, again, another instance in point. This particular wild sport is characteristic of Norway. In no other fairly accessible European country that I know of are there quite similar wild rocky mountain ranges, extending in this case from south of Trøndhjem to beyond the head of the Sogne Fjord, and including the Dovre and Jotun fjelds. Here is the natural home of the wild reindeer of Scandinavia, where they roamed in numerous herds before the encroachment of the nomadic Lapps from the north, and—in particular—before the advent of the cheap breechloading army rifle.

From both these causes their numbers have been sadly thinned during recent years; and, in fact, the wild reindeer have only been saved from total extinction by opportune total close-time enactments, one of which—of five years—is now drawing to its close. On August 1, 1907, an army of keen native sportsmen will doubtless sally forth from Romsdal, Sundal, and other valleys, armed with deadly Krag-jorgensen rifles, to whet their sporting instincts and to satisfy their healthy craving for fresh venison at the expense of the wild reindeer of Central Norway. But these same fjelds being Government land, one might have supposed that some odd corner of them would have been preserved or retained for Royal sport. Up to the present, however, nothing of this kind has ever been heard of, or suggested, so far as I am aware.

To turn for a moment from shooting to fishing, one would have thought that in a country whose indented, mountainous coastline boasts such a wealth of watershed and such splendid rapid salmon rivers and trout streams, and in whose inland valleys and on whose fjelds are such a variety of trout-stocked lakes, the old Scandinavian monarchs would have somehow managed to retain at least one good salmon-river or inland lake as a Royal preserve, after the manner of the British Viceroy in Canada. But I have never heard or been able to ascertain that any such Royal action or right has ever been taken or recognised in Norway. One can only conclude that King Oscar's predecessors either did not care for fishing, or neglected their opportunities in such matters.



TRÖNDHJEM

These various incidents and examples are mentioned as typical illustrations of Norwegian national feeling on the subject of Royal sport. It would seem that the new King of democratic Norway may in the future, as in the past, have to take his chance with his subjects in the wild sports of his adopted land, if ancient history is to form a precedent. Let us, however, be careful to do the Norwegian people no possible injustice. So far, while the two countries had a joint monarch, the more convenient Royal sporting facilities of Sweden may have had something to do with the general national attitude indicated above. As a matter of fact, the only member of King Oscar's family who paid hunting visits to Norway was the Crown Prince Gustav, who now and then went on bear-hunting

expeditions in Telemarken and Soeterdalen, generally in winter time. He was usually accompanied by Baron Wedel Jarlsberg, and the Chamberlain, Herr Haaken Mathiesen, and some other gentlemen of the Royal Court. Occasionally good sport was obtained. Now the situation is altered. Norway has a King (and Queen) of its own, who have already, in the hitherto brief opportunity they have possessed, shown themselves desirous of patronising and enjoying national sports by "skyng" (snow-shoeing) and tobogganing during the past winter around and near Holmenkollen, near Christiania, of which more anon.

When the coronation is over and things have settled down under the new *régime*, the confident opinion has already been expressed that some of the large landlords of Southern Norway, whose extensive estates offer good sporting facilities, will be only too glad and too ready to extend their hospitality, so far as may be desired or expected, to the young King and Queen. The idea has also recently been mooted that the Government will now be prepared to make some definite arrangement for a Royal sporting home.

Passing, then, from the kingdom of Norway, the Royal sport of Scandinavia, as already indicated, has always been, in practice, almost entirely confined to the kingdom of Sweden. As a matter of stern fact, however, King Oscar, like his predecessors, possesses no shooting-boxes, even in Sweden, as we in Great Britain understand the term. But six or seven miles distant from Stockholm, the beautiful "Venice of the North," is Drottningholm, the charmingly situated summer palace, where the King goes out to enjoy a few days' sport whenever he can spare the time. Here he drives hares and foxes in the woods, and in the winter shoots blackcock and capercaillie by means of decoys placed conveniently near a hut. In addition to the palace of Drottningholm there is another Royal country residence at Sofiero, not far from Helsingborg, where the King used regularly to stay every autumn for roe-deer, hare, partridge, and also pheasant-shooting. There are a few pheasants even in this northern latitude. When Prince Gustav Adolph came home in the summer of 1905 with his bride, Princess Margaret, King Oscar gave this residence at Sofiero as a handsome present to the Royal couple, and thus deprived himself of one of the only two country residences used by him as so-called shooting-boxes.

In addition, however, to the above semi-sporting Royal residences, the King of Sweden possesses the shooting rights on two islands, Ilven off the coast of Skoane, not far from Helsingborg, and the island of Hallands Väderö, not far from Halmstad, where large bags of hares—the brown hare on Ilven and the blue hare on Väderö—are usually obtained. The King also owns the shooting

rights in some of the Crown Forests near Halmstad, which contain a fair stock of hares and blackgame. Large bags of hares were—some years ago—obtained by the Royal shooting party on Bromô, an island in Lake Wennern. On one occasion, so the Master of the Royal Chase, Hofjägmästaren Herr N. Seton, of Ekolsund, relates—he himself being present—364 hares and some blackgame and capercaillie were shot on this island in the course of a day's "battue" by the King and his friends. This shoot used generally to be taken as a milder relaxation after the more exciting big periodical elk-drives at Hunneberg and Halleberg.

These Royal elk-drives deserve special mention, though possibly



SOGNDAL, SOGNE FJORD

they may not quite agreeably accord with the true sporting instincts of your genuine big-game hunter. Nevertheless, a big elk-drive requires much careful forethought and wise generalship in order that good results may be obtained, and it is naturally a form of sport that is a peculiar prerogative of Royalty.

The King of Sweden probably possesses, as far as the number of the bag at all events is concerned, the finest elk-shooting in the world. The two Crown Forests of Hanneberg and Halleberg lie, like two great cheeses, close together in the wide plain situate not far from Wenersborg in Westugotland. One of these forests, among the typical great pine forests of Sweden, is about 12,000 acres

in extent, and the other about 3,500 acres. The elk, that great prehensile-nosed, shovel-horned, long-legged monstrosity that is the king of the world's tined-horned deer, and the largest of the wild fauna of the northern hemisphere, is strictly preserved within these Royal forests, until, if he were not killed from time to time in considerable numbers, he would develop into a serious tree-destroying, crop-injuring nuisance. When the appointed day arrives, not necessarily every year, all has been carefully arranged beforehand. A large army of men drive the deer through the thick mazes of the forest, and—if possible—past the stations where the riflemen of the Royal party are posted. Many elk, in spite of all endeavours to the con-



ROMSDAL

trary, will break back through the drivers or out at the flanks of the drive. But the slaughter is usually great, though the shooting of elk running through thick forest is not quite so easy as the inexperienced in this form of sport might suppose. In 1885 the Prince of Wales, now H.M. King Edward VII., took part in one of these elk-drives. Hofjägmästaren Seton was in attendance upon him, and he has placed it on record that over sixty elk were shot in one day, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales killed his fair share.

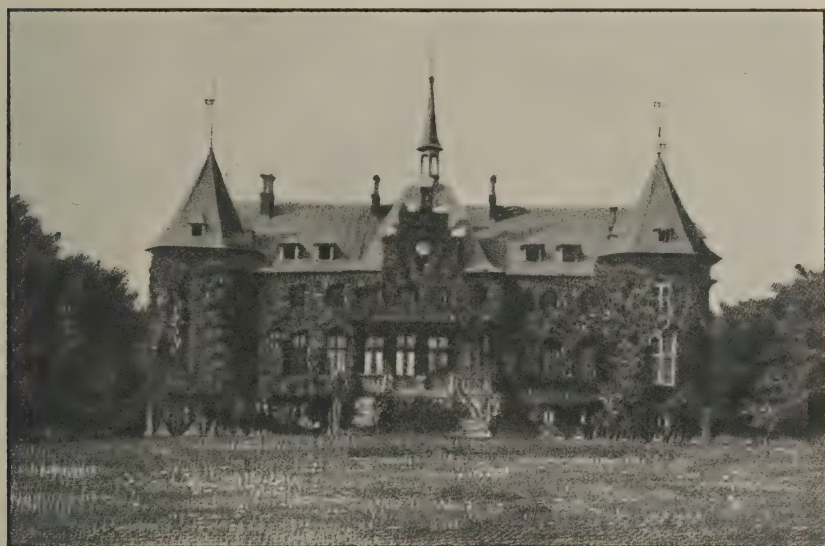
No Royal host was ever more careful for the sport of his guests

and more particular in placing them in the best posts than His Majesty King Oscar.

Some years later, another great monarch, Kaiser Wilhelm to wit, was present at one of these drives, and assisted in killing between fifty and sixty elk.

King Oscar once took part in a bear-hunt in Helsingland, not far from Bollnäs. The method of the hunt was a drive. Unfortunately, the bear did not play up to Royalty in the manner designed, but broke back through the beaters, and was ignominiously shot by some obscure individual, whose name has not been handed down to posterity.

An important social feature in Swedish Royal sport is the Royal



THE ROYAL LODGE, SOFIERO

Hunting Club (Konglige Jagt Klubbe). This association is the King's private club, whose meetings are held at the Royal palace in Stockholm at his appointment, and whose membership is practically entirely under the Royal control. Ambassadors and foreign Attachés are usually, of courtesy, members; but all foreigners who are elected to the club must be proposed by the King himself. Report has it that only two Englishmen have ever had the honour of belonging to this club, namely Lord Spencer and H.M. King Edward when he was Prince of Wales. But my friend Mr. Hugh Hole, who is well known in Sweden, where he has regularly visited for sport for many years past, and to whom I am indebted for much of the foregoing information, may, so it is rumoured, be honoured before long by

election to the club. This Royal Club has regular shoots, chiefly elk and hare drives, the meets being arranged and advertised beforehand by Royal appointment.

Among other sporting advantages, the club possesses an excellent shooting-box in the north of Sweden, at Skalstugan, in Yemtland, not so very far distant from the Norwegian border. This shooting box was originally purchased by Baron Dickson, son of the well-known Baron Oscar Dickson, who, as whilom head of one of the wealthiest and oldest families of Sweden, was ennobled by King Oscar. As a matter of practice the members of the Royal Family seldom visit this shooting-box, where the ryper-shooting and trout-



KING OSCAR TAKING STAND IN A FOREST DRIVE

fishing are reported to be excellent; but it is constantly used by members of the Royal Club.

Passing to other phases of Royal Swedish sport, it may not be generally known that horse-racing in Sweden is carried on under the best and highest auspices, and that the Stockholm Races have always been regularly patronised and attended by King Oscar.

One of the leading spirits of the Swedish racecourse is Count Clarence Von Rosen, a cadet of one of the oldest and best-known Swedish families. A well-known ancestor of his was Governor of Finland two hundred years ago, and owned, amongst his other

possessions, some forty cities in Russia. Count Clarence Von Rosen was brought up at Melton, where he has regularly hunted; has also trained with the Austrian Hussars, and is a well-known steeplechase rider. He has ridden in races in Germany and Austria, is a steward of the Swedish Jockey Club, and generally by natural aptitude and experience is one of the best exponents of horsemanship and of Turf etiquette. He has done much, under the guidance and patronage of King Oscar, to maintain the high character of the Swedish racecourse.

One remarkable feature of the Swedish Turf is that the professional jockey is conspicuous by his absence. As a rule the horses,



KING OSCAR AT AN ELK-DRIVE

usually English-bred, are ridden by their owners, who are in very many cases officers. The ordinary Swedish race-card is generally a remarkable illustration of the ancient historical and national connection between Scotland and Sweden. Such old Scotch names as Montgomery, Douglas, Speirs, Hamilton, Seton and others appear constantly thereon, either as owners or riders, usually both, in Swedish horse-races.

A race with the "Master" is a peculiar and interesting feature of the Stockholm race-card; though what its origin or special meaning is I am unable to say. In this particular race the Master of the Drag rides in pink at the head of all competitors for two-thirds of

the course, and no one is allowed to pass him until, in due course, he raises his hand. Then the competitors, up to that moment under stern control behind their leader, begin to race in earnest for the rest of the course.

This short account of the Royal Sports of Scandinavia would be incomplete without brief mention of the great winter meeting at Holmenkollen, near Christiania, where, in usually lovely clear frosty weather, blue sky overhead, white hard snow under foot, with dark-green snow-laden pines and wintry mountain-side as fitting background, the now well-known tobogganing and snow-shoeing contests are held. This meeting has always been patronised and attended by King Oscar and the Royal Family. Nowhere in the world can such wonderful feats on the long wooden "ski" of Scandinavia be witnessed.

Here Norwegians and Swedes, as well as foreigners from far and wide, are yearly assembled to see the lissom, active young descendants of the Vikings—and no one who is not in the hey-day of his youthful strength and activity dare attempt the famous snow-leap—come tearing down the snow-clad mountain-side, crouch, and then spring off the edge of the carefully built-up snow bank, go flying for a score or more of yards through space, and then finally alight far down the slope, and—if they be active, expert, and lucky—continue their swift course, right end upwards, to the goal at the foot of the hill.

In conclusion, my grateful acknowledgments are due to Herr Hofjägmästaren N. Seton, to Mr. Hugh Hole, and to Mr. Fritz Brunn of Trondhjem for much of the information contained in this brief survey of the subject, and in particular to Herr Seton for some of the photographs which illustrate the text.





SOME MOTOR GOSSIP

BY MAJOR C. G. MATSON.

IT used to be said of the bicycle, when that now ubiquitous means of locomotion first became fashionable, that it was of its kind the most simple and at the same time the most efficient piece of machinery that had up till that time been evolved by the human brain; so now that the motor car seems (I say "seems" advisedly) to have come to a standstill, so far as any radical developments are concerned, may we for a moment just take a general purview of the whole situation in order that we may meditate on the position in which the whole question of self-propelled traffic finds itself at the present moment?

Working from the ground uppermost, let us start with the tyre; and however much any of my remarks may be controverted, as doubtless they will be, I defy anyone to contradict the categorical statement that it is on account of the pneumatic tyre, and of the pneumatic tyre alone, that we have the present type of automobile at all. I am fully aware, of course, that in having the temerity to air one's perhaps jejune views in the public press one treads inevitably, sooner or later, upon someone's toes; for every manufacturer, and indeed every private owner of a motor car as far as I understand the matter, usually takes up the position, with reference to the vehicle he is interested in, originally laid down in defining the real meaning of the word "orthodoxy," which, as is well known, is merely a synonym for one's own doxy, any variation from which comes under the generic term of heterodoxy. So I merely wish to state that my views, such as they are, are just the outcome of a good many years' experience of motoring, beginning as I did with a $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. Benz, and having laboriously worked my way as owner of

various vehicles to the possession of a modern car, which suits me as well as any other—it was made, I may add, by the well-known firm of Renault. And here I must state that, having no financial interest in the motor trade, I do not hesitate to mention the names of any particular vehicles, since it is impossible to go on writing about various types of vehicles without saying what they are, for this in the end merely degenerates into talking through one's hat, as the Americans say; or, in other words, talking for talking's sake.

But to go back to tyres. I will admit willingly enough that formerly, owing to their excessive unreliability, I was greatly prejudiced against them; but at the present time the question is very different, and with ordinary care a tyre will now run frequently two or three thousand miles without giving any trouble whatever; and this distance, for many busy men who can only use their motor cars for short week-end trips, represents perhaps the total mileage of the year. There appears to me to be absolutely no chance whatever for the substitution of any shock-absorbing device in place of the pneumatic tyre; for, although one sees individual cars running about fitted with various types of spring and elastic wheels, yet these are invariably very heavy, expensive to make and to maintain, quite as unreliable in action as is the pneumatic itself, and, after all is said and done, they are invariably found to be shod with an ordinary solid tyre of the ancient type, which causes further expense, and soon deteriorates and wears out under the heavy load which modern conditions impose upon it. In a recent trial of a large number of spring wheels which took place from Paris to Nice and back, only three sets of wheels of this type survived the journey at all. The whole three of them depended upon solid india-rubber to absorb the shock and vibration of travelling, and not at all upon springs of any kind or description.

Perhaps quite the most important question to consider is, what is the general drift in the way of construction from the point of view of the manufacturer; and, without labouring the point at all, it is perfectly evident that he adapts his productions to the needs of the most profitable market, which at the present moment appears to have an almost limitless power of absorbing any number of powerful, heavy motor cars, fitted to a large extent with luxurious and ornate bodies, capable of considerable speed even in hilly districts, and necessitating an output, from engines having as a general rule four cylinders, of about 40 h.p., the car being sold complete "somewhere in the neighbourhood" of £800. And for vehicles of this class there is such an enormous demand that would-be buyers usually have to wait many months before they can obtain that which they have partially paid for; for one of the extraordinary conditions

of buying a motor car invariably is that one has to pay down one third of the price before the dealer, or the maker, will accept the order. Why this is so I cannot tell, and it is a custom that I hope will not eventually be introduced into our ordinary commercial dealings, as it would be extremely inconvenient at times to have to pay down small deposits when ordering other luxuries; wine, for instance, to say nothing of clothes, or possibly cigars.

It is rather a trite remark, but none the less true, that actual progress in manufacture seems to have come to a standstill so far as any genuine changes or improvements are concerned. Systems are now pretty well stereotyped, however, and the general tendency is to try to make everything of the best possible materials, and with the highest possible finish, without very much reference to the question of expense, it being generally recognised that neither work nor material is of the slightest utility in a motor car that is going to last for any time unless it be of the very best possible quality. Last year, for instance, such was the vogue of the live axle that all the quidnuncs averred that the older-fashioned rattling chain was doomed; but, like so many other fitments in the motor world which are constantly being "doomed" or "revolutionised" or both, we have the chain still with us, and he would be a bold man who would say that the live axle has cast it in any way into the shade. Taking names at haphazard, one observes that many of the very best types of high-powered vehicles, such as Mercédès, Daimler, Napier, Panhard, and many of the splendid Italian cars, still pin their faith to the chain system of transmission, the only marvel to me being that some of them do not arrange to run their chains in an oil bath in the same manner as that which our own "Sunbeam" Company has found so successful.

Another question which during the past year has agitated the motor world is that of the number of cylinders. We all thought we were getting along fairly well with four cylinders, but now I believe one is considered to be merely a hopeless reactionary if one does not advocate the superiority of engines having six. And to the untutored millionaire who has a variety of cars, and plenty of people to look after them, I suppose it does not matter whether his vehicles possess six cylinders or twelve, so long as they go. As a matter of fact, however, the six-cylinder automobile is an exceedingly agreeable, speedy, and quiet vehicle to ride in, almost entirely free from vibration, and possessing many excellent qualities. It is being sold faster than it can be made, and about forty other firms, beyond the pioneer one, the "Napier," are following suit and making six-cylinder cars. But to state that because of its advent all other motor cars are effete and practically obsolete, is to say the

thing that is not, for plenty of people are still able to get about with the utmost satisfaction on cars having two cylinders fewer, and in the forthcoming French race, the Grand Prix, which the great Mercedes Company, being foreigners, will strain every possible nerve to win, they, in company with the whole of the foreign competitors, will depend upon the four-cylinder type, whereas if they thought that a six-cylinder engine was superior they would undoubtedly use it. In the olden days cars used to win races fitted with automatic valves, but the public were invariably informed that the mechanical valve was the only one having any real virtue whatever.

The question of igniting the charge is one that is not even yet definitely settled, there being many advocates of magneto ignition of several types, accessories of some complication and considerable initial expense; and yet the original accumulator with high-tension coil quite holds its place, being retained in the best cars of British manufacture at any rate. One of the disadvantages of the former system is that the engine cannot be re-started without turning the handle, whereas with the ordinary high-tension coil it starts on the switch. The general tendency, now that main principles appear to be pretty well settled, is to adopt various little refinements, and few cars are now seen on the road that are not in some way fitted with wind shields to protect the driver, nearly all have devices for registering the speed per hour and the mileage that the car has run, also many have electric attachments for giving warning when the rear light has become extinguished, and to indicate to the driver that he has either to go slower or faster, turn to the right or the left, or stop.

Every self-propelled vehicle that is called upon to do much work in the town is now almost invariably fitted with some type of "non-skid" band or other, usually made of leather, which is studded with steel rivets. This has heretofore been vulcanised to the surface of the tyre beneath it, but as leather does not stand the high temperature of ordinary vulcanisation, the "cold cure" has been adopted, with not uniformly good results; for if a tyre with a non-skid band attached is run for quite a small distance not fully inflated, it soon begins to disintegrate. The "Parsons chain" is an ingenious arrangement for minimising side slip, but it has not in any way protected the tyre from puncture; this arrangement slightly creeps in the course of time, and a new leather device is now being made by Pullmans under the Parsons patent, by which a leather armoured band is also allowed to creep slightly on the tyre, which it protects from puncture whilst giving absolute immunity from skidding. Objectors will state that this must damage the

surface of the tyre beneath, but as a matter of fact it does nothing of the sort, for it appears to take all the rub of the road, and has the great advantage of being detachable in a few moments. After a long run of some hundreds of miles I was unable to observe that any damage whatever had been done to the tyre beneath, when an experimental cover of this make was undergoing a test.

A noble lord well known in the automobile world, who has done much by his own example and influence to help forward the development of self-propelled traffic, remarked to me the other day in the course of conversation that we all suffered from some slight mental derangement at times, if we could only discover what it was; and being, as is well known, a profound judge of character, he frankly pointed out that I, the present writer, was a "solid-tyre crank," as the mention of that particular fitment seemed to arouse the strongest feelings in my breast. I have, however, reluctantly come to the conclusion that with the modern high-speed vertical engine there is no room for the solid tyre as we have known it heretofore at all, but in my unending quest in search of the ideal of my dreams—a tyre which was filled with something else than compressed air—I came across a few days ago something that looks really hopeful at last. Except that it has no security bolts nor valve, one could not tell by casual inspection that it was not an ordinary pneumatic, and recently one of our leading meteoric drivers was taken out by car to a town some little distance from London in order to observe and report upon it. Being driven thither at a smart pace, he presently remarked, it being a pouring wet day, "I shall be glad to get to this place, and see that tyre that you have been talking about." Whereupon he was invited to descend and inspect it there and then, as it was fitted to all the wheels of the vehicle that he was in. For some time he was disinclined to believe that it was not an ordinary pneumatic, but on its being pointed out that the tyre in question had no valves, he was convinced, quite against his will, that whatever else it contained, it was not air, as he was invited to plunge a knife into it wherever he liked.

I do not say that this invention will do away with the pneumatic tyre, because I do not believe that it will effect any revolution of the kind; but I am perfectly confident that there will be a great demand for it, for the simple reason that there are to be found in our ranks an enormous number of motorists, more particularly doctors, who have no desire to go fast, but who start out from home in the pious hope of at any rate "getting there," to say nothing of getting back again, without the abominable delays which are caused by defective or punctured pneumatics. This novelty will, in any case, not be dearer than an ordinary pneumatic tyre of the same

size, and its life with a heavy car has been put at about 6,000 miles, after which it is capable of repair. I fancy, however, that it will have a very great value in connection with light delivery vans, which are now coming very much to the front, and for which ordinary tyres are quite unsuitable, and solid tyres, as we know them at present, not sufficiently resilient. In the meantime, however, we all have to get along as well as we can with tyres containing air, and having on various occasions suffered much from repairing punctures, sometimes in the middle of a town surrounded by a gaping crowd, but more often five or ten miles from anywhere in particular, and frequently in the rain, I became at last fed up with it, and have had fitted to my own vehicle that most admirable device, the Cave-Brown-Cave detachable quick-change rim.

Many motorists doubtless know of this invention, but to others who do not—and this magazine travelling, as it does, all over the world—I will briefly remark that, instead of carrying about a deflated inner tube and a loose outer cover, they are both taken on the car fully blown up to the proper pressure on a spare rim. When a tyre punctures or bursts, as in the nature of the thing it invariably must sooner or later, nothing particular happens. The driver with a box spanner unscrews the nuts from six bolts through the felloe of the wheel, and removes a light corrugated steel flange, the shanks of the security bolts come away with half a turn of the wrist, and the old rim, with the burst tyre on it, is easily drawn off. The spare rim, with its tyre complete, is slipped on to the wheel, the stems of the security bolts replaced, the flange holding the rim in position attached, the six nuts screwed on to the bolts, and that is all—the process occupying about three minutes, and requiring no mechanical knowledge other than the capacity of being enabled to screw a nut up; and with this rim the chauffeur becomes no longer the necessary person that he is at present. Engines nowadays give practically no trouble whatever, and when one comes to think of it there is no reason why they should. But it is the tyre which requires one to keep a man to attend to them. Like everybody else, I have a chauffeur, and he affixes tyres to rims in the solitudes of the coachhouse just when he thinks fit to do so; and when I see other people fitting tyres to their rims in the street I merely murmur that there is really no accounting for taste, and go my own way and mind my own business, wondering that more people do not follow my example in the matter of tyre-repairing. I saw a 50 h.p. Gobron-Brillé with these rims, which, alas! had been driven somewhere on the Holyhead road at four o'clock in the morning, one mile in fifty-eight seconds, in order to test the security of their attachment, when it was soon discovered that they were absolutely

all right. A friend of mine has them attached to a large new Dennis car, and he is just as enthusiastic about the matter as I am myself.

I have lately been trying to educate myself by going over various motor car factories, amongst others that of Dennis Brothers at Guildford. This firm is, in reality, the oldest engaged in this industry in England. From the first they adopted a principle which, although considerably criticised, has turned out to be correct, so far as I am any judge. Instead of trying to make everything themselves, they bought all integral parts from specialists who had made a reputation in their own particular line, and to this principle they still adhere. No one, I think, will contradict me when I state that the Aster engine, hailing from France, is as good as any, and this firm have adopted it as their standard, although they are now trying, for experimental purposes, both the White and Poppe and the Tylor engines of British manufacture. They make their own gear wheels, and use the Hoffman ball bearings everywhere; but their great speciality is the adoption of the worm drive instead of the ordinary bevelled gearing on the live axle; so when this vehicle is on the "direct drive," which, with a high-powered engine, it usually is, no cogs whatever are in mesh, with the resultant "sweetness" of running that I have heretofore not met with in any vehicle. I venture to prophesy a considerable future for this type of transmission, not only for pleasure cars, but to an even still greater degree for motor omnibuses, many of which are now running thus fitted.

It occurred to someone the other day, that having got the car, it would not be a bad idea if we got the road to run it on. Automobiles are being made and imported every day literally in scores, and for my part the imagination fairly boggles at the contemplation of what will be the inevitable condition of our main roads, say in ten years time, when for every car and motor cycle now on the road there will probably be a dozen, as commercial self-propelled traction will by then be fully developed. What is really the matter is, not that roads are made too cheaply, but that they are made wrong. Many of them have been in existence for centuries, but when they are repaired the surface is simply torn up, fresh metal, sometimes of a soft nature like limestone, thrown down, sometimes a glassy material like flint is utilised; and over everything is spread a mess nearly always composed of wet earth or simple mud, sometimes chalk; down in Buckinghamshire I am told that they use turf, which, as a commentator recently noticed in the daily press, was a sort of road-making worthy of the Esquimaux. In Carmarthenshire, also, the local authorities have been actually threatened

with prosecution for letting their roads degenerate into the vilest possible condition, insomuch that not only was damage caused to motor vehicles, but the roads became almost impassable to all ordinary horse traffic. What is the remedy? There must be one. The Local Government Board recently stated definitely that they would not take the matter up, and they even declined to send their inspectors to view the admirable work that has been undertaken on some of the roads under that more enlightened body, the Kent County Council, in conjunction with the Road Improvement Association, which is being in this respect backed up by that excellent society the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland, to which, I suppose, every motorist who has the least regard for the well-being of the movement, and for his own protection in particular, already belongs. When the dust question becomes absolutely intolerable, and the public get sick of being suffocated with billowy clouds of dust, then, and then only, will something be attempted. What is needed is that the roads should be nationalised, as in France, and not left under the jurisdiction of all sorts of odds and ends of people as at present.

I am personally of opinion that the only palliative that is of any real utility is tar, liberally applied to the surface of a road that has been *properly* remade by being bound only with gravel and grit. Villages on nearly all the main roads out of London are beginning to find this out for themselves, and, taking the Portsmouth road alone, the Fair Mile at Oxshott is thus treated, also the villages of Cobham, Ripley, Milford, the other side of Godalming, and Liphook. This last place used at one time to be a regular dust-trap, even before the days of motors; but now, owing to the public-spirited action of a few inhabitants, the whole place is entirely dust-proof at a cost of about £8. One thing is certain: either the roads must be altered for the new traffic, or the new traffic must be prohibited, which latter is not going to happen.

The dust nuisance certainly is very great; but to no one is it more terribly obnoxious than to the automobilist himself who encounters other cars passing him at high speeds which literally smother him with dust. Until I had a fast car of my own I used to assume the most virtuous airs with reference to the depredations of travellers who overtook my slow-moving vehicle; but at present, travelling as I often do one hundred miles in a day, like everybody else I merely have to put up with it. A remarkable change is slowly coming over the public as a whole. Magistrates have at times been known to listen to the defence of motorists against the accusations of the police, but this may possibly be traced to the simple fact that the ordinary bench of country J.P.'s is not invari-

ably composed of people of judicial minds, and a good many of their judgments have recently been quashed on appeal to the higher courts. The man in the street also is beginning to take a more reasonable view of things, and instead of inditing letters, as was his wont, to the local press, he now goes out automobiling at a penny a time in a motor omnibus, and from all accounts has been known to encourage the drivers of these vehicles to race each other all the way to Bayswater. The motor car of the democracy has, as a matter of fact, saved the situation; for had the novel means of locomotion for ever remained strictly limited to the few who owned pleasure carriages, it is certain that the populace in time would have taken a very violent dislike to them. As it is, enormous numbers are being benefited by the advent of the petrol engine, for it is abundantly clear that horse-drawn traffic, for passengers at any rate, now only exists in the streets of our great cities on sufferance. Motor omnibuses already are allowing people to live at a much greater distance from their work than was formerly the case; they are swift, cheap, can be adopted on any road, and do not require all the initial outlay and installation of electric tramways, which are of course useful enough in their way in dealing with the carriage of large numbers of people, but cannot be expected to be found everywhere. A very great amount of work is also being afforded to our own people in the manufacture and repair of omnibuses and cars generally; but I am afraid that all is not gold that glitters, and although the present boom in omnibuses is exceedingly profitable for manufacturers, yet the investing public may likely enough burn their fingers badly. Some of the original types of omnibuses are by no means suitable for their purpose, and unless these are discarded and more suitable vehicles put in their place they will always prove unsatisfactory.

The firm of Darracq & Co., which has long been engaged in the manufacture of petrol cars, has now turned its attention to commercial vehicles; but Mons. A. Darracq, who ought to know what he is talking about if anybody does, states that he does not believe in the petrol omnibus at all, because no system of gears or transmission will stand up long against the shock of suddenly starting and stopping in connection with a load of five or six tons, where the high-speed petrol engine is employed as motive power; so this firm is bringing out a steam omnibus in conjunction with Mons. Serpollet. Either Mons. Darracq is right and all the rest of the omnibus manufacturers are wrong, or else they are all right and he is wrong. Time alone will show, but if people are going to put their money into these concerns it is well to realise that they can't very well both be right.

Electric traction seems at present just to be a little bit "off,"

although there are plenty of electric broughams about ; also Benoist, the Piccadilly caterer, runs an electric delivery van which suits his delicate confections better than a petrol-driven vehicle, which has a good deal of vibration and considerable odour, and Asprey of Bond Street has another ; yet if you say that blessed word "electrobus" some people simply get up and snort. "Everybody who is anybody" is agreed that no vehicle can be run as a commercial success on secondary batteries constructed as they are at present, as an ordinary electric brougham may well cost 1s. 6d. per mile for accumulator expenses alone. The electric omnibus, however, is such an excellent vehicle to ride in, being absolutely free from all vibration and smell, that it seems a thousand pities it should be foredoomed to failure, as most authorities assert that it inevitably must be. If anybody can produce a battery capable of being charged and discharged twice as quickly as any that we now have without deterioration, he will have solved the problem that the whole world is waiting for. Mr. Edison claims to have done much in this connection, but if his batteries were for sale anywhere, giving the results that have been claimed for them, they would not lack buyers at the present moment.

The modern automobile was certainly developed and brought to its present pitch of perfection almost altogether by reason of races, which soon discovered the weak spots in its construction. The time of races appears, however, to have passed away, and we hear but little about them. The Milan Gold Cup competed for in May was in reality a prolonged trial of reliability over very difficult and mountainous country, coupled with a reference to stop-watches, which the competitors apparently towards the end of the day had to keep their eyes fixed upon, having to arrive at their destination absolutely on the tick of the clock, when they might have been waiting an hour or two outside the town ; and this is, if I may say so, a descent into the ridiculous. Two of our own cars, Napiers, did admirably in this event, one starting first and ending first, but being penalised on account of being a minute late it was awarded only a trifling prize.

At the time of writing, the "European Circuit" has not caught on at all, and is likely to be postponed or abolished ; the Gordon Bennett race is defunct, though endeavours are being made to galvanise its poor corpse into life ; the race our French neighbours have substituted for it, the Grand Prix, has been boycotted by all the international automobile clubs, and is, speaking broadly, a factory race for various types of French vehicles, which one or two foreigners have a possible hope that they might win, and have entered for accordingly. On the other hand, tourist competitions, such as the

"Herkomer," are very popular; the one mentioned attracted no fewer than 160 private owners, who competed in it aided only by their own chauffeurs. Amongst the cars were several Daimlers. Our own "Tourist Trophy" race, which takes place in September, is a sensible competition on the basis of power being limited by fuel consumption, each car having to go twenty-five miles on one gallon of petrol. This will improve the breed of the moderate-priced touring car, the vehicles engaged in it are mainly those newly engaged in demonstrating their capacities to the public, and their makers hope to secure a very good advertisement if they do well in the race.

At the present moment there appears to be nothing on the automobile horizon to interfere with the "standardisation" of modern types, and purchasers may now obtain cars which, as far as one can foresee, are not likely to be rendered out of date by new inventions for many years to come; which is a very satisfactory conclusion to arrive at both from the point of view of the user and also of the manufacturer.

A scheme has recently been put before the public in which the upkeep of a 28 h.p. car is to be contracted for at £300 per annum for a total mileage of 6,000 miles, any excess to be paid for at the rate of ninepence per mile. This is in my humble opinion far too high, and any person of average intelligence can "run" an automobile cheaper than this. With care, I am of opinion that a good-sized modern motor can be maintained for about sixpence a mile, not reckoning "depreciation," but including driver's wages, fuel, tyres, oil, and the trifling repairs which are nowadays usual with a vehicle of really good repute.





NEAR SIDE BACK-HANDER UNDER THE PONY'S TAIL—THE RIDING
SCHOOL IN BACKGROUND

THE EDUCATION OF A POLO PONY

BY LILIAN E. BLAND

FEW people who watch the well-trained polo ponies in the fast tournament games have, I imagine, any idea of the amount of time, trouble, and patience expended on their education. I was fortunate in securing the assistance of Comte Jean de Madre in writing and illustrating this article; understanding thoroughly the *manège* of the *haute école*, his ponies are trained to perfection. Well known as one of the best whips, the Count is also one of the keenest in the hunting field, and his model farm near Rugby is in the best centre for hunting and polo.

The Count takes a very natural pride in his English home, which he planned and designed himself, and the interior of the bungalow is a veritable museum of sporting trophies—racing, coaching, and hunting—while polo is represented by numerous cups and medals; the walls of pitch-pine being covered with rare old prints illustrating sport of every description. However, an account of the bungalow and all the champion animals one meets on the farm would fill an issue of the magazine, for they range from polo ponies down to pigs and hens, and I think after that remark I had better “get away on” to the stables.

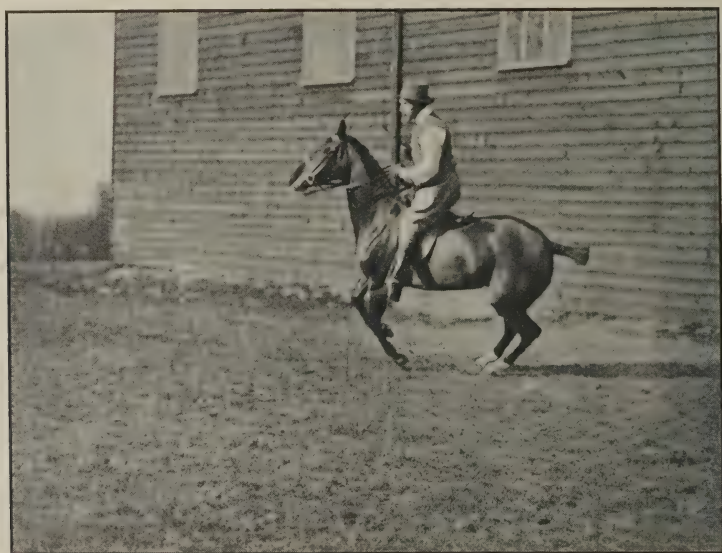
First one comes to a line of comfortable loose boxes, filled with a good type of weight-carriers, who certainly do not look any the worse for the open season we have just had ; but then their master loves and appreciates his horses, studies their comfort and well-being more than his own pleasure, and in return they will do anything for him, vice of any description being unknown in his stables, although they are not all by any means such " lambs " when they first come to the bungalow. Other yards beyond this are filled with polo ponies, harness-rooms, the forge, etc., and beyond these compact buildings is the riding school, where the principal part of a pony's education is conducted. The school is 300 ft. by 40 ft., the



THE BUNGALOW, HIGHER ROKEBY

height to the eaves 14 ft., and it is well lighted and ventilated by windows ; inside, the walls of matchboard are double near the ground and slope outwards, which allows room for the rider's leg when turning near the wall ; and also if a pony slips up he slides down against the side without damage to himself or the wall. The floor is laid down with tan, which is kept well raked, and in summer gets a fine spray of water every morning to lay the dust. Unfortunately the light in the school is not strong enough for instantaneous photography, and the photographs taken in the field do not of course give one the idea of ponies manœuvring in a limited space ; but I have tried to illustrate the various movements with one or two ponies, and the reader must imagine himself standing in the centre of the school with twenty of them.

One or two will perhaps be standing still in the centre, varying this by backing, while the rest wind in and out, following each other at the same even pace, cantering round in circles to right and left, coming the length of the school in an elongated figure of 8, while one at the side will perhaps be ridden full tilt at the end wall, and turn in less than his own length; add to this the muffled thud of galloping feet, the jingle of bits, and the sharp word of command, and you have my impression of the first riding school I saw at Springhill Farm, where Captain and Mr. George Miller, followed by a long string of boys, were manœuvring their ponies with the precision of clockwork machinery. Mr. Miller buys only trained ponies, but



GALLOPING AT THE WALL OF THE RIDING SCHOOL, AND
TURNING ON HIS HOCKS

they all go through the school exercises, and two of his men are really artists; it is a pleasure to watch them ride. The Rugby team have the best-trained ponies in England. As a first-class player said, "You cannot get at them, they turn inside you every time."

Ponies bred from mares that have been good players should inherit an instinct for the game, and there are a few cases in which a pony takes naturally to polo and requires very little training; but the greatest difficulty of the breeders is to attain the correct height, 14.2 h. Some of the best polo ponies playing now are by thoroughbred horses out of polo mares, while the Comte de Madre's celebrated Mademoiselle is by Loved One out of a hunter mare,

Madame Angot by Munster Blazer—g.d. by Woodpecker, breeding good enough for anything. She is the ideal type of compact weight-carrier, amongst other prizes she has won being the Challenge Cup at Islington five times and Champion Cup at Hurlingham twice.

The Comte de Madre breeds a few ponies, and so far he has been very successful with Dandy, a Barb from Tunis, 14.1 h. This is a well-made, compact pony with $7\frac{3}{4}$ in. bone below the knee, and his stock look most promising youngsters. The foals in winter get 3 lb. of old cracked beans and plenty of good hay; each foal has a separate bucket, placed at some distance apart to prevent any kick-



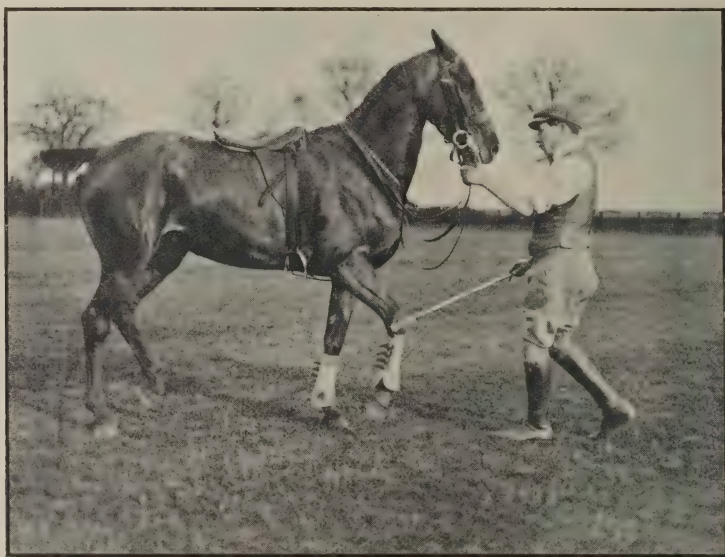
BENDING—THE COMTE DE MADRE WITH "SUMMER LIGHTNING"

ing or hustling, and the same man feeds them every day, so that they get used to his voice, and allow themselves to be caught and handled, the consequence being that when they are brought in as three-year-olds to be trained they are as a rule perfectly gentle and fearless.

Their mouths are made on a straight bar bit with keys, and they are driven in long reins. The object of the reins is to make a pony handy, to teach him to answer a feeling on either rein, not only by turning his head, but to turn properly on his hocks, the pressure of the reins on the quarters acting as will the pressure of the rider's leg when he is backed. Most people who have ridden badly trained horses know the discomfort of a horse answering with his head while the rest of him remains immovable or continues in

the wrong direction, and other horses will only answer to one side of their mouth. A course of long reins will generally cure these tricks; the driver walks on the inside of the circle, and not straight behind the horse.

The ponies in long reins must learn to circle to right and to left, and are taught to obey as much with the voice as the pressure of the rein, the same words of command always being used, the pony soon growing to understand. The most important lesson is to make them rein back collectedly, which teaches them to use their hocks, and gives them wonderful balance; many youngsters will fight against this at first, and it is best to get a boy to stand in front



MAKING A PONY BACK BY GENTLY TAPPING ITS FORELEG—
ONE OF MR. MILLER'S ARTISTS

of them; the foreleg in advance is tapped lightly, while pressure is put on the reins and the pony told to back.

When reining back a pony in the saddle the rider should lean forward and take the weight off the hindquarters, and with his hands low on each side of the withers he should feel the right rein if the off fore is in advance, using pressure with his left leg, and *vice versa*. When they will stop, back, and circle to either hand a light boy is put on them in the school, they are ridden quietly about, and after two months' training they are turned out again. Rising four their education begins in earnest, and they get about four months' training, being also ridden on the roads to get them used to traffic,

the boy generally carrying a polo stick at exercise ; but he is not allowed to hit a ball, and in the field they are often exercised without a bit in their mouths, boys with good hands being rare.

The first lesson in the school the pony has to learn is to change his legs correctly. He must always lead with the foreleg in the direction in which he is moving ; for instance, in a left-hand circle the near fore must lead, and this also applies in bending from right to left. Many ponies do not change properly, and they are easily bowled over in a collision because they are off their balance. Some turn on their forelegs, so that their hindquarters swing out and they are liable to slip up ; others change with the fore without changing



USING THE INNER HIND LEG AS A PIVOT

behind, they are disconnected, and are moving like an Iceland pony, which gives the rider the unpleasant and jolty sensation of riding against the canter. The correct way of turning and changing is on their hocks, using the inward hindleg as a pivot to turn on ; in changing, a pony throws his balance from one hindleg to the other, and changes his forelegs simultaneously. It would require a cinematograph to define this properly. When cantering slowly the change is a perceptible pause, while they shift their balance and direction like a skater doing the outside edge with the right and then with the left foot. There are few riders who know how to use their legs to make the ponies change and turn, yet the rule is simple : pressure of the left leg to turn to the right, right leg to turn left-

handed, and discretion should be used according to the temperament of the pony as to the pressure employed. The slightest touch will turn some ponies, while others require a fairly vigorous kick.

When swinging sharply to the right the rider presses with his left leg behind the girths to make the pony turn on his hocks, his hand slightly checks and follows over in the direction of the turn, the reins pressing the left side of the pony's neck; in this way the pony is collected and well balanced, and can twist in the smallest space.

To turn and gallop in the opposite direction the pony must be stopped dead and swung round on his hocks. In the school they



GALLOPING THROUGH BETWEEN TWO OTHER PONIES

soon learn this, as they are galloped at the end wall, and turned with their heads inwards against the side. They very rarely slip up. Then they have to learn to jump off from a stand into a canter or gallop, and to keep the same even pace, *with* a slack rein; they must mind their own business, and stand still with others galloping round them.

To meet other ponies they are first walked between two coming from the opposite direction, gradually increasing the pace until the novice will gallop through the narrowest opening. They are trained to bump and ride off by two ponies closing in on either side, and the youngster is taught to push off first one and then the other. When he has done well he is petted and made much of, so that he takes a pride in bumping and does not shirk hard knocks. When they

finally understand how to change, back, and turn to perfection in the riding school, they are taken out into the field and get used to the rider swinging his stick about. As soon as they are quiet with the stick the rider will walk after a ball, gently tapping it along while talking to and encouraging the pony, who soon realises that the object of the stick is the ball, and some ponies begin to watch and follow it on their own account. The greatest care should be taken to leave the pony's head free when making a stroke, so that he may not associate the act of striking the ball with any jerk to his mouth, which would make him take a dislike to the game; and the rider must sit still in the saddle, and keep his leg on the side of the



TEACHING A PONY TO SHOVE OFF TWO OTHERS

ball perfectly motionless. If a pony is shy of the ball, he should be walked up to it with his head slightly turned from it, the rider using pressure of his left leg if the ball is on the right hand.

According to the progress made the pace is increased, and towards the end of his four-year-old season the pony is taken out to watch practice games. Aged five they are played in cantering games, never being allowed to rush or get excited, and finally, as six-year-olds, after three years of schooling, if all has gone well, they are fit to play in the fast tournaments.

Considering the time and expense of their education, the prices that first-class ponies fetch are not extraordinary. Sailor made the high price of £750 at Mr. Miller's sale in 1898, and Policy made the same price in 1899. The best type of polo pony

is the miniature 14-stone blood hunter, with intelligent head, broad forehead, and good eye. A hot-tempered pony is useless for polo, indeed ponies require to have the temper of a saint. They should be big as far as weight and substance go, with good bone, a well-put-on head and neck giving length in front of the saddle, good shoulders—and this can best be judged by galloping downhill: the rider feels how the pony moves; if the action is short or stilted the shoulders are not good, however excellent they may look. Depth through the heart, for they must be able to stay, short back strong behind the saddle, good hocks well let down, good straight forelegs with strong well-sloped pasterns and sound feet, are essential, while the action



FORWARD DRIVING TOWARDS THE RIGHT—THE COMTE DE MADRE
WITH "BRIDEGROOM"

must be straight and true. The frog and bars of the feet should not be pared, for they are a natural spongy pad to prevent undue concussion, and the ponies have to gallop on hard ground, often carrying heavy weights; the feet should be pared level twice a month if necessary, and the toes shortened.

Their legs should be made hard and muscular by plenty of walking exercise, but when once they are fit and playing polo gentle exercise is all they require. Ponies of nervous disposition should not be played too often, as they take so much more out of themselves than a placid, easy-going pony. Players should see that the ponies are only lightly fed at 11.30 when they are going to be

used in the afternoon; a pony is quite unfit to play if he has had a full meal, and will pull and lean on the rider's hand for support.

Captain Miller, in his book on "Modern Polo," says: "There is one way in which a pony can be tortured unmercifully and his game of polo converted from an amusement into agony, and that is by his mouth being wrenched about with a severe bridle by a heavy-fisted rider.

"The cause which makes a large number of ponies pull is simply pain; for the more they are hurt the more they will pull, until they are driven almost mad. Every polo player should examine his pony's mouth after each game of polo, and should specially look



SUMMER LIGHTNING, BAY MARE BY SANDIWAY—LIGHTNING

Winner of a number of 1st and 2nd prizes in 13 st. class

at the bars of the mouth and under the root of the tongue. Any pony which bleeds at the mouth is wrongly bitted."

The Comte de Madre has a beautiful stud of ponies; needless to say they have not been got together in one season. They are the pick of nine years' selection, and the Comte has thought of the original idea of mounting the Rokeby team, of which he is captain, on ponies of the same colours. They will play in all the principal tournaments to the end of the season. The players include Captains Dunbar, Harman, and Baynes, while Major Ansell and Captain Chaplin will also be out frequently.

It would be impossible to find a better team of ponies than the greys, which are up to any weight, and their merits are well known.

They consist of Mademoiselle, Greedy Boy, and Pigeon, who are Irish, and Taffy is a Welshman, by Utility. The chestnut team includes Sylvan Lady by Ascetic; Rufus, twice second to Mademoiselle at Hurlingham in the heavy-weight class; Cicero, an Argentine; and Sea-Side by Ocean Wave. The bays are John, Meddler, Fancy, and The Kitten. The brown team includes Summer Lightning, a charming mare, winner of numerous prizes, Tiger, Miss Clarendon, and Skylark.

Each player has also two spare ponies of the same colours who are second season ponies and nearly as accomplished as the crack teams. Certainly it gives additional interest to the onlooker when he knows how the ponies are trained and what they should and should not do; and in watching the performance of a first-class pony and player one sees immediately the immense pull a handy pony has, even if he is comparatively slow, over the fast, racing type of animal that will take half the polo ground to turn in. Of course there are some good ponies of this type, but as a rule they are too lanky and uncoupled. Polo is all sharp turns and stops, and the animal required is compact, strong, and wiry as a cat.





MISS H. EVANS DRIVING IN MATCH *v.* MISS M. HEZLET

(Photograph by Squibbs and Carey, Bridgewater)

TWELVE MONTHS OF WOMEN'S GOLF

BY MRS. R. BOYS

THIS last year of golf has been fraught with many surprises. Nerves have triumphed unprecedentedly, causing brilliant players to fall with startling ease before "unknown quantities" who in subsequent matches proved their skill to be of a quite ordinary type. Yet, though these remarkable *bouleversements* have taken place when the test lay in match play, medal competitions have not been so productive of surprises. In these the first-class players have taken their place at the head of the list with but few exceptions.

Ranelagh—the golfer's Derby—saw a reduced field. Only 174 competitors succeeded in passing the eliminating qualification, which was introduced in order to effect a reduction in the entries. Last year these reached the phenomenal number of 250, and it was generally felt that the number must be curtailed by some restriction. Hitherto, though handicaps were limited to 12, competitors with longer handicaps were not debarred from entering, though compelled to play on the handicap limit.

This year the new restriction decreed that all competitors "must be able to obtain a certified handicap of not more than 15

from a handicap manager, with the further condition that all competitors must be members of clubs associated to the Ladies' Golf Union." The latter half of the qualification did not affect many, there being but few representative ladies' clubs which are not now affiliated to the Union. But the handicap limit proved the undoing of numbers, and it is probable that had the restriction not been made the entries this year would have exceeded those of last year. As it was, sixty were rejected. These poor ladies tried their utmost to cajole the authorities, offering to abjure their authentic handicaps and play on any handicap the hon. secretary would allow. But a wisely stony ear was turned to their prayers.

The outstanding feature of Ranelagh is the contest for the International Cup. This is competed for by teams of English, Irish, and Scottish players. Eight may play in the team, but only the four best scores are returned on each day. Ireland has been triumphant on more than one occasion, but Scotland had never been successful. However, at the conclusion of the first day Scotland led by four points, England being second, and Ireland occupying the unwonted place of third. The interest in this competition was very great, and the English and Irish players were eager to pull Scotland from the leadership. This anxiety was rather quaintly referred to by a critic, who graphically described the International players as going forth to battle "with determination frozen on to their faces by a cold east wind." But Scotland's team proved undefeatable, and this is not surprising, for it was composed of Miss Dorothy Campbell (champion of Scotland), Miss M. Graham (ex-Open and ex-Scottish champion), Mrs. F. W. Brown (Bronze Medallist 1906), and Miss Helen Mathers, who had tied with Miss B. Thompson for the scratch prize.

Miss May Hezlet, who last year "swept the board" of scratch prizes at all the English open spring meetings, this year failed to repeat the exploit, and also at Ranelagh, for the first time since the inauguration of the International score contest, she was not able to return one of the four best scores for Ireland.

On the day succeeding the Ranelagh meeting the majority of the same players attended the Barnehurst meeting. There Miss E. C. Nevile took the open scratch prize with a score of 82, while Miss Dorothy Campbell, as an hon. member of the club, with a card of 83 qualified for the "Boys" scratch medal. Miss May Hezlet, who had won the driving prize last year, again emulated that feat against a large field of long drivers.

Indefatigable in their career of "pot-hunting," the same coterie of players proceeded the day after the Barnehurst meeting to the Enfield meeting, where Miss Dorothy Campbell secured the scratch

prize with the fine score of 81. With this score she also established a new record for the links. Her long game that day was extraordinarily fine. From the first tee she reached the green, a distance of 250 yards. Another remarkable feat that day was perpetrated by the Midland Champion, Miss Foster, who took the third hole—one of 293 yards—in two strokes.

Enfield brought the orgie of open meetings held prior to the championship to an end, but the following week saw the International players at Burnham assiduously practising over the links. From her arrival Miss Hezlet exhibited excellent form, while Miss Thompson, who had only recently recovered from influenza, did not regain her form until the actual championship week.

On Friday, May 11, Miss Hezlet and Miss Thompson, playing at the top of their respective teams, met, and the champion suffered defeat. England was represented by Miss Thompson, Miss E. C. Nevile, Miss Morant, Miss Titterton, Miss E. Steel, Miss C. Foster (Midland champion), and Miss D. Chambers. Ireland was unfortunate, owing to the necessary qualification (birthplace of father), in not being able to include Miss Walker Leigh in their team, and Miss Walker Leigh being so associated with Ireland naturally did not care to play for England. The Irish team consisted of Miss May Hezlet, Miss Florence Hezlet, Miss M. Armstrong, Lady Slade, Miss Tynte, Mrs. Durlacher, and Miss McNeile, while Scotland was represented by a very powerful team of players, among whom were Miss Dorothy Campbell, Miss Glover, Miss M. Graham, Mrs. J. G. Brown, and Miss Maitland—all well-known names in the golfing world.

With the exception of Miss Hezlet and Mrs. Durlacher, the Irish Internationals failed to record individual wins against the English players, but when playing Scotland, Miss M. Hezlet, Miss F. Hezlet, and Mrs. Durlacher were successful. Scotland led on the first day with two wins, having defeated Ireland and England. This, of course, robbed the meeting between England and Ireland on the second day of its main interest; but there was still the second place to compete for, and this England, after several closely-contested individual matches, secured. It is worthy of note that Miss Thompson, the champion of 1905, was not included in the International team last year, while Mrs. Kennion was not selected to represent her country this year.

The outstanding feature of 1906 is the revolutionising of theory by fact. Hitherto all critics of women's golf—and we may go further and say all women golfers—have firmly asserted that no scratch woman player would ever attain to equality with a scratch man over a recognised man's course. Only last year the present

writer stated in this magazine, with the utmost confidence in the infallibility of the theory, that "a scratch woman and a man with a handicap of four are equal in strength over links of three miles length, though not on longer links where holes run to 450 yards." Yet within twelve months Miss May Hezlet has upset our theories, and we are proud and glad to have them so upset.

The length of the Burnham links, over which this year's championship was held, is 3 miles 304 yards. Miss M. Hezlet, playing in the Medal competition held prior to the actual championship, went round in the marvellous score of 77, the men's bogey for the eighteen holes. The amateur record is 72. Such a score as Miss Hezlet's is worth giving in detail, with the length of each hole and bogey appended:—

Holes.	Length.	Bogey.	Miss Hezlet's Score.
1st	232 yd.	4	3
2nd	310 „	4	4
3rd	350 „	5	6
4th	368 „	5	5
5th	468 „	5	4
6th	166 „	3	2
7th	310 „	5	5
8th	423 „	5	5
9th	190 „	4	4
		—	—
		40	38
10th	503 „	5	5
11th	404 „	5	6
12th	367 „	5	5
13th	327 „	4	5
14th	204 „	3	3
15th	208 „	4	4
16th	215 „	4	4
17th	122 „	3	3
18th	345 „	4	4
		—	—
		37	39
		Out 40	Out 38
		—	—
		77	77

In order to further explain, to those who have not the privilege of knowing the Burnham links, the magnificence of Miss Hezlet's score, it should be mentioned that the first six holes and several others are entirely blind, in addition to their other numerous and

tricky hazards. The first hole—as all first holes should be—is by no means difficult, but the second is the most treacherous hole on the course. The second shot has to negotiate a high sand-dune at the end of the carry, and if this is not accomplished the ball is badly trapped in sand. Only two perfectly faultless strokes will reach this green in two. With the exception of three holes, every hole is beset with deep and wide sand-pits which have to be carried from the tee with, in many cases, supplementary sand-hills through the green of formidable dimensions. Yet over a difficult course such as Burnham, with, in addition, a stiff easterly breeze blowing across



MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL, SCOTCH CHAMPION 1905, BRONZE MEDALLIST
(OPEN) 1904-5-6

(*Photograph by Squibbs and Carey, Bridgwater*)

the links, Miss Hezlet achieved a score which entitles her to rank with a scratch man.

The next score, returned by Miss Dorothy Campbell and Mrs. Sumpter, was 85—a difference of 8 strokes. Though Miss Hezlet's score stood by itself as a total, she was not alone in the honour of returning a record. The *out* holes the Irish champion accomplished in 38—2 below the men's bogey—but on the *home* holes she took 39 to bogey's 37. However, this sop to the dignity of man was not left him to soothe his wounded dignity. When Miss Walker Leigh, an Irish silver-medallist, returned her card, it was found that though she had played indifferently going out, she

had only taken 36 for the last 9 holes. Thus Miss Hezlet defeated the proud "Colonel" in the *out* half by 2, and Miss Walker Leigh upheld the reputation of women golfers by beating him on the *home* holes by 1 stroke. The scoffer at women's play will take refuge behind the usual thinly-veiled sneer "Ladies' tees"; but this is a futile jibe, as on the Burnham links "ladies' tees" are non-existent.

After Miss Hezlet's marvellous 77, and the high standard of her play during the International matches, it was confidently assumed Ireland's champion would become the Open champion.

But once again the beautiful uncertainty of golf was painfully illustrated. In her first match against an unknown local player, Miss Hilda Evans, Miss Hezlet was defeated. Though 4 up and 7 to play, the match was lost, and lost entirely on the greens. Her opponent played a fine uphill game, and with quiet confidence ran down some long putts. Seeing her lead thus melting away, Miss Hezlet began to putt wildly. She had everything to lose, while Miss Evans, even if beaten by a small margin, would only be congratulated upon having held the great Miss Hezlet. As they drew level, Miss Hezlet—it was easily discernible—showed nervousness, and her putting steadily deteriorated. All even at the 16th, she again established a lead at the 17th; but with only a half necessary, and her ball well on the green in two, Miss Hezlet took three putts and lost the hole. At the 19th, with an eighteen-inch putt to hole for a half, she again missed her opportunity.

Miss Hilda Evans, as was expected, fell to Miss Morant, the International player, in the next heat.

Miss Hezlet having succumbed in the first heat, the hopes of Ireland were divided between Miss F. Hezlet and Miss Walker Leigh. Miss F. Hezlet's game was not, however, as fine or as steady as that of last year, and in several matches she had shown a tendency to top her brassy shots through the green. Her style last year was much commented upon, and duly admired; but at Burnham it was noticed she had acquired a habit of standing extremely far from her ball, and this, with the strong wind which is the prevailing atmospheric feature of "Breezy Burnham," caused her to lose her balance in the backward swing, and "topping" was the natural sequence. Unfortunately, in the third heat Miss F. Hezlet and Miss Walker Leigh met. This Irish player is one of the finest of golfers. She drives magnificent tee shots, and is remarkably accurate with her brassy, constantly using that club for long approach shots with the deadliest result. Going out in her match against Miss F. Hezlet, Miss Walker Leigh made no mistakes, while her opponent was constantly "topping" her brassy shots. Turning in the comfortable

position of 3 up, the match appeared a probable win for Miss Walker Leigh, and many of the spectators dropped away to watch other matches. But a Hezlet is never beaten until the decisive hole is played, and those who failed to follow, lost an opportunity of watching the most brilliant golf played during the whole tournament. Only seven more holes were required ; Miss F. Hezlet secured these in an average of two under fours, winning her match by 3 and 2. But though she played a very fine game next day when she met and defeated Miss Glover, she proved unequal to the steady, imperturbable play of Mrs. Kennion, and though 2 up at the turn, lost the match on the 19th green after a tie.

Meanwhile Miss Dorothy Campbell, the Scottish champion and



MISS B. THOMPSON, OPEN CHAMPION 1905, SILVER MEDALLIST 1906

(Photograph by Squibbs and Carey, Bridgwater)

Bronze Medallist of 1904-5, was coming quietly, but most effectively, through the various heats in the bottom half of the draw. A place in the semi-final was practically certain, and with both the Misses Hezlet, Miss Glover, Miss E. C. Nevile, and Miss Walker Leigh out, there appeared every probability of Miss Campbell taking the Silver or Gold Medal. But alas for Scotland's hope of securing the Challenge Cup !

The Scottish champion went forth to battle in her match with Mrs. Kennion in the semi-final a victim to nervous foreboding, and though she outplayed her opponent through the green, she was hopelessly wild on the greens, while Mrs. Kennion rarely took more than

two putts, and more than once holed long putts of several yards. So for the third year in succession Miss Dorothy Campbell qualified for a Bronze Medal. Each time Miss Campbell fails to secure higher honours by the same failing—nervous putting. Yet on ordinary occasions Miss Campbell's putting is extremely steady. Could the Scottish champion but gain ascendancy over her nerves, there is no doubt she would triumphantly bear the Cup across the border; but unfortunately nervousness is extremely difficult to eradicate.

Mrs. G. H. Sumpter in the top half of the draw had disposed of some noteworthy opponents. Mrs. C. F. Richardson, an ex-Midland champion, fell before her in the third heat, while in the next heat she proved too strong for Mrs. Willock, the popular captain of the Surrey County Club. But though Mrs. Sumpter, who entered from Hunstanton, has frequently met Miss Thompson in inter-club matches, and given her an excellent game, the ordeal of facing the gallery which followed them in the semi-final was too much for her susceptibilities. Going out Miss Thompson played a fine game, and turned with a lead of five holes, but coming home her game considerably deteriorated. During the early part of the match fate played her a cruel trick. The skin of the thumb of her left hand, roughened by the bitter winds, tore with the friction against her right wrist, and as the game progressed became an actively painful wound. The slightest cut on the hand or fingers makes the player unconsciously shrink from holding the clubs tightly, and this wound caused Miss Thompson to miss several long shots during the home holes. Though dormy five she only defeated Mrs. Sumpter on the 16th green.

The golf in the final—as is usually the case—was not of as high quality as that played in some of the earlier matches. The strain and anxiety, her painful thumb, with in addition the large gallery of about 2,000 spectators, rendered Miss Thompson's game, after the first few holes, the poorest she had played during the week. Mrs. Kennion, however, to all appearance as quiet and contained as if the match was merely one of daily occurrence, played a good steady game with occasional brilliant holes, such as the 5th (468 yards) and 6th (166 yards), which she took in 4 and 3 strokes.

Going out Miss Thompson held her, but soon after the turn it was apparent the match would not be carried further than the 15th or 16th green. Indifferent play, however, from Mrs. Kennion at the 12th, 13th, and 14th gave the Holder an opportunity; but she failed to take it, and the match ended on the 15th green, Mrs. Kennion winning by 4 up and 3 to play.

Mrs. Kennion's victory was a triumph of *nerve over nerves*. With unruffled composure she passed through each successive match, not despondent when playing an uphill game, yet on the

other hand never making the egregious error of underrating the skill of her opponent. The following incident illustrates the calm temperament of the champion. At the 6th hole in the final, when in the uncomfortable position of being 2 down to Miss Thompson, Mrs. Kennion, in playing her brassy, skid off a strip of turf. This has been done before in the final, and the player has not been blamed when, oblivious of the welfare of the links, she hurries on to watch the fate of her ball. But not so Mrs. Kennion. Standing quietly by the damaged spot, she pointed out the torn turf to her caddie, and waited to see him replace it. Then, and not till then,



MISS FOSTER, MIDLANDS CHAMPION, PUTTING IN ONE
OF HER CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES

she turned her attention to her ball, which had disappeared among some distant dangerous sand-dunes. As the writer watched this incident she found herself unconsciously saying aloud, "Such coolness and self-possession will bring her in the winner," and subsequent events proved the accuracy of the supposition.

Mrs. Kennion, who is the first married woman to win the Gold Medal, is a member of the Sussex County Team; but both England and that fortunate county lose her services, as the week following the championship Mrs. Kennion sailed for Persia to join her husband, Major Kennion of the Indian Political Department, who

holds the post of Consul General in that country, and it is most doubtful whether she will be able to return to England next year to defend the Cup. Mrs. Kennion has played golf for several years. As Miss Kenyon-Stowe, of the Brighton and Hove Club, she won over eighty prizes. This in itself speaks for the quality of her game. Her style is full and easy, with a magnificent follow through. Mrs. Kennion's tee shots have increased in length, and this she attributes to her recent adoption of the interlocked grip advocated by Vardon and Taylor. It is a curious coincidence that when Miss Dod won the Gold Medal in 1904, the extension of her tee shots was a pronounced feature of her game, and this she also explained as being produced by the interlocked grip.

But the championship of 1906 was won on the greens. Mrs. Kennion's putting was remarkably and brilliantly uniform. Her approach putts were invariably dead, and in every match several holes were snatched with only one putt on the green. Her accuracy demoralised her opponents, and though possibly playing more steadily through the green, their putting deteriorated from sheer nervous terror of Mrs. Kennion's uniformity on the greens.

There can be no doubt that the condition of Miss Thompson's thumb proved a decided agency in her defeat. Miss Thompson would be the last person to plead such an extenuating circumstance, but it required no great insight on the part of the spectators to realise why the Yorkshire player, the least variable of golfers, was frequently missing her long shots both off the tee and through the green.

For many reasons a dual victory by Miss Thompson would have been very popular. Since Lady Margaret Scott's triple success in 1893, 1894, and 1895, no one has ever secured the Blue Ribbon twice in succession. Last year when Miss Thompson won the Gold Medal there were many who affirmed that she was not the equal of Miss M. Hezlet, Miss Adair, Miss E. C. Nevile, Miss Glover, or Miss Dorothy Campbell; yet in the following championship, in the difficult, nerve-provoking position of holder, Miss Thompson fought her way into the final.

One and all the critics must bend the knee to the ex-champion and humbly acknowledge their error. Miss Thompson, though not an exponent of brilliant scintillating golf, such as is periodically exhibited by the Misses Hezlet, Miss Adair, and Miss E. C. Nevile, is quite able to hold her own with these players on ordinary occasions.

The ex-champion is one of the most modest of golfers. She is much more prone to underrate than overrate her skill. When asked how she has played she will frequently reply, "Oh, very well,

for me," or, "Oh, I just managed to win," when subsequent inquiries will disclose the fact that she has returned a brilliant score, or won her match with a handsome margin. During the first three heats of the tournament Miss Thompson achieved what may be regarded as a record. Not only did she win her matches with ease, but she actually did not lose one hole during those matches.

That the holder made no vain boast over her position was amusingly illustrated at Burnham during the early stages of the tournament.

A polite referee making conversation to the Open champion in one of her matches was overheard inquiring, "And were you at Cromer last year, Miss Thompson?" Unruffled, and without



MISS E. C. NEVILE, SILVER MEDALLIST

evincing any desire to shed light on the poor man's ignorance, the champion quietly answered in the affirmative.

A regrettable feature of this year's championship was the absence of Miss Adair, who has not yet returned to her former fine game. She describes her play as "streaky," brilliant holes interspersed with others which are decidedly not brilliant. Until her game recovers she very wisely avoids competing in the Irish and Open championships, but a few more months' play will, she trusts, enable her to regain her form. Miss L. Dod, too, was another absentee. Rumour murmurs that Miss Dod, having obtained the Blue Ribbon in golf, tennis, hockey, and skating, is now devoting her time to archery. The crack toxophilites may well be nervous for

their fair fame, as Miss Dod has a distressing habit of rising to the top in all the pursuits she takes up.

The absence of the dramatic interest of last year—the inclusion of the American players—was universally bemoaned. As golfers they established the highest reputation, and their defeat was considered a “bit of merciful luck” rather than the result of their opponents’ superior skill. It was generally hoped that they would return this year to endeavour once again to emulate Mr. Travis’s feat, and great was the disappointment of the British competitors when the publication of the draw finally dispelled all possibility of their appearance. We trust our golfing sisters on the other side of the herring-pond will understand that we most genuinely trust they will return at no distant date to compete in our championship, and also we hope they will believe that the golden opinions they won as golfers and “mates” have not been robbed by absence of any portion of their glamour.

In writing of the championship and the large open meetings, we have overlooked the progress of that fine English school of golf—the County Club. Last year we referred to the wonderful progression of Sussex from the position of a minor county to tying with Middlesex for the honour of winner in the South Eastern Division. A good captain is a strong asset towards a county’s success, and Sussex is extremely fortunate in possessing Miss Starkie Bence, who by her own indefatigable efforts and general keenness has roused a similar enthusiasm among the county’s representatives. This year Sussex has pursued its triumphant course with only one rebuff, and in the South Eastern Division it heads the list with a score of 18 points out of a possible 20. In the Northern Division Yorkshire has been successful; in the Midlands, Lincolnshire; and in the South West, Devonshire.

County matches are the finest training school for young players. In them lie all the elements of a minor championship. Players who otherwise may not have the opportunity of meeting first-class opponents do so in county matches, and their skill has to be acutely exercised in order to hold their antagonists. Young players learn to show judgment from start to finish; to play with their heads; to seize a psychological moment, and above all they acquire, through much tribulation, the necessary attributes which enable them to accept defeat in a cheerful spirit, and never to lose heart until the ball vanishes in the bottom of the decisive hole. Ireland and Scotland lack this training school, and one is forced to speculate on the significant fact that for the last three years, during which the beneficent effects of county golf have been most apparent, England has had a succession of triumphs. In 1904 Miss

L. Dod played at the top of the Cheshire team (Miss Dod has left Cheshire, and that county has seceded from the Association); Miss Thompson occupies a similar position in the Yorkshire team, and Mrs. Kennion is a representative of Sussex and plays either first or second in the team.

Among the technicalities of golf the question of scoring in match play has been exciting a certain amount of interest. At an At Home given during the spring by the Ladies' Golf Union this subject was introduced by Professor Turner, F.R.S., and Mr. Robert Whyte, a Vice-President of the Union.

The majority of county and inter-club matches are now played by *matches* and not *holes*, the bye either not being played or, if played, not counting one way or the other. The question Mr. Whyte therefore introduced was the idea of allowing the bye some value in the match. Mr. Whyte spoke in favour of Mr. Gairdner's method of scoring the bye, i.e. counting one point for the match and 1-18th for each hole of the bye.

Professor Turner, however, did not consider an 18th a sufficient value for each hole, he thought $\frac{1}{2}$ ought to be allowed for each hole in the bye. In *Golfing*, the official organ of the Ladies' Golf Union, there appeared a summary of Professor Turner's scheme.

To illustrate 1-18th being too small a value for each hole, Professor Turner referred to an apocryphal match between teams of four a side. "A, B, C, each win their match by one hole, so the score stands 3 3-18ths, and thus even if D won every hole he could not rescue the match for his side, as he could only score 2."

The Professor's theory of $\frac{1}{2}$ being the proper value of each hole in the bye was, he stated, worked out by a simple method, i.e. by collecting all the cases where the team match would have gone to one side by scoring by *holes alone*, and to the other side by scoring by *matches*. By adding all the *holes-up* he found they came to just double the number of *matches-up*, so that the proportion would be one match



THE INTER-LOCKED GRIP ADOPTED BY
MRS. KENNION

equals two holes. But Professor Turner did not appear warmly to advocate any radical alteration in the method of scoring, as he mentioned that having examined carefully the result of 183 matches, he found that 153 would have resulted the same way by any system.

It is extremely doubtful, in consideration of this slight difference, whether it would be advisable to adopt a system by which the bye would be given a value. After the strain of the match is over the victor very frequently relaxes his or her efforts, and the loser of the match consequently scores the bye. This is a great emollient to the



MRS. KENNION, MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL, MRS. SUMPTER, AND MISS B. THOMPSON

(Photograph by Squibbs and Carey, Bridgewater)

loser's ruffled pride, and the loss of the bye causes little or no mortification to the winner of the match. In team matches, playing *by the match* is steadily growing in popularity, particularly among women. By this method no individual player can bring the whole team to grief, whereas if matches are played *by holes* one player who is completely off can bias the match one way or other by being 17 or 18 holes down. In county golf, since its inauguration seven years ago, the scoring has been by matches, and in inter-club matches this method usually prevails. But among men there is no uniform system, and the perusal

of a golf column in a paper will frequently show matches scored by all three methods.

Women hold the proud position of being the pioneers of golfing organisations. They have their Union and their County Association. The former has been in existence since 1892, and the latter since 1899. Though the advantages of these organisations have been most favourably commented upon by many critics, men have not yet inaugurated similar institutions.

Through much contumely and scorn, women golfers have at last attained the respect and admiration they deserve. The critic who writes scornfully on the subject of women players no longer receives the applause of the multitude: he or she is merely ignored as ridiculously and absurdly narrow-minded.

Each year as the standard of play improves it is noticeable that the standard of "Ways, Manners, and Dress" advances with equal strides. Where now is the golfing woman who—to quote from Mrs. Kennard—"strode over sandy links aping man"? She is gone—and we are glad; for though always a *rara avis* on the links, that she did exist is undeniable. Now you will no longer find this cuckoo in the golf nest: in her place are gentle-mannered athletic girls and women—true women to their finger tips—women of self-control, adaptability, and broad-minded views, physically robust and full of energy, yet tempering their enthusiasm with judicious equanimity and moderation.





STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XVII.—THE CATACOMB FOX

BY DANIELE B. VARÉ

HE is old, and lean, and cunning, and he lives in the catacombs near the Cecchignola, ten miles out of Rome. These are not the catacombs that tourists visit as a rule; in fact, I very much doubt if anyone has thoroughly explored them; but they evidently extend for miles, for I have noticed at least a dozen openings into underground passages, and should you ever drive along the Cecchignola road on your way to a meet you will often hear the ground ring hollow under the wheels of your carriage.

He has given us many a good run, and may give us a few more before he goes where the good foxes go, for I have not heard of his decease up till now, and a faster-going fox I never knew; also you cannot stop up a catacomb as you would an ordinary burrow or drain, to cut off his retreat. He is generally known as the "volpe della Cecchignola," but I prefer to call him the "catacomb fox," if only for the part he plays in this same story.

The finest run he gave us was just two years ago, when we caught him in the open far from home—thirty-five minutes by my watch, and without a check. It was a run to remember all one's life, and to tell of in the evenings in the firelight, when sporting memories come back thick and fast, and you see through clouds of tobacco-smoke the big timber fences and green pasture land with its background of blue hills. What a pace he went that day! Disdaining the tricks with which he had thrown off the hounds many

times before, over hill and valley, straight for his home. And how we followed! With hats crammed over our ears, racing over the flat stretches of pasture, plunging into the hollows and through the big ditches that drain off the valleys, bending forward as we topped each steep hill, slowing down a little before each fence or wall, then to dash forward harder than before as the obstacle was safely taken and left behind. It was a run to make your blood tingle in your veins, your breath come quick, and your eyes sparkle with the very joy of living! We were a big field when the run began, but there were barely eight of us when we sprang off our panting horses before the large black opening in the hill-side where the fox had gone to ground, and I think that I was prouder of being among those eight than of anything that I had ever done.

The hounds disappeared underground for a second or two, but came out again almost immediately, and stood round the opening with heaving sides and tongues out, their drooping tails expressive of their disgust and righteous indignation.

The first to come up was Colonel Barletta on a thoroughbred mare; he and the Master and huntsman stood mopping their faces with their pocket-handkerchiefs and alternately praising and cursing the fox who had given them such a run only to escape. Only one lady kept up with us to the end, an American, Miss Dalton, from New York. She was a pretty girl, with fair hair and a fresh, clear complexion just a little tanned by the Italian sun. She rode splendidly on hunters that her father had bought in Milan. She sprang down from her saddle, and giving me her horse to hold went and peered into the catacomb; then she came back to me.

"You don't happen to know what's become of Gino, do you?" she asked.

She was engaged to an Italian by the name of Gino Velardi, a young man who had taken to fox-hunting only a few months before, his fondness for the sport of kings being merely accessory to the deeper passion that he bore for Miss Dalton.

"He was all right when I saw him last," I answered; "he was giving pennies to a *contadino* who had opened a gate for him."

"Think of stopping in the middle of a run to give pennies to a *contadino*!" exclaimed Miss Dalton.

"Eet is a goot zing zat somebody stop to pay," said Barletta; "we all not too excited to wait till him open ze gate, but we too excited to give him somezing!"

The Colonel stood with a large sandwich in one hand and a saddle-flask of marsala in the other, his horse's reins hanging loosely over one arm. Never very fluent, his English was rendered worse than usual by the fact that he spoke with his mouth full. "'Ere 'e

com'. 'E all right! Keep still, you fool, can't you?" This last was in Italian and addressed to his horse.

Young Velardi rode up at that moment. He was mounted on a big roan hunter and dressed in black, with a broad-brimmed hat like those worn by the *buttari* or cattle-drivers on the Campagna; he made no secret of the fact that it was the pleasure of Miss Dalton's company more than any keenness for sport that brought him out hunting, so he modestly left pink coats and sporting attire to the men who were in reality or in their own estimation better sportsmen than himself. He rode very fairly nevertheless, and looked well on horseback, being thin and wiry, with a rather pale, clean-shaven face, and wonderful eyes of the kind one reads of in books, black as ink, restless, everchanging, with a latent fire in them which to his friends spoke of an intelligence beyond the ordinary, and reminded his enemies, who were not a few, of the insanity which had once or twice shown itself in members of his family. His intelligence manifested itself in many ways, but principally in his researches and experiments in electrical engineering and chemistry; his insanity, if such it could be called, in occasional paroxysms of anger, to which he was subject if roused or thwarted in any way.

He cantered up in a leisurely way, and asked what had become of the fox. The situation having been explained to him, he got off his horse and, giving the reins to the huntsman to hold, went and peered into the tunnel.

"Why didn't the hounds follow?" he asked next.

"They did go in a few yards," answered the Master, "but there is a spring of water in there somewhere; the ground is all wet. I suppose there is no scent, and they were afraid of the darkness."

"I wonder how far it extends," said Velardi. "Lend me a match-box, will you? I should like to see what it looks like inside."

Barletta handed him a match-box.

"Don't go in far, Gino," said Miss Dalton, "or you'll get lost or fall down a hole. One catacomb is much the same as another, I suppose; there cannot be anything very interesting in this one."

"All right," said Velardi, "I won't go in far." And stooping down, for the passage was very low at the opening, he stepped in and disappeared. Two of the hounds started to follow him, but the Master called them back.

"I wish he wouldn't be so foolish," said Miss Dalton; "even if he doesn't get lost he'll probably catch a chill going into that damp cellar of a place after such a run."

"Oh, him all right!" said Barletta, who was sitting on the grass near the opening. "Him no fool! Eet is quite warm in zere, and I can see his light in ze passage."

In a minute or two Velardi's face reappeared at the opening, and he scrambled out and began dusting his clothes.

"This passage is evidently a side entrance," he said; "there is quite a broad tunnel a little further down that runs at right angles to it; probably there is a big chapel or hall somewhere near. I daresay the early Christians managed to make themselves pretty comfortable in their time. I can imagine life being very pleasant even in a catacomb under certain circumstances;" and he looked at Miss Dalton.

"I am afraid that if you intend to set up house in a catacomb," said his fiancée, "that I could have nothing more to say to you; think of the bats and the damp!"

"Fair lady, you are so practical! Think of the memories and the silence. You would look so pretty, too, by candle-light—like some fair-haired Christian martyr ready to face the lions in the Colosseum rather than betray her faith!"

"Thanks! I'd rather do the Colosseum with a Baedeker and safety, though I guess I would have received a more lasting impression in the old way!"

The Master had mounted and was moving off with the pack. Miss Dalton and Velardi followed his example. Old Barletta stared after them as he finished his sandwich. "Those two are always chaffing each other," he said to me in Italian. "It seems a funny way of making love; it usen't to be mine, I remember!"

"But it leads to the altar, Colonel," I said, "which your methods did not apparently, as you are still a bachelor."

"That, my dear young man, only proves their superiority!" And mounting his mare the Colonel trotted off after the hounds.

That run was the finest we have ever had after the catacomb fox. As a rule he keeps too near home to give us much sport, and he invariably succeeds in reaching one of the many openings to his own special residence. It was about a year after the run I have just described that he again gave us a gallop, and this time he nearly lost his brush. Several things had, however, happened in the meantime. First of all Miss Dalton fell ill of typhoid fever, and her marriage, which was to have taken place in the spring, had to be put off indefinitely in consequence. In the first week of November, however, just before the beginning of the hunting season, a more tragic incident occurred, which we all thought at the time must inevitably put an end to all poor Velardi's or Miss Dalton's hopes of conjugal happiness.

Velardi, as I think I mentioned before, was an electrician of considerable talent, and though barely twenty-two years old had already made a name for himself in the world of science by some discoveries concerning the transmission of electric currents through liquids. He used to conduct his experiments in a large laboratory built over the stables of his father's house in Rome, and at the time of his engagement he was at work (so it was understood among his friends) on a discovery which was, if all went well, to place him on a level with the greatest electricians of our days. He passed most of his time in his laboratory either alone or with one assistant, a boy of about nineteen whom he had found almost starving in the streets, having been out of work a long time. Gino had taken him home and educated him, and made him his assistant, and the boy worshipped the very ground his master trod on. Gino would work for long spells at a time, a short nap on a divan in the laboratory often serving him as a night's rest. So one morning, or, to be more precise, on the 12th of November, when his valet Mariano, entering his bedroom to call him, found that the bed had not been slept in, he naturally supposed that his master had passed the night at work, and took his breakfast of coffee and rolls over to the laboratory; but he found the door locked, and though he knocked several times received no answer.

Still he was not alarmed; young Velardi had all the eccentric habits of genius, and might have gone out early in the morning and breakfasted in some café or restaurant. At about twelve o'clock, however, the coachman, coming in and out of the stables, noticed with surprise the behaviour of his dogs, a couple of fox-terriers, who stood alternately whining and growling outside the laboratory door, and would not come away when he called them. He mentioned the fact casually to Mariano, who, beginning to fear some misfortune, went to Gino's father and asked permission to force the door. Old Velardi hurried at once to the laboratory, and setting Mariano and the coachman to work with an old flint-lock gun that hung in the saddlery, used as a battering-ram, they soon broke in the lock and opened the door. What he expected and feared to find I do not know, probably he did not know himself. As he entered the room, he saw the body of a man lying on the floor by the window, and he ran forward with a sob, thinking that it must be his son. But as he came nearer he saw that he was mistaken: the man was not Gino, but of shorter and heavier build, with fair hair and beard. The bright winter sunshine shone down pitilessly on the huddled form and black distorted features, and old Velardi realised that the man was unknown to him, and that he had been strangled.

There is no need to enumerate the thousand and one conjectures and inquiries that followed the discovery of the man's body and young Velardi's subsequent disappearance. There was never any doubt as to who was guilty, nor did the police have great difficulty in discovering the motives of the crime. The murdered man was identified as one Giovanni Lezzani, an engineer of doubtful reputation, and from some sheets of letter paper covered with notes in the defunct's handwriting it became evident that Lezzani had entered the laboratory, probably by means of false keys, in the hopes of obtaining information about young Velardi's discoveries. He had most likely been discovered by Gino himself, and the scene that must have followed can easily be imagined. Public opinion, which had been very much against Gino at the first discovery of the crime, soon veered round so as to be almost entirely in his favour, and much sympathy was felt for him among his friends when it was discovered that the murdered man had not been unarmed, as it had been said at first, but had even succeeded in wounding his adversary with a peculiarly deadly-looking knife. This was deduced from the fact of the knife being found in the courtyard opposite the laboratory window, where young Velardi had probably thrown it before his fingers, nerved by one of those sudden paroxysms of anger to which he was subject, closed round his opponent's throat. That he had been wounded himself was apparent, the towels in the laboratory wash-hand stand having evidently been used to stanch a wound; and as the body of Lezzani had no scratch on it, one could only suppose that Gino himself had received a cut in the struggle. He was not even blamed for having fled from justice instead of facing the consequences of his act, and this because of a rumour that originated with his father, that Gino was not hiding merely to escape imprisonment but in order that he might bring his experiments, which were then at a critical stage, to a successful termination. To prove that his theory was not unfounded old Velardi declared that several of the more important batteries and instruments were missing from the laboratory, though, to tell the truth, nobody believed the old gentleman.

This only was certain: that Gino had disappeared, and with him his assistant, notwithstanding that the former could have made almost sure of his acquittal by claiming that he had acted in self-defence, and the assistant, except for the fact of his disappearance, would never have incurred even the suspicion of being accessory to the crime. The police in the meanwhile had not obtained a single clue to indicate the whereabouts of the fugitives.

Such was the state of affairs when the hunting began as usual on the 15th of November. Much to everybody's surprise, Miss Dalton,

who we all supposed to be in a state of nervous agitation over her lover's fate, appeared regularly at the meets and followed the hounds with all her former keenness, a constant pallor and a suspicion of suppressed excitement in her manner being the only signs that she felt her strange position in the least, and even these might have been the consequences of her recent illness.

It was December before we caught a glimpse of the Cecchignola fox, and when one evening after a long and blank day our friend suddenly got up a few yards in front of the hounds and started off home like a streak of red lightning, there was a general chorus of laughing approval from the old hands who caught a glimpse of the long white line across his back, probably the scar of some old wound, by which we, who had seen him often, used to recognise him.

"Good old fox!" exclaimed Barletta as we started off; "he is always ready to oblige! Seems to me he will lose his brush to-day, though!"

This certainly appeared probable, as the hounds were barely forty yards behind him when the run began, and seemed at first to be gaining ground. But the old fox was wily and his home very near; knowing that their heavier weight would put his pursuers at a disadvantage running up hill, as he entered the valley into which the catacombs opened he did not make straight for the entrance to his lair, but kept rather to the right of it, going full speed to the top of a neighbouring hill; then, having gained fully ten or twelve yards by this dodge, he turned sharply to the left and made straight for home, disappearing underground just as the hounds began to gain on him once more. In all former runs, when the fox had escaped down a catacomb the hounds had never followed him in for more than a few yards, so that when we saw the pack dash into the opening after their prey we expected them to reappear almost immediately. This, however, they failed to do, having penetrated, probably because the scent was stronger than usual, deep down into the passages of the catacombs, so that on reaching the opening the Master and huntsman could only hear a distant confused baying, but could not be sure from which direction it proceeded. During the run, which had been a very short one, I had ridden alongside of Miss Dalton, and had noticed that she was even paler than usual; and thinking that perhaps she might be tired, for we had been many hours in the saddle, as soon as I pulled up I offered her some brandy and water from my flask. But she shook her head without answering, and kept her eyes on the opening to the underground passage, where the huntsman was standing blowing his horn to recall his hounds. I remembered then the almost identical scene of just ten months

before, when Gino Velardi had explored the nearer passages of the catacomb with the aid of Barletta's match-box. "Poor girl!" I thought, "she remembers it too!" and I walked away, leading my horse.

The hounds were beginning to come out one by one, and soon the pack was almost complete; yet two were still missing, and though the huntsman blew his horn and called them by name they failed to appear. A catacomb is a dangerous place to enter without many precautions, and I believe that the huntsman added to the very natural fear of getting lost a superstitious terror of the tomb-lined passages through which he would have had to grope his way.

Barletta suggested that some one should go in with a ball of string to let out as he moved forward, but as no string was forthcoming he did not help us much with his advice.

We were still discussing what should be done when Miss Dalton suddenly called me, and as I went up to her bent down in the saddle and whispered to me: "For pity's sake don't let anyone go in!"

I stared at her in amazement; her face was drawn and haggard, and her voice shook as if she was afraid. "There is no danger, Miss Dalton," I assured her, "nobody will go in without taking every precaution."

"Oh, you do not understand! You do not understand," she repeated, and her eyes were full of tears. "Nobody must go in! For my sake see that nobody goes in!"

I remained silent with my hand on her saddle-bow, looking down at the grass and wondering what all this could mean and what I should do (I could hear the Master declaring that he would not go home till his hounds were found), and then suddenly I understood.

"Would it matter if I went in?" I asked, looking up.

Her eyes met mine for a moment, and then her face cleared.

"Oh! If you would!" she answered.

So I turned and went up to the Master. I do not take any credit to myself for having guessed the truth at that moment, though I hope I am not more dense than my neighbours; but, as I stood there by Miss Dalton's horse, looking down my glance had rested for an instant on something that gave me a clue; it was indeed merely the stub of a half-smoked cigarette lying in the grass, but was of a peculiar brand, tipped with straw—a brand that I remember Gino Velardi always used to smoke. So I went to the Master and offered to go in and look for his two missing hounds.

"But you'll get lost, man!" he said; "the whip has fetched a piece of candle from a shepherd's hut near by, but he says he cannot get a ball of string anywhere. How are you to find your way out?"

"I could scratch a line along the ground or on the sides of the passages as I walked forwards," I answered, "that is if one of you could lend me a pen-knife or some pointed instrument, and then I could follow the line when I turned to come back."

"Yes, that's not such a bad idea," commented the Master; "but are you sure you don't mind going in alone? Hadn't one of us better come with you?"

I declared my preference for going in alone, and soon I was furnished with a candle and a corkscrew belonging to Barletta (what he wanted with a corkscrew out hunting I cannot conceive), no more suitable instrument being obtainable wherewith to mark out my way. I glanced at Miss Dalton's face; it was still pale, but calmer; then I stooped down and entered the passage.

As long as the aperture by which I had entered remained in sight I did not trouble to use the corkscrew, but when the passage, which was narrow and hollowed out of the hard red earth or tufa, opened out into a broader and loftier tunnel I began to mark my further progress by scratching a line on the wall as I moved forwards. For the first twenty yards or so this was easy enough, but as I got further in the passages began to intersect each other more frequently, and their sides were, in places, honeycombed with tombs similar to those in the catacombs of St. Calixtus, which the tourists visit; this made the drawing of the line, as I had begun it, very difficult, so that I decided at last, though it was not so comfortable a process, to scratch the line on the ground. I had been moving all the time in the direction whence proceeded a low, continuous murmur, which at the time I took to be the distant baying of hounds. As I stooped down to mark the ground with my corkscrew I noticed low down on the side of the passage a small arrow roughly drawn in chalk pointing in the direction I was following. I stood up and peered along the passage. A few yards further down a similar arrow was drawn at the same height from the ground, and further on another; after that came the darkness. Suddenly the sound I had been following died away, giving place to absolute silence. A large bat, disturbed by the light of my candle, flashed past me and disappeared. I confess that for a moment I felt a strong desire to turn and leave the hounds to their fate and the mystery of Miss Dalton's strange agitation unsolved; for although I would have taken any odds that Gino Velardi lay hidden somewhere among those passages and tombs, and though I no more feared poor Gino when in his normal condition of sanity than I feared Miss Dalton herself, yet as I stood there alone in the darkness the sinister rumours of my poor friend's latent madness occurred to me, I remembered how only a few days before he had killed an

armed man with his bare hands, and I reasoned that his surprise at my appearance, should I come upon him unawares, and his fear of capture might well raise the devil in the man, whose control over his passions could never be entirely relied upon. Yet I did him an injustice, for even as I stood hesitating whether to proceed or not a quiet voice at my elbow made me turn with a start, and I saw the well-known figure close beside me, smiling at my discomfiture.

"Oh! it's you, is it?" said Gino. "Did she tell you to come and see me?"

He was wearing a workman's blouse over a dark serge suit, and held a lighted cigarette in his hand; he looked much as usual, and spoke as if it were the most natural thing in the world for me to come upon him in the passages of an unexplored catacomb.

"She did not want any of us to come in," I answered; "but the Master said he wouldn't go home without his hounds, and she did not seem to mind *me* going in as much as the others, so I came."

"Others! What others?" said Gino, looking grave. "Does all Rome know of my being here?"

I explained the situation hurriedly, adding: "You had better help me to find the hounds, or you will have half the field in soon to look for me."

He nodded, and turning down a side passage beckoned me to follow him. "This is more serious than I thought," he said. "I supposed on seeing you that my fiancée had told you of my whereabouts and that you had merely come to see how I was getting on. But I think I know where the hounds are, and if we can find them and get them out again there will be no harm done. If you will come in here a minute I can get a lantern and go with you."

We emerged as he spoke into a small vaulted room, which had evidently been a chapel when the early Christians had used the catacombs, for on the walls were the remains of old frescoes, and at one end there rose a broad marble altar, blackened with time. From this altar a petroleum lamp shed its light on a collection of various electrical appliances, a small battery, two electroscopes, and several rows of bottles and glass jars containing chemicals and salts. These articles were distributed, some on the floor, some on two collapsible card-tables of English make, and some on the altar. Comfort had evidently been sacrificed to science, for though the room boasted only two camp-stools there was a large mortar in one corner with a pestle and some blue salts beside it, and I guessed that the noise I had mistaken for the baying of hounds had really been made by Gino pounding some salts in the mortar.

"This is only our laboratory," he said, taking up a lantern from

the floor and proceeding to light it; "if I had more time I would show you our bedrooms."

"You are not alone, then, down here?" I asked.

"Oh dear no! I have my assistant; he is at Frascati just now, disguised as a shepherd; he always goes up there to get provisions: it is nearer than Rome, and there is less danger of his being recognised." He took up the lantern as he spoke, and led the way down several passages, turning now to the right, now to the left, till we came to a place where the ground seemed to have given way so that the passage was nearly blocked up, and we had to creep over mounds of fallen earth on our hands and knees—a most uncomfortable proceeding when you are carrying a lighted candle in your hand.

"You seem to know the way about very well," I remarked; "but where are you taking me to?"

"To the fox's lair," he answered, "it's just round the corner here; I found it one day by accident, when I was exploring the catacombs. Phew! I can smell the brute already!"

We took a few more steps forward, stumbling over the broken ground, and found ourselves in a room very similar to the one used by Gino as a laboratory, except that here the walls were lined with tombs, hollowed out of the earth and closed with slabs of marble; one of these was open at one end, the marble being broken, and before this tomb were the two hounds. As we came up to them they began to display the greatest excitement, under the impression that we had come to help them reach their prey. There was the fox, right enough, glaring at me from a corner of the empty tomb, his eyes shining red and green and his white teeth flashing in the candle-light as he snarled at us. The aperture was far too small for the hounds to pass through, so he was safe enough as far as they were concerned, and as I did not feel inclined to molest him we left him master of the situation and retired, Gino preceding me as before, while I dragged the unwilling hounds after me by the scuff of the neck.

When we came to the place where he had first found me, Gino stopped and held out his hand. "Good bye, old man," he said, "and good luck; you can find your way out easily now, you have only to follow the arrows!"

"Good bye," I answered, and we shook hands. His face stood out clear and pale in the candle-light against the dark of the passages—he was smiling. I felt very sorry for him, and tried to say so; after all, the man he had killed had been a scoundrel, and had tried to rob him. "Why don't you come out, Gino?" I said; "it was only manslaughter all told. There is no dishonour attached—it only makes it worse, your hiding in here!"

Gino laughed. "You take for granted that it was I who killed the little beast!" he said.

"Well, didn't you?" I asked in amazement.

"Oh dear no! It was my assistant, Gianni. We went into the laboratory together and found the man copying out my notes. He tried to rush past us to the door, and struck at me with his knife; it was a mere scratch, but I staggered against the wall, and before I knew what was happening Gianni had him by the throat, and was choking the life out of him. He is a strong little beggar, and devoted to me. I called out to him to let go, but it was too late."

"Then why in Heaven's name are you in hiding?" I asked.

"Oh, I could not afford to have my work interrupted by the police just now," he answered; "my experiments are at a critical stage, and I need Gianni to help me; but we shall not be very long now—a few more experiments, a few months of work, and I shall be back among my friends. In a year's time, at most, you will see me again."

"A year!" I exclaimed; "you don't mean to say you are going to remain buried in this place a whole year!"

"No," he answered, "I shall leave this, if all goes well, in a day or two, and I think you will be able to guess my whereabouts. So good bye, once more. You must hurry off, or we shall have the whole field in here in a minute or two."

"Good bye," I said, and I turned down the passage, and following the line on the wall, soon came to the opening where I had entered, and where my friends were waiting anxiously for my return.

The sun was just beginning to go down as I stepped out into the thyme-scented air of the Campagna; from some little village on the Alban Hills a few miles away there floated over the plain the sound of church bells. I was dimly conscious, as I stood there dazzled by the unaccustomed light, that old Barletta and Miss Dalton were looking at me curiously; but neither spoke, and the Master and huntsman were busy calling off the hounds. So we mounted and rode off, each occupied with his own thoughts.

When we got back to the place where we had met, I helped Miss Dalton into the brougham that was to drive her back to the town.

"I want to thank you for your kindness," she said as we shook hands, "and to say good bye!"

"Good bye?" I echoed in astonishment. "Are you leaving Rome, then?"

"Yes," she answered; "my father is coming to Civitavecchia the day after to-morrow in his yacht, and we are to go on a cruise round the world together." Her glance met mine, and to the

unspoken question in my eyes she answered in a whisper, "Yes, he comes too."

Old Barletta and I drove home together as usual; we always share a cab out to the meets, and as a rule it's the Colonel who does most of the talking. That evening, however, he seemed thoughtful; he wrapped himself up in his blue cloak, lit a cigar, and sat staring out over the Campagna. The sun had set behind the hills, and the air was growing cold; in the distance the town, with its many domes and steeples, rose up clear and dark against the deep red of the sky, and already a few lights were shining here and there among the houses. On the road in front of us was Miss Dalton's brougham, trotting homewards at a smart pace.

"Nice girl, that!" said the Colonel at last.

"Very," I answered, and I glanced at the brown face beside me, wondering how much this old cynic had guessed of Miss Dalton's story.

"It must be very nice," he added after a pause, "to have someone like that to be fond of you and true to you, come what may!"

"You were not always of that opinion, Colonel," I answered; "what has converted you?"

But the Colonel was not listening.

"Gino is a lucky beggar!" he said.





MONTE ROSA AND THE BREITHORN, FROM THE FURGEN GRAT

PHOTOGRAPHY ABOVE THE SNOW LINE

BY MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND

Author of "Adventures on the Roof of the World," etc., etc.

THERE are two distinct branches of photography open to the climber, and they are the rendering of the pictorial aspects of mountain scenery and the faithful portrayal of the evolutions of his fellow Alpinists. The writer has tried to unite both subjects, and



ON THE WELLENKUPPE

in doing so has found it a great advantage to carry with her more than one camera. For landscapes pure and simple, or even landscapes in which some figures appear, a half-plate camera is as good an instrument as can be desired. By using a lens giving satisfactory

definition—and in the brilliant light of the higher regions a small stop will invariably be used—the resulting negatives will make excellent enlargements and lantern slides. But the use of a half-



LOOKING TOWARDS THE THEODULE PASS

plate camera necessitates usually some little arranging of the subject. The photographer must be careful to be the proper distance from the foreground, and if he would include any of his companions in the picture, he must unrope and allow them to move away from his lens till satisfactorily placed. All this occupies time, and time during an expedition is often of great value. It is for this reason that I have found mountain photography actually quicker



THE ROTHORN FROM THE WELLENKUPPE

and better with two cameras than with one, the second string to my bow being a folding pocket-Kodak. With this tiny machine slung round my waist I have watched with the keenest interest the

movements of those ahead of me on the rope, ever ready, without their knowledge, to get a snap-shot of a brilliant piece of climbing, or at any rate of something that looks as if it were! It is fatal to an honest rendering of a climbing episode if it be suspected that the photographer is about to make an exposure. His models immediately become stiff and self-conscious, or else arrange themselves in sensational and absurd attitudes, and the result is useless as an attempt to portray climbers at work. With my tiny camera, however, it is unnecessary for me to unrope, and it is so quickly in readiness that I have ample time to make my exposure while the others are



NEAR THE MATTERHORN HUT



A REFRESHING POOL OF WATER ON A LOFTY RIDGE ABOVE THE SNOW LINE

moving upwards and I am awaiting my turn to follow them. The photographer had better be last on the rope, and allow himself a generous length of it.

It is strange that amongst the large numbers of people who climb so few bring home really spirited pictures of what befell during their holidays. It seems impossible that with a pocket Kodak held still and level, and with exposures made in a good strong light, any should return empty-handed—nay, should return with practically any failures. I fancy the want of success attending the ordinary camera-wielder, and especially he who is unused to snow, is often due to the fact that he will not do his own developing. Divided

responsibility seldom leads to good results, and until the photographer's faults are proved to himself to be all his own he will not learn how to avoid them. Many a time has a roll of film been brought to me, and the indifferent results on it been confidently attributed to "the man at the shop," whereas many of the exposures have been made in an impossibly poor light, and in other cases the camera has been shaken, resulting in pictures described by the owner as "all blurred and out of focus, the fault of the lens, of course!"

And yet nothing is easier than the development of a small roll of film, especially now that non-curling films are on the market, though it is more in the ease of drying and subsequent pleasantness in handling that these are



ON THE FURGEN GRAT



UNDER THE CLIFFS OF THE MATTERHORN

so great an improvement over the earlier ones. Metol-hydroquinone is a clean, rapid, and excellent developer for films, and whereas many persons find difficulty in getting brilliant negatives with the developer they use, with this they must rather guard against hardness and over-density. A secret of successful film-development is to use plenty of solution and make sure that the films are kept evenly immersed in it. I find an ordinary washhand-basin half-full of water far better than a dish for first plunging the films into, and when thoroughly wetted I pass my little roll backwards and forwards through a deep dish of developer till the pictures begin to show. Then

back goes the film into the water, and I cut off each exposure and plunge it into the basin till all are divided. One by one these are returned face down to the developer till I have as many as I can comfortably watch. When the detail is well out at the back I put them in another big dish of water, and when all are finished I move them on to the fixer. It is most important that no air-bells should remain on the films either while they are in the fixer or in the previous water, as otherwise the developer will go on working, resulting in a dark spot on the negative.

I have found but little difficulty in developing in my room when staying at hotels, and a few celluloid dishes and a folding candle-lantern are all the equipment that is absolutely necessary, photographic chemicals being obtainable in all the chief Alpine centres.

The interest is kept alive by never letting unexposed films or plates accumulate, and errors of exposure or defects in the camera are immediately detected.

For half-plate work on the mountains I have obtained good results with rapid Imperial plates, using a shutter to obviate having to carry a tripod. But the object of this little paper is to encourage those who desire to carry nothing but a tiny camera with them on their climbs, yet fear that they cannot do satisfactory work with so simple an outfit. For this reason I use



STEEP ROCKS MUCH FORESHORTENED



ABOVE THE HÖRNLI

in illustrating this article a set of views taken with a little folding Kodak.

My remarks apply to winter photography amongst the mountains as well as to that undertaken in summer, for, thanks to the



BELOW THE MATTERHORN HUT

purity of the air and the dazzling reflection from the snow, ample light for snap-shots can be counted on in fine weather during several hours daily, even in January.



MONTE ROSA AND THE GORNER GLACIER



FISHING IN A HIMALAYAN RIVER

BY MAJOR-GENERAL CREAGH, C.B.

I HAVE often thought how fortunate it is that for every stage of our pilgrimage amusements are provided, suitable to the period. During childhood we have small plays in which the joys and sorrows of after-life are typically rehearsed, and toys which we break. Later on, we go in for larger playthings, some of which, I am afraid, are not unfrequently broken too—but that is a side issue. And then, when hot youth is past, sedater pleasures crop up which are relished with even a keener zest than those that preceded them. Among these sports of a later day, fishing occupies a prominent place. Izaak Walton affirms that it is the pleasantest thing in the world! And certainly to an enthusiastic angler the pleasure it affords is intense if he should happen to be a lover of nature as well. For though, of course, good sport can be had in a muddy stream with flat banks, it seems to me that the enjoyment derived from every outdoor amusement—especially one so sedentary as fishing—is sensibly increased by fine surroundings.

As a case in point, a certain fair Eastern river, called the Giri, which I fished for many succeeding years, has been truly a “river of pleasure” to me. And that, not only on account of the excellent sport it yielded, but also because of its situation, flowing as it does through some of the finest scenery in the world. For it has its source far to the north of Simla, in the remote Himalayas, whose soaring peaks have no rival as they rise up in dreamlike splendour against the blue Indian sky.

But though the Giri is a river of comparatively great length, the only part of it worth much consideration from an angler’s point of view is that between Kharganoo and the Jumna, a distance of about

eighty miles. And along its banks in that direction I spent so many happy days that I always looked forward to a fishing excursion there with the keenest delight, and was never disappointed.

During the rains the Giri comes down in flood, and the volume of water is enormous. The consequence is that the actual course of the diminished stream which represents it in the fishing season varies a good deal from year to year. On one occasion we found that our camping ground of the previous season was completely swept away! But the loss proved a gain to us. For we discovered a delectable piece of ground about a couple of hundred feet higher up the hill, where large trees threw a pleasant shade over patches of soft turf threaded by sparkling streams, and looking as fresh and green as if they were a bit of transplanted England. It was thus an ideal spot in which to pitch our tent. And though living under canvas may have its inconveniences, they are more than outweighed by the sense of refreshment and invigoration which a free outdoor life and direct communion with nature engenders. Besides, it appeals to that inherent vagabondism which lurks in the best of us, and which, as scientists affirm, has been transmitted to us from our sylvan ancestors. But be that as it may—that is, whatever the genealogy of the instinct may be—certain it is that there exists in most people an inextinguishable desire to shake off the trammels of civilisation for a while now and then, and, exchanging our present overwrought modern life for the woods and fields, the mountain and glen, the lake and the river, to be able to ramble free and unfettered among them just as fancy dictates.

Meanwhile, together with many other pleasing varieties of camp life, there is the excitement of having to furnish supplies for the larder, and luckily in numerous parts of the Giri Valley there is good sport to be had with both gun and rifle for anyone who does not object to hill-climbing. Jungle fowl, green pigeon, and kaly pheasants are there in plenty, and we could also often get a kaker (barking deer), the flesh of which makes excellent venison. However, fishing is, of course, the main interest here; and the “lordly mahseer,”¹ as he is called, is quite as sporting a fish, weight for weight, as the salmon. Nay, more: I have known him to make such a gallant struggle for his life and liberty, and to resort to such ingenious devices to effect an escape, that notwithstanding his lowly place in the scale of being, it was almost impossible not to accredit

¹ A stout rod and strong tackle are necessary to capture a big mahseer, but a trout rod with single gut trace and a small spoon should always be at hand; for there are many places where no big fish can be expected, though capital sport may be had with fish up to five or six pounds. The fishing shikari always carries the second rod, as well as the pot containing the live bait, etc., etc.

him with reasoning power. I remember one day in particular when his instinct was pitted against my skill in such a remarkable way that I must describe it in detail ; because, though at other times we caught heavier fish and a larger number of them, the excitement it afforded was continuous, and never flagged from first to last.

On the occasion in question we were moving camp from Majero to Kharganoo, and, as usual, intended to fish all the way. The arrangement was for me to march on without stopping for half an hour, so as to leave that much water undisturbed for my companion, who was to begin fishing at once.

Soon after starting we came to a place where it was necessary



KHARGANOO

to cross the river in order to avoid a climb of many hundred feet. The water there proved to be nearly up to my neck ; so I got my fishing shikari—Douloo by name—to carry my coat, etc., over on his head together with his own clothes, and thus ensure my having at least some dry garments on reaching the opposite bank.

There was a nice reach a little above this ford, where the stream, though shallow, was strong, and where numerous rocks formed likely-looking eddies. In fact it seemed just the sort of place for the trout rod—and such it proved. For after a few casts a stout fish took the spoon and dashed off, tearing out fifty yards or so of line in

no time. I then put on as much strain as I dared with a single gut trace; but in spite of it he managed to get me round one of the rocks, and my heart sank at that juncture, for I thought it was all over. But help was at hand. Douloo, who was in the water trying to turn the fish up stream, was quick enough to free the line before any damage was done (the fish being probably rather tired by that time), and after a few more rushes he was safely landed, and proved to be a beauty weighing five pounds.

I got nothing more in that part; but presently, when we came to a rapid, I went up to the head of it, and taking the big rod, dropped a natural bait in and let it run over the first little fall. It was immediately seized by a heavy fish, which went off like lightning down stream, and I after it as fast as my legs could carry me. But when he had run out about sixty yards of line he stopped, and I saw with dismay that there was a big rock on my bank, against which he was almost certain to cut the line if he resumed his downward course. I therefore implored Douloo to get below it and throw in stones and other missiles, which would have the effect of turning the fish up stream. The roar of the water was so loud, however, that the shikari could not, or perhaps would not, hear me, and contented himself with climbing on to the rock with a view to passing the line over the top of it if necessary. The question then became, Would the fish elude me or could I capture him?—and it was an exciting one. But though during a brief space hope held dominion over fear, it was delusive, for presently off went the fish again, taking my line round the rock with him. Then I knew that the victory was his and I was defeated.

However, I was soon consoled by coming to a piece of water that looked promising for small fish, and on taking my trout rod, hooked one which gave me twenty-five minutes' hard work ere I landed it. I then caught one of those dainty, tasty little hill-trout which make these waters their habitat, and still moving onwards came ere long to a part where the river ran deep and strong between high banks, and seemed evidently the place for the big rod, which it proved to be. For no sooner had my chilena¹ disappeared over the head of the rapid than it was taken, and off went the fish down stream. I was then afraid of his taking all the line on my winch, so I followed as fast as I could, the line meanwhile screaming off the reel, and I scrambling, leaping, stumbling, and often on the point of falling, while all my energies were directed to keeping the point of the rod up, and the heaviest possible strain on the fish.

¹ The little fish generally used for bait.

In this way we passed over about a hundred yards at a terrific pace, when suddenly the fish stopped, and I managed to reel up a little. A short distance below us on the opposite side a fallen tree was lying with some of its branches in the water, and I knew that the victory of the fish was assured if he could get in among them. I therefore sent men over to throw in stones and clods—meanwhile putting on as much strain as I dared and slowly guiding him past it—when all at once he darted off again as hard as ever, but stopped on reaching a pool a little way down. There he went to the bottom, and appeared absolutely immovable. Stones, sticks, and extra



IN HOT PURSUIT

strain, all were tried in vain. He would not stir. It seemed as if we had come to a regular impasse.

But in the midst of it all a strange thing happened. For a number of men, attracted by the noise and interested in the sport, had collected on the bank, and two of them taking in the situation, and having divested themselves of all their apparel but their loin-cloths, plunged boldly into the water (which was fifteen feet deep at that point), and swimming to the bottom bearded the lordly mahseer in his stronghold. That was too much for the fish. The sight of those nude figures so close at hand, and gleaming in the pale green water until they seemed, so to say, transfigured, was more than he could stand; and the next moment he darted off with

such rapidity that apparently he was as strong as ever. Of course I could not climb down from the rock where I was waiting with the rod in my hand, so I stood still and wondered what would happen next, while the line ran out at a most alarming rate.

When only about ten yards of it remained the fish stopped nearly in mid-stream, in a broad and shallow part below the pool ; so I got the men to wade in below him, as I wanted them to head him back and prevent him from getting down another rapid, the beginning of which he was perilously near at the time. They then advanced, and when I could see that they were quite close to and almost surrounding him, never shall I forget the agonies of apprehension I suffered during the moments that succeeded. I fully expected to see him make a dash for freedom, and it would have been a miracle had he made his way through that forest of brown legs without getting the line round something. Just then, however, there was a most unlooked-for turn of events. Suddenly one of the men (there were several now in the water) made a dive with his hands, and seizing the fish behind the gills lifted him out with much difficulty, forthwith wading triumphantly ashore with the struggling mass of bronze and silver in his arms.¹

That mahseer was every inch a hero ; for though, owing to his fighting so gamely, I concluded he was a heavy fish, to my surprise the spring balance showed that he did not weigh much over fourteen pounds. On a previous occasion, I may add, we caught fish near this weighing respectively thirty-four and thirty-two pounds.

Later on that afternoon we had another curious experience. At a place called Mariogue, a little below the junction of the Simla stream, a small river flows into the Giri on the right bank, and its course for some distance lies through a gorge so narrow that the cliffs forming its sides impend, and in certain parts almost meet overhead. In these cliffs, and also in others near Newar, three marches lower down, there is usually a great swarm of wild bees, of such murderous tendencies that when enraged they are quite capable of coming down in a cloud and killing anything—man or beast—that has excited their ire, thus forming a striking illustration of the power that resides in numbers. This is so well known all over India that even the lower animals are in dread of these fiery little creatures, and when I and my friend were exploring the gorge on that afternoon

¹ The mahseer is a very handsome fish, his colours being bronze, copper, and silver ; but his flesh is too flavourless to suit the British palate, though it is highly esteemed by the natives. On this occasion several of the hillmen had come down to Kharganoo in the hope of getting some fish, and they were not sent empty away, as after having supplied our own wants we had plenty to give them as well.

our shikari anxiously cautioned us not to fire again or do anything to disturb them. I have never met anyone who had tasted the honey made in the Mariogue gorge, but, judging from the makers, I should say it would be hardly less dangerous than that found in the Cyprian groves of old!

The Gori Valley in April and May is subject to thunderstorms of great violence, often followed by heavy rain, and I shall never forget one which I witnessed there during my last visit—a truly magnificent spectacle; for while at all times there is nothing so beautiful as lightning and so terrible as thunder—especially if accompanied by a high wind—the effect which they jointly produce



MOVING CAMP

among lonely mountains and towering cliffs is so unspeakably grand that no language could adequately depict it. On that occasion, too, this effect was heightened by other incidental adjuncts and agencies. For as the thunder leaped from crag to crag, as the wind roared among the hollows, and as the lightning, while it flashed along the summit of the cliffs, reddened the water beneath, and at the same time turned the evening sky into a sheet of flame—the whole pageant was so sublime and so full of vicissitudes that it was a veritable epic, a drama in the heavens, in which each phase was more wildly, terribly beautiful than the last.

Luckily the storm, violent as it was, did not continue very long. At the end of about half an hour it began to abate; by nine o'clock

that night things were quiet once more, and the face of Nature had again become as calm and still as if nothing had occurred to disturb her serenity.

The scenery of the Giri Valley is a constant source of pleasure to the lover of nature, for whom the eye has always a message for the heart, as at nearly every bend of the stream a fresh and charming picture is presented to view. The trees hereabout are a feature in themselves. And at Kharganoo, 3,000 ft. above sea level, the sombre fir and the bright green bamboo are seen in such close juxtaposition that they exhibit the familiar antithesis of stern, inflexible dignity, and airy, fluttering grace. At lower elevations, too, on the flat spaces, such grateful shade is afforded by the deodar, the ilex, the pipal, mango, and banyan, that it would seem as if these parts were originally intended for camping-ground; and the seeker is thus supplied with many delightful, ready-made spots on which to pitch his tent. Another distinctive feature of the scenery here is the number of little primitive water-mills which are scattered all along the valley, and are often very picturesque with their roofs of brown thatch and their walls formed of large, loose stones, uncemented by mortar, thus recalling the Cyclopean masonry of a long past era.

Near these mills one not infrequently comes upon a strange sight, namely a *crèche* made of stones or bushes, shading one or two babies, who have been put there while the mother is at work, and who are kept asleep by a tiny jet of water flowing from a leaf or small pipe on to their heads! This rude, almost unnatural method of promoting sleep seems to succeed. But while gazing at the arrangement and reflecting on its inwardness, one realises to the full how very far the East is from the West, and how completely the former symbolises arrested development and standing still, and the latter—progress!

Meanwhile, though, as has been said, there is very nearly an embarrassment of choice in the matter of camping-grounds, I think that the prettiest and most interesting of all is Suttibagh. It is situated on the right bank of the river, about twenty-five miles or so above its junction with the Jumna; and at no great distance from it the Giri is crossed by a bridge made of tree-trunks and stones, which is built up every year after the rains, and regularly washed away again in the next monsoon.

The Suttibagh camping-ground is an area of two or three acres, covered with short grass and shaded by some fine mango trees. It stands on a little promontory almost overhanging the river, and on the extreme point there is an old temple, now almost a ruin, which is said to mark the spot where the last case of sutti occurred in

Northern India. I once met a Sadoo (Hindoo priest) here and had a long chat with him ; but though he appeared to be an exceedingly intelligent man, he did not agree with me by any means when I said I thought the abolition of suttī was a good thing. On the contrary, he evidently considered it the most fitting way for a woman who had lost her husband to leave the world !

This struck me as being a very remarkable instance of the marvellous power that inherited opinions exercise over the mind, a power so strong as even to warp the intelligence of an otherwise far-seeing, clear-headed person.

There is a very pretty little lake within easy reach of Suttibagh, but on the other side of the river. It is surrounded by richly-wooded hills, which are so clearly reflected in the still, translucent water beneath, that the whole scene is thus duplicated, and forms, on a small scale, such an exquisite picture, that it looks, so to say, like a bit of nature vignetted.

This lake is a place of such sanctity that no one is allowed to fish in it, but indeed the prohibition can scarcely be regarded as a hardship, as in addition to being thickly fringed with water weeds it is the home and habitat of crocodiles of very formidable dimensions.

Before leaving this fascinating spot I must not omit to mention that the clarity of the atmosphere on these lofty heights is so exhilarating that every sense becomes an avenue of pleasure while inhaling it. All minor troubles and worries are thrown into unmarked perspective ; the big ones loom less largely before us ; and, for the time being, everything seems possible—even a renewal of youth ! We awake in the morning like a giant refreshed, eagerly anticipating the sport of the day ; and then in the evening, when we return to camp, while taking a well-earned rest at the door of the tent, the scene spread before us is a veritable feast to both mind and eye. For the lights in numerous little dwellings, thousands of feet above the river, sparkle like stars amid the thick woods by which they are surrounded ; the Giri gleams like silver in the moonlight, its whiteness emphasised by the darkened valley through which it flows ; and the clumps of trees close at hand, looking sculptural in the rigidity and stirlessness of their foliage, have an exquisite effect. The scene, too, is often illuminated by the tiny lamps of the glow-worm ; and the silence here is seldom broken except by the splash of falling water and the plaintive note of the woodland night-birds, which, mingling with the song of the river, make a fascinating accompaniment to one's thoughts.

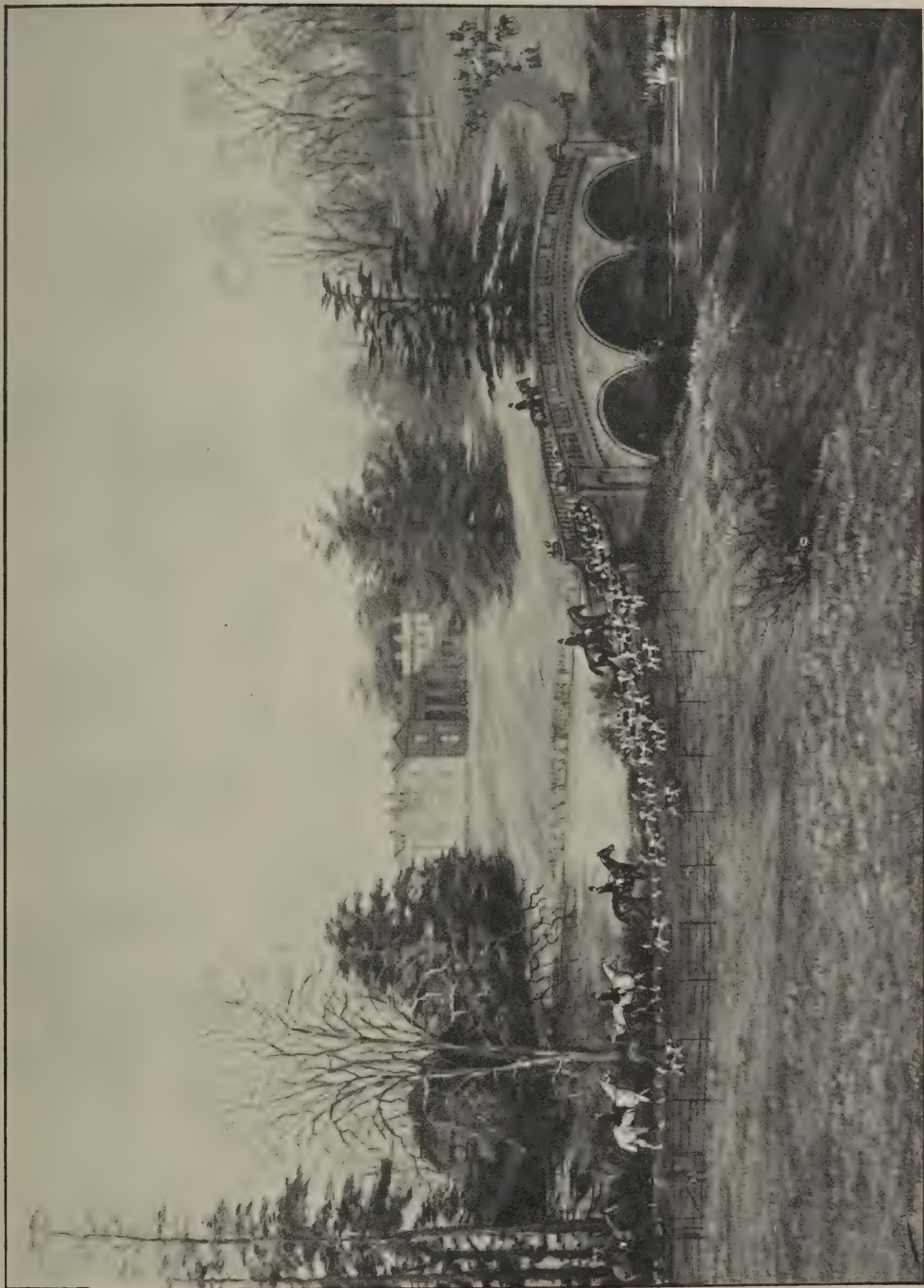
Thus, on every count, my visits to the Giri have been so enjoyable that even now, though so far away, I often indulge in the hope that a day may come when I shall be able to revisit it.

THE WARWICKSHIRE

FOLLOWERS of the Warwickshire will maintain that in all essentials their country and the sport it shows are second to none; and indeed the hunt has a great history, enthusiasts who are connected with it caring nothing for the fact that according to strict interpretation it is not in "the Shires" proper. John Warde, who preceded Mr. Corbet as Master, bears one of the most famous names in the annals of fox-hunting, and he had a worthy successor; worthy successors it should emphatically be said, for Lord Middleton, Mr. Barnard, and the late Lord Willoughby de Broke (whose articles on various phases of the chase, contributed to this magazine, are certainly among the best ever written) filled the office which the present Lord now holds to the completest satisfaction of all concerned, for he is recognised as a worthy son of his sire. As for the country, it adjoins the Pytchley to the south-west, and possesses similar characteristics—it always seems to us indeed that the ditches are bigger. The hounds used formerly to be kept at Stratford-on-Avon, which adds a unique interest to them, as giving a sort of Shakespearian flavour to the sport.

Mr. G. D. Giles's excellent paintings, reproductions of which are here given, cannot fail to delight sportsmen far beyond the borders of the country they portray. Compton Verney, it need scarcely be remarked, is one of the homes of the family of which Lord Willoughby de Broke is head; the meet is at the house, the Master and his friends are mounting at the door, for they have seen the hounds approaching. "Gone Away!" shows the pack in full cry over a tempting line. Some of the would-be artful ones who have imagined that the fox would break covert down at the bottom of the wood find themselves rather left, it will be perceived, and are streaming through the gate to nick in. "A Check at Kineton"—another residence of the family—comes opportunely, as we may judge from the manner in which the horses are blowing, and not a few followers are thankful to the sheep who are, we may suspect, indirectly responsible for the opportunity of getting a little fresh wind. But huntsmen and hounds are too good for the straight-necked fox. They run into him below Burton church after what we recognise as a ripping gallop from the few who are there to see the end of it—those hills want a lot of doing.

If, as we deem probable, these reproductions should inspire those who see them with a desire to obtain artist's proofs in photo-gravure, we may state that the set of four may be obtained direct from the painter, Mr. G. D. Giles, Douglas Lodge, Cheveley Road, Newmarket, for five guineas.



THE WARWICKSHIRE, 1906—"A MEET AT COMPTON VERNEY"



THE WARWICKSHIRE, 1906—" 'GONE AWAY' FROM CHESTERTON WOOD "



THE WARWICKSHIRE, 1906—"A CHECK AT KINETON"



THE WARWICKSHIRE, 1906—"KILLED IN THE OPEN—BELOW BURTON CHURCH"



BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, A FAMOUS WEEK-END YACHTING RESORT

(Photograph by G. M. Ambrose, Burnham-on-Crouch)

WEEK-END YACHTING

BY FRANCIS B. COOKE

ONE of the most noticeable features of present-day yachting is the ever-increasing popularity of the small cruising boat. At the majority of yachting centres such craft predominate, and nowadays yachts of from two to ten tons can be numbered by the thousand. Most of these little boats are owned by gentlemen engaged in business who have but the week-ends, and perhaps a short holiday in the course of the summer, to devote to the pastime. To such a yachtsman the expense of buying and maintaining a large yacht would be out of all proportion to the amount of work he could hope to get out of her, for with so little leisure at his disposal he cannot go very far afield. His sailing must therefore be confined to the estuary of a river, with an occasional trip along the coast to some neighbouring port. As such cruising is quite within the capabilities of the average five-tonner, it were folly to go to the expense of keeping a large craft when a small one will serve the purpose, at a tithe of the cost. The maintenance of

a small cruiser entails no large expenditure: for as soon as the owner has acquired the rudiments of seamanship he is able to sail her himself. Should he, on the other hand, own a craft so large as to necessitate the employment of paid hands, the expense assumes such proportions that he cannot hope to obtain an adequate return for his money. The position, indeed, is one which few business men could view with equanimity. The men certainly work for two days a week, but the other five they are as the lilies of the field, for they toil not, neither do they spin. Yet the owner must pay the same wage for their services as if the yacht were under way all day and every day. Apart from the financial aspect of the case, the



A TYPICAL BURNHAM WEEK-ENDER

(Photograph by Mr. J. E. Cooper)

employment of paid hands on week-end yachts is often fraught with unpleasantness. The men, left so much to their own devices, are apt to get out of hand and acquire the habit of laziness. Particularly is this the case on a small yacht, where only a solitary hand is kept: for the man, having so much time at his disposal, is inclined to adopt the Spaniard's motto of *mañana*, and even the small amount of work he has to do is often neglected. Seeing so little of his employer, he comes to regard him somewhat in the light of an interloper, and any direct order from the "Governor" will cause the man to wear a "hurt" expression on his countenance for the remainder of the day. The owner may be the man who pays the

piper, but he is not always permitted to call the tune; at any rate, should he do so, it is with the fear of open mutiny in his heart. The skeleton in the yachtsman's closet not infrequently takes the shape of a paid hand in the fo'castle, and the former's pleasure may be completely marred by the constant dread of an unseemly wrangle. I remember once boarding a small cutter which had just been purchased by a friend of mine. After chatting for a few minutes, the owner remarked in a whisper that he would like to offer me some tea, but simply dare not ask the man to get it. So as an alternative



"CZARINA," A BURNHAM FOUR-TONNER

(Photograph by Mr. J. E. Cooper)

I rowed him off to my boat to have tea with me. When we got on board he poured out his tale of woe. It appeared that he had come down from town in the morning on purpose to try his new boat, but when he suggested getting under way his "captain" declared there was too much wind. As several craft sailing in the immediate neighbourhood were carrying jackyard-topsails, my friend pointed out the absurdity of the statement and insisted upon going for a sail. After being out for a couple of hours the yacht returned to her moorings, and then the paid hand, whilst stowing away, contrived

to fall overboard. This little contretemps was the cause of all the trouble. The man declared that it was the owner's fault, for had they not got under way he would not have fallen overboard. Having given his views on the subject in forcible language, he had retired to the fo'castle in high dudgeon and turned in, leaving the unfortunate owner to fare as best he might. Of course it is not often that matters come to such a pass as this, but the week-end yachtsman will find it far more satisfactory, and certainly much less expensive, to dispense with professional assistance.

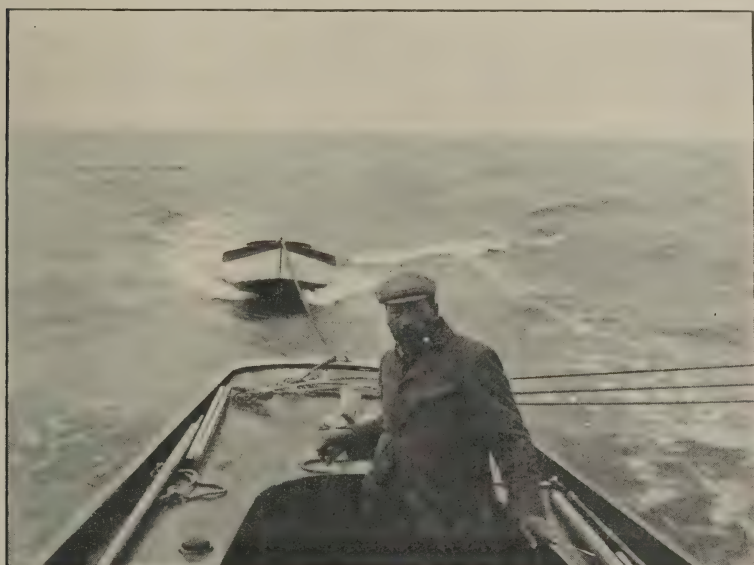
In selecting a craft for week-end sailing there are certain considerations which should not be lost sight of. One of these is



"LONA," FIVE TONS

the question of size, which must to a large extent be governed by the yachtsman's inclinations. Should he desire the companionship of one or two friends whilst cruising, the boat must be large enough to accommodate them. It is, however, advisable not to go to extremes in the matter of tonnage, for if the boat be too large to sail single-handed the owner is dependent upon his friends. Should the latter fail to put in an appearance, the owner has the mortification of seeing yacht after yacht leave the anchorage whilst he himself is doomed to spend the week-end on his moorings. On the other hand, if the boat be too small to accommodate one or more guests, the owner must pass the week-end in solitary state—a prospect which few men can view with equanimity. In selecting

a craft the yachtsman should therefore try to hit the happy medium. The boat should not be too large to sail single-handed, and yet of sufficient size to accommodate a guest. In these days it is not difficult to find a small yacht which supplies such desiderata, and a modern five-tonner should fulfil all requirements. An excellent example of such a boat is Mr. J. Pain Clark's *Lona*, which was built last year for week-end cruising from the owner's design. Mr. Clark has had many years' experience of such yachting, and has designed and built a number of successful small cruisers. The principal dimensions of *Lona*, which is beautifully constructed of teak, are as follows :—Length over all, 32 ft.; L. W. L. 22 ft. 3 in.;



A VETERAN WEEK-END YACHTSMAN

(Photograph by Mr. J. E. Cooper)

beam, 7 ft.; draught, 4 ft. 6 in.; lead keel, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons; displacement, 4.75 tons. The yacht has over 5 ft. headroom under a flush deck, and is fitted with a small cockpit, which gives access to the cabin. The accommodation below decks is exceptionally good, and she will sleep three with comfort—two in the cabin and one in the forecabin. The bunks are about the same height as an ordinary chair, and the headroom is sufficient to enable one to sit back under the decks. To render them more comfortable for sleeping purposes the bunk seats are slightly concave, and for the sake of ventilation are constructed of battens. At the end of the bunks are side-boards, fitted below with drawers secured with spring latches to prevent them coming

out when the yacht is heeled. There is a water-tank under the cockpit floor, and a cooking galley at the after end of the cabin. The cabin is tastefully decorated, the cushions being covered with tapestry, and the curtains of similar material. The yacht has a moderate sail area, the mainsail and foresail being fitted with roller-reefing gear. The halyards are of flexible wire, and with the aid of a powerful winch the anchor is easily broken out of the ground. As a tender to *Lona*, Mr. Clark has just had built a 10 ft. 6 in. motor dinghy fitted with a 2 h.p. Truscott engine. By the courtesy of the owner I am able to reproduce a photograph of *Lona*—which, by the way, is the second small cruiser of that name which Mr. Clark has designed. The yacht rates as a 24-footer, and should be, from the accommodation point of view, an object lesson of the capabilities of the present rating rule. *Lona* is a fast weatherly little craft, easily handled by one man, and an exceptionally good sea boat.

Should the yachtsman decide to dispense with professional assistance, he must be prepared to do a certain amount of work in connection with the domestic economy of his craft. If he provide himself with the proper implements and set about the business in a methodical manner, such tasks as cooking and washing up will not be found very arduous, at any rate during a week-end. Work of a domestic nature, however, is apt to become irksome when one is away for a cruise of some weeks' duration, and it is a good plan to ship a boy for such a trip. His wages, if the owner find him in food, should be about twelve shillings a week, and the lad, in addition to cooking and washing up, would look after the yacht and dinghy whilst the owner and his friends were ashore. The yachtsman who has but the week-ends to devote to his sport is naturally anxious to make the most of the short time at his disposal, and it is therefore advisable to reduce the work to a minimum. With this end in view he should resist the glamour of shining brass and such-like vanities, and rest content with galvanised iron fittings and varnished or linoleum-covered decks. Although he must engage a caretaker to look after the yacht in his absence, he could hardly expect the man to clean brass and holystone decks for the sum of three shillings a week, which is the usual rate for taking charge of a 5-tonner. If the caretaker pumps out the yacht when necessary, dries wet sails, puts drinking-water on board, and looks after the dinghy, it is as much as an owner can reasonably expect for his money. Should a yachtsman's enjoyment be dependent on the smart appearance of his craft, I would recommend him to engage a boy for the week-end. A friend of mine used to do this, and the arrangement seemed to answer admirably. The lad, who was employed on an oyster smack during the week, joined the yacht at midday on Saturday and left

on Sunday evening, receiving for his services half-a-crown and his food. Should the week-end yachtsman not be very particular as to the appearance of his boat he will find dressed sails a great comfort. Canvas nicely dressed with oil and ochre looks rather picturesque than otherwise, and being impervious to damp can be left uncoated. Thus a good deal of time is saved when getting under way and bringing up. But perhaps the chief advantage to be reaped from dressed sails is immunity from the risk of mildew. The canvas of such a craft, being used comparatively seldom, is very prone to mildew, particularly as the owner, often having to depend upon the caretaker to air his sails when damp, cannot rely upon the canvas being perfectly dry before stowed and coated.



A FINE SAILING BREEZE

(Photograph by Mr. J. E. Cooper)



BOOKS ON SPORT

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BISON AND TIGER HUNTER. By "Felix."
London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1906.

IF this book slightly disappoints any reader the fact will be due to the preface. A candid friend of the author, he records, advised him never to talk in England about his shooting experiences in India, "'because,' he said, 'no one will believe you,' and I think he was right." After this one naturally expects something altogether out of the common; but in truth "Felix"—who hides his veritable patronymic lest statements made under his own name should be doubted—has had much about average good sport, with no adventures which need rouse incredulity. His book has a strong family resemblance to many others written by those who, for the most part good sportsmen and not particularly expert penmen, are accustomed to relate much the same stories as he gives, and not seldom slip into the same quaint observations, such as the odd remark that "some people stalk antelopes on their stomachs." We see what "Felix" wants to say, but he does not say it; on the contrary, all sorts of grotesque ideas are suggested?

"Felix" does not beat about the bush. On his ninth line he writes: "I will at once suppose myself arrived in the jungle where I know by experience there are tigers," so there we are, and being in the neighbourhood of the beasts it behoves us to exercise extreme caution. "Felix" has actually "measured a fourteen-foot leap on a tree by the claw-marks on the bark"; and fourteen feet is a long way up.

Tragedy and comedy are intermingled in the narrative. A keen but quiet young lieutenant, F., was eager to shoot a tiger, and had made every preparation; he was to have started at four o'clock one afternoon, but was asked to stay and make up a little game of polo; he stayed, had a fall, fractured the base of his skull, and died on the spot. The striped brutes sometimes get credit—i.e. blame—for offences they do not commit. A native disappeared in the Khandalla Ghats, scraps of blood-stained clothes were found, and it was concluded generally that he had been carried off and devoured by a man-eater. One policeman, set to investigate the business, presently remarked, "I see by the tracks that this tiger had no hind legs." The explanation of the mystery was that the man had been murdered, his enemy having had models of a tiger's feet made so as

to exhibit the spoor ; but he had forgotten a circumstance which the dusky Sherlock Holmes recollected, that a tiger's hind feet have no fifth "finger."

"Felix" has had narrow escapes from human tigers as well as from feline. Twice his life was attempted in Scinde. The first miscreant had smeared his body with oil, so that his victim should not be able to grip him, which, however, he contrived to do; the second attacked "Felix" in the night. "Quills with verses from the Koran were found in his ears, exhorting all believers of the Prophet to exterminate infidels."

The courage of some of the wild beasts in India—as in Africa, where a recent story tells of a lion dragging men from a railway carriage—is extraordinary. A tiger crossed a bridge at Benares one night and entered an unoccupied native dwelling-house in the heart of the city. A bold native closed the door on the brute, and he was killed by the superintendent, who removed some tiles from the roof and shot downwards. A panther hid himself in a roll of bamboo matting, and an elephant took up a position on the permanent way of the Bombay Baroda line, and stopped the traffic. But the man occasionally outwits the beast. A friend of "Felix," Dr. Waghorn, once killed a male tiger and wounded the tigress, who dived into a cave. The doctor took off his coat, stuffed it with grass, and crawling up just above the entrance to the recess dangled the dummy over the cave's mouth. The furious animal dashed at it, and was immediately shot.

The book will be read with interest by the many to whom this class of work appeals.

FISHERMAN'S WEATHER. By upwards of One Hundred Living Anglers. Edited by F. G. Aflalo. With illustrations in colour by Charles Whymper. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1906.

Mr. Aflalo has been fortunate in obtaining the opinions of practically the chief authorities in the country on the question of the effect which weather has upon the sport of fishing. The names of Sir Edward Grey and Lord Northcliffe are almost the only ones we do not find in an extraordinarily complete list, and the general verdict is that the best plan, "unless the day is actually too bad for enjoyment, is to take no notice of the weather, but to get to the waterside as soon as possible and there tempt fortune." A few of the writers do not quite concur, at least they mention various meteorological conditions which they have found detrimental to good sport. Thus Sir Douglas Brooke has a small lake on his moor so full of trout

that without fishing very energetically he has killed twelve dozen in a day, but "bright sunshine effectually puts an end to sport, and not a trout can be caught in it." This is on the whole, however, an exceptional experience.

It is curious to find the best anglers differing diametrically. Mr. Sydney Buxton has found that fish will not move till a hailstorm is over. "I am inclined to think that a hailstorm frightens the fish and chills them," he writes. On the other hand, Mr. Munro Edwards says, "I have done well with trout during a hailstorm. Perhaps the hailstones are mistaken by the trout for some sort of food," and Mr. Sheild has found that "a fall of rain, hail, or even snow, will often cause trout temporarily to rise." Mr. William Murray "does not think that any rules as to weather have a general application." Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour concludes that "it is within the experience of most anglers that they have caught fish in every possible sort of weather"; and Colonel St. Leger Moore declares that he "has lived to see the failure of almost every rule and theory regarding the relations between fishing and the weather." So Sir Herbert Maxwell—and who knows more? "Given no excess of sunshine, I have yet to learn what is a bad day for salmon-fishing." All that can be said is, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

One effect which should follow the perusal of this remarkably serviceable book is to give the fisherman good heart when he goes out. Evidently he can never faintly guess what his luck may be.

PRINCE AND TOM. *Some Incidents in the Life of a Dog and a Cat*, as narrated by Prince the Terrier. By George G. Brentforde, with Eight Illustrations by C. Dudley Tennant. London: John Long. 1906.

It is, of course, far from a new idea to make a dog tell his own story, such books having been rather frequent of late years. This shows that there is a demand for them; so many people love dogs that it is a pleasure to them to enter into the animal's mind and look at things from his point of view. Prince's narrative will doubtless give such readers a fair amount of gratification. The author is not perhaps remarkably imaginative, but Prince is an agreeable sort of creature, and we are glad to make his acquaintance. Tom the cat is less realisable: Mr. Brentforde is, we judge, rather a dog man than a cat man, but so are most people, and there is no question as to which is the more interesting animal? Prince leads a somewhat ordinary kind of dog life, and is, of course, a favourite with the "twolegs" of his acquaintance, for he takes a prize at a show, a fact of which he is unaware until informed of it by a

haughty fat pug who has won many prizes. As for Prince, he does not see much to be proud of in a bunch of blue ribbon, but "two-legs often have queer ideas of the value of things." The pictures serve.

THE MOTOR YEAR-BOOK AND AUTOMOBILIST'S ANNUAL. Edited by H. Massac Buist. London: Methuen. 1906.

This is the second year of the publication of what the editor describes as a review. The volume gives a careful account of the progress of the movement during the twelve months of 1905, and the names of the contributors speak for themselves, including as they do Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Sir John H. A. Macdonald, Bart., Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland and President of the Scottish Automobile Club, Messrs. S. F. Edge, J. Ernest Hutton, Charles Jarrott, R. J. Mecredy, and a host more. The work is divided into parts, amongst others "Competitive and Sporting," "Trade and Technical," "Touring and Roads," "Marine Motoring," and "Motor Aëronautics." As regards motor boats a record of forty knots is claimed for an American craft—that is to say, the vessel would go from Dover to Calais under half an hour. Many people would like to spend no more time on the journey, but we do not imagine that transit at this speed is smooth and easy travelling. The editor does not seem hopeful of great results in the way of motor aëronautics, at any rate for the present. The Santos-Dumont methods he speaks of as "theatrically effective," but does not accept them as on really scientific lines. Two American enthusiasts, Messrs. Welburn and Orville Wright, seem to be on the right track with their aëroplane.

THE STROKES AND SCIENCE OF LAWN TENNIS. By P. A. Vaile. Illustrated. London: British Sports Publishing Co., Hind Court, Fleet Street. 1906.

This little paper-covered sixpenny book is extraordinarily full of information, the author being, as readers of this magazine are aware, an enthusiast. He is practical as well as theoretical, and the seventy-three photographs which illustrate the strokes he describes represent himself. In nearly every case the start, impact, and finish of the stroke are given, with a few words of explanation, and if it were possible to learn how to play from a book, this little work would prove effective. Mr. Vaile is critical, and considers that the general standard of the English game is not high, a fact which he attributes in a great measure to the defective hold of the racket most in vogue here, and there are ten plates which show different holds used by various players.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

LONDON's well-to-do population is divided into two classes—those who want to buy a motor car and those who want to hire one. Such at least is the view of the Universal Motor Car Agency of 26, Shaftesbury Avenue. The agency is well named, for it undertakes to do everything. It builds, sells, buys, repairs, supplies all sorts of accessories, and lets out machines of innumerable makes by the hour or by the year; there is in fact nothing in connection with the industry that it does not do. Anybody who wants anything relating to motors can be here furnished—touring cars, for instance, may be hired for from £63 a month up to just twice that amount.

* * * *

Another sound and responsible school of motoring is the Spenser Garage (open day and night), at 10, Brewer's Green, Victoria Street, opposite the Army and Navy Stores. The terms for garage are low—1s. 6d. a night, 10s. 6d. a week, or only 7s. for voiturettes. Cars can be hired for the usual charges—that is to say, from five to six guineas per day of twelve hours. Tuition is, of course, a special feature. How much time is occupied in learning naturally depends upon the pupil, but eight "mechanism" and eight "driving" lessons ought to go a long way towards assuring proficiency, and these can be had for £4.

* * * *

The motor is one thing, where to go in it is another, and the managers of the now familiar Perrier Water, which has so speedily become exceptionally popular, have just issued an admirable motor-ing map on a scale of eight miles to an inch. This clearly indicates roads of varying importance and gives all descriptions of useful information in the clearest manner. It is in all respects a model of what a map should be.

* * * *

The evils which arise from choked drains in houses, stables, etc., cannot easily be magnified, and this being so, the introduction of Messrs. Ashford's drain-cleaning (and chimney-sweeping) machinery should be of great value. Long columns of private persons and public institutions that have been supplied from Essex and Kent Streets, Birmingham, are published in a pamphlet which has reached us, and the names afford a guarantee of the serviceability of the invention, by means of which any man employed about the place can do all that is necessary without expert knowledge.

“HUNTING IN LONDON.”

WE give the third instalment of this new competition which began in May. Two photographs of well-known buildings or localities are given: all the competitor has to do is to write underneath each the name of the structure or place, tear out the leaf, and either send it, addressed “Hunting in London” Competition, *Badminton Magazine*, to 8, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, at once, or keep it till six months have elapsed and send the whole dozen together.

To the successful hunter who has named the entire twelve

A PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

will be awarded, together with further prizes of

FIVE GUINEAS FOR SECOND,

and

TWO GUINEAS FOR THIRD.

In the event of several competitors gaining an equal number of marks, the money will have to be divided. Should no one name the whole twelve, the first prize will be awarded to whoever comes nearest.

The photographs for

“HUNTING IN LONDON,”

we may perhaps as well repeat, will each represent some conspicuous View, House, or Object within four miles of Charing Cross.

It is not our intention to be unduly puzzling by selecting out-of-the-way scenes. Each picture will be of some place which thousands of people pass daily—how many of them really see what they pass the competition will help to show.

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A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the July competition will be announced in the September issue.

THE MAY COMPETITION

The Prize in the May competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. Pietro Sbisà, Florence, Italy; Mr. H. G. Swiney, Cheltenham; Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels; Mr. John Day, Leicester; Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County; Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Mr. H. R. Crinse, St. John's, Antigua, B.W.I.; Captain W. J. W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire; Miss L. E. Bland, Carnmoney, Belfast; and Mr. G. Hailing, Cheltenham.



FOX-HUNTING ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA—AN AWKWARD JUMP

Photograph by Mr. Pietro Sbisà, Florence, Italy

GYMNASTICS, AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE

Photograph by Mr. H. G. Swiney, Cheltenham



FISHING SCENE ON THE BARAK RIVER, ASSAM
Photograph by Mr. A. T. Halliday, Haflong, Assam



START FOR A NURSERY AT CATTERICK BRIDGE
Photograph by Mrs. Frank Reynard, Camp Hill, Bedale, Yorkshire



CRICKET AT MALVERN COLLEGE

Photograph by Mr. A. E. Thompson, Ashdale, Stamford



START FOR THE 35TH R.F.A. BRIGADE POINT-TO-POINT RACE AT
FAIRFIELD, ATHLONE

Photograph by Captain R. H. Holmes, A.V.C., R.F.A. Barracks, Athlone, Ireland



JUMPING IN COUPLES

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



THE KING OF SPAIN ARRIVING AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT GUN CLUB

Photograph by Miss Gladys M. Hay, Fairholm, Ryde, Isle of Wight



THE QUORN HOUNDS, AFTER DRAWING JOHN O' GAUNT'S BLANK

Photograph by Mr. John Day, Leicester



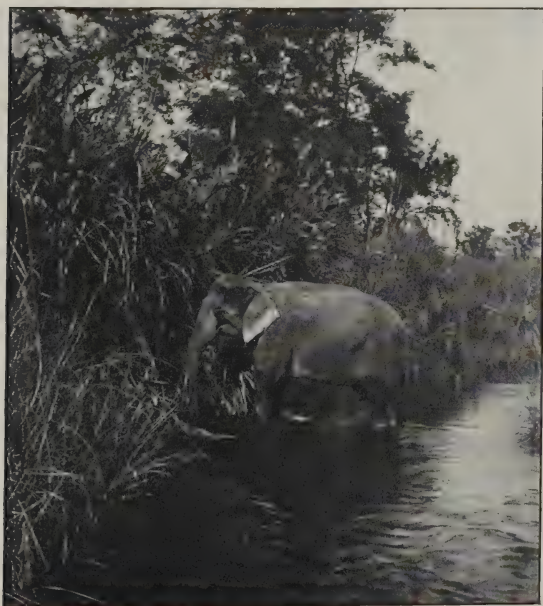
SPORT AT HILTON, MANITOBA—EIGHT COYOTES AND A FOX, KILLED BY MR. JAMES WATSON WITH IRISH WOLFHOUNDS

Photograph by Mr. Albert Watson, Hilton, Manitoba



FAIRYHOUSE, 1906—THE RACE FOR THE IRISH GRAND NATIONAL

Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County



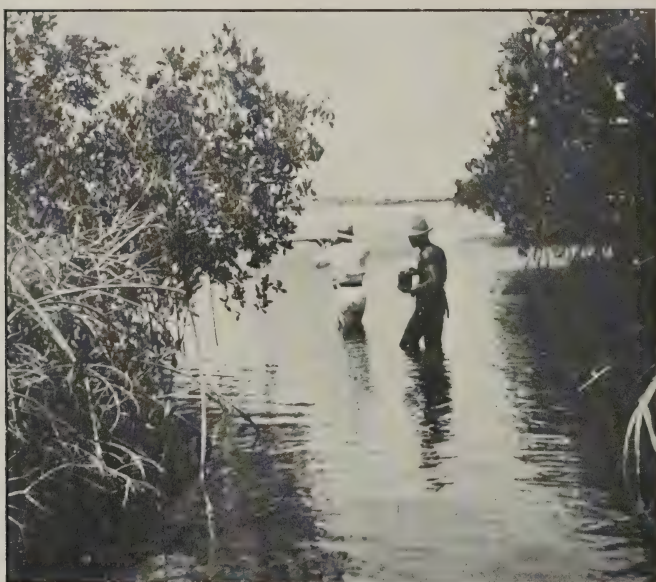
SOLITUDE—A WILD ELEPHANT

Photograph by Major A. B. Harvey, Manipur, Assam, India



A LEVEL RACE—OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE, BEAUFORT HUNT STEEPLECHASES,
HELD AT SHERSTONE

Photograph by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath



DUCK-SHOOTING AT LONG ISLAND, ANTIGUA

Photograph by Mr. H. R. Crinse, St. John's, Antigua, B.W.I.



FENCING COMPETITION ON THE KULM TENNIS COURTS, ST. MORITZ

Prizes were given by Baron de Goldschmidt, who is shown fencing in white

Photograph by Mr. C. Cutlack, The Grange, Littleport, Isle of Ely



UNDER FULL SAIL—VIEW FROM TOP OF THE MAST

Photograph by Mr. H. R. Crinse, St. John's, Antigua, B.W.I.



COTSWOLD HUNT POINT-TO-POINT

Photograph by Captain W. J. W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire



A KALGAN CART

Photograph by Miss Philippa Bridges, Merstham, Surrey



THE FIRST JUMP IN THE OPEN HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE, RUGBY

Photograph by Miss L. E. Bland, Carnmoney, Belfast



SOUTHSEA REGATTA—START OF THE SEAMEN'S TWELVE-OAR BOAT RACE

Photograph by Mr. G. Hailing, Cheltenham



TORQUAY RACES—NESTA LEADING, MR. W. BULTEEL UP

Photograph by Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Kenwick, Paignton, South Devon



SPORTS OF THE WEST AFRICAN REGIMENT AT WILBERFORCE, SIERRA
LEONE—A MOP FIGHT

Photograph by Captain E. W. W. Cochrane, R.A.M.C., Dublin



BROOMHEAD HALL

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

X.—MR. R. H. RIMINGTON-WILSON

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

IN the shooting world no name is better known than that of the master of Broomhead, the old mansion which dates from and has been in possession of the family since 1311, attached to which is the famous Yorkshire moor where the breeding, driving, and shooting of grouse are carried out to a degree of excellence that constitutes a model of how the sport should be conducted. In 1904 the record bag was made, though Mr. Rimington-Wilson, it should specially be said, in no way seeks the dubious kind of distinction which such a record confers. It happened that the season was a good one, that the drives came off successfully, and that the guns shot straight. The higher ethics of sport are nowhere more keenly observed, and most assuredly no thought of newspaper notoriety entered into the host's calculations. Had it been possible

he would have avoided the paragraphs and articles to which the occurrence naturally gave rise; but that the big bag should have been talked about, and consequently written about, was inevitable.

It will surprise readers to be told that Mr. Rimington-Wilson declares he was never keen about big totals, nor was his father before



PART OF INTERIOR OF HALL, BROOMHEAD

him, notwithstanding that the reputation of Broomhead as a home of sport was firmly established in his father's time. Often when that sound and kindly sportsman had shot a dozen grouse or so he would put down his gun and watch the others coming over, allowing



MR. R. H. RIMINGTON-WILSON

them to pass unmolested; and Mr. Rimington-Wilson himself frequently does the same thing; and yet what satisfaction it must be to a man to bring off with practical certainty some of those curiously difficult shots in which so few men succeed! It is long odds, for instance, against an ordinary fair shot securing one of the low, gliding grouse which Mr. Rimington-Wilson seems almost unable to miss. He entertains quite an affection for the birds with which his name is so closely associated, though of course grouse have to be shot, and he has been shooting them for a great many years, having had his first certificate taken out for him at the age of eight. Not long afterwards, rambling about the moor, he picked up seven and a half brace, feeling much boyish pride in the achievement. A big navvy, however, met him in the road as he was going home, inquired as to the bag, and was told the total. "Why, I could have killed as many as that with stones!" the man rudely replied. He and his brother were taught not only to shoot but to observe; they were, for instance, fined for shooting hens. If such a fine were inflicted in the case of many men who consider themselves experts, they would quite unconsciously be called upon to pay a great deal of money. A few couple of snipe and a few ducks make for Mr. Rimington-Wilson an ideal day, and one of his pleasantest recollections is of a morning's sport when quartered as a lieutenant in the Inniskilling Dragoons at Mary Hill Barracks, Glasgow. The 79th Highlanders were there at the time, but had not discovered the capabilities of a neighbouring bog or had perhaps hesitated to poach it, which Mr. Rimington-Wilson unwittingly proceeded to do. He started early one morning and was back at orderly room by 10.30 a.m. with 17½ couple of snipe and seven ducks—a most excellent three hours' shoot.

Mr. Rimington-Wilson's preference for driving would be unavoidable even were he not convinced of the superiority of that method of shooting, and of the beneficial results which follow on its adoption, for his powers of walking are sorely hampered by an accident he met with in early manhood. He conceived an ambition to shoot the long-haired tiger of Manchuria, a rare beast, at any rate among the trophies of European sportsmen. He and a companion sailed for Japan on their way to their destination, and travelling beyond Yesso had an excessively trying time of it. The weather was severe in the extreme, the thermometer below zero, and for food to enable them to withstand the cruel inclemencies of the climate they had nothing but sardines and rice. One day, searching for some addition to the scanty bill of fare, Mr. Rimington-Wilson saw a deer, stalked and shot it, stopped

to skin it at once, and, failing to find his way back to the camp, was lost for two days and two nights, being so terribly frost-bitten that some of his toes had to be amputated. The long-haired tiger thus had his revenge. There was nothing of the feather-bed sportsman about Mr. Rimington-Wilson, it will be perceived; and with his love of sport and of natural history—of the objects of sport—combined he would doubtless have gone far afield and done much in the way of big-game shooting but for this melancholy accident. As things were, he had agreeable and successful experiences in Albania and on the neighbouring coasts, which are still visited and where good bags of woodcock, snipe, pig, and deer may even now be obtained with luck and judgment—the



THE MAIN LINE OF BUTTS

(Photograph by John Bradbury, Deepcar)

latter word meaning a knowledge of when, where, and with whom to go—though sport is said to be not by any means all that it was in the days when Mr. Rimington-Wilson visited the districts. With Major Waldron and Major Persse—two better companions from any point of view would have been undiscoverable—he accounted for 700 cock in thirteen days. The figures are not of course extraordinary. In 1895 Lord Ardilaun and seven friends at Ashford, co. Galway, are stated in a volume of “The Fur, Feather, and Fin Series” to have bagged 508 cock in a day, a record that seems altogether unapproachable, though a hundred years or more since Lord Clermount killed 102 to his own gun, a flintlock of course, in

winning a wager that he would account for fifty brace between dawn and dark.

The average man who is asked by a friend in Scotland or in the North of England to shoot grouse little realises the pains and anxiety which his careful host, supposing him to be really a sportsman, expends upon his moors. Many landowners themselves are indeed strangely ignorant of the vexed questions of breeding and preservation. A Commission was appointed a year or two since to examine into the question, chiefly with a view to the better knowledge of grouse disease and how to combat it. I chanced to be staying in Lancashire shooting with a host who is a thorough all-round sportsman, who consequently has studied the subject, and the Commissioner who called during my visit spoke with equal surprise and disappointment of the little assistance which many proprietors or tenants of moors had—with the best intentions and all possible goodwill—been able to afford him. Mr. Rimington-Wilson is an inexhaustible source of information, as will readily be surmised. He takes nothing on trust or tradition. Practical experience is the basis of his knowledge, an experience now extending over many years. A good head of grouse is dependent first of all on the weather—as need scarcely be remarked; though the birds, as becomes Scottish and Northern fowl, are wonderfully hardy and what may be called adaptable. The destruction of their enemies in the way of vermin is another essential point; and all men who have any acquaintance with the subject know how extraordinarily the birds have increased in number since driving was introduced to replace the old custom of walking up. Not only has driving doubled or trebled the stock, but it has also added enormously to the general healthiness of the birds; for driving does not mean only killing off the old cocks and hens which come first and so usually fall: it means breaking up what may be called the family system and crossing the blood. Everyone knows that the heather must be periodically burnt, but not everybody realises that the burning may be overdone. If the roots are burnt, a heavy wind will perhaps bare the ground, and the food supply is destroyed over wide districts. Old birds feed mostly on old heather at the level of their heads—as many as 9,000 bits have been counted in the body of a healthy grouse; but these are general considerations and cannot be pursued here.

The killing of a very large bag in a day is often the subject of adverse comment. At Broomhead this is a necessity if the proper proportion of birds is to be obtained. The birds after a few days' shooting are so exceptionally wild that when the first drive or two is over the moor becomes a desert, and even a very moderate bag in the day is an impossibility. In addition to this the weather after

the middle of September is most uncertain, moor mists being very prevalent, hence the necessity for heavy bags at an early date, though shooting is postponed as late as convenient to enable the birds to show their best defence. If the owner were asked "Would you not prefer to see more of your friends and have, say, fifteen days of 200 brace rather than smash up the same number of birds in a few days?" he would probably answer, "Yes, if it were possible, but it is not." Killing 1,000 brace in a day is sometimes termed barbarous slaughter, but if the interests of the moor demand that 3,000 brace be killed in the season surely the most merciful course



LUNCHEON HUT

(Photograph by John Bradbury, Deepcar)

is to kill that number in four or five days rather than to harass the moor till the end of the season, in what would be a vain endeavour to obtain the same result?

On the subject of "kills to cartridges," the average that a fairly good shot ought to secure, Mr. Rimington-Wilson's opinion is valuable. If birds are coming well over the butts in ordinary weather, that is to say when no very high wind makes shooting unusually difficult, a few misses will often tend to demoralise a man; he loses confidence, takes too much pains instead of shooting with a comfortable assurance of success, and so continues to fail. Some years

ago the question was dealt with in this magazine on the authority of admitted experts, including Lord Walsingham, whose marvellous performance on the 30th of August, 1888, is not likely ever to be surpassed. On this day the famous sportsman went out, or rather began to shoot, at 5.12 a.m., and he continued for 14 hours 18 minutes. In this time twenty drives were included; the least successful yielded 16 birds, the best totals were 91 and 93. The whole period occupied was 449 minutes, he fired 1,550 cartridges, including 40 signal shots not fired at birds, and the bag amounted to 1,056. Once, Lord Walsingham notes, he killed three birds at



INTERIOR OF LUNCHEON HUT

(*Photograph by John Bradbury, Deepcar*)

one shot, and three times two birds, in each case intentionally, and it should specially be mentioned that the pick-up was only 34. As an example of what can be done this amazing achievement stands alone. But it should comfort the gunner who is not doing well to know that Lord Walsingham accepts a proportion of 30 per cent. under all conditions of wind and weather as fairly good shooting, and that Mr. Rimington-Wilson agrees. This does not, however, of course, stand in the case of grouse coming over fairly well. Possibilities in this direction Lord Walsingham's figures show.

Excluding the 40 signal shots he killed 1,056 with 1,510 shots, but this appears an unattainable ideal!

Great things have been done at Broomhead. When the late Mr. J. W. Rimington-Wilson was alive in 1872, thirteen guns, the present owner and his brother among the number, one day killed 2,626, a total far surpassed twenty-one years later, on August 30, 1893, when nine guns obtained 2,648 grouse, 1,910 having been picked up before luncheon; and next day 1,603 were bagged. There were six drives each day, the sport lasting from 10.15 a.m. to 5 p.m. This stood until 1904.

The card of that year was as follows:—

1904.			BROOMHEAD.			1904.
Date.			Guns.	Grouse.	Rabbits.	Various. Total.
Aug. 24	9	2,743	—	5 2,748
Aug. 25	8	—	1,252	— 1,252
Aug. 26	6	891	—	3 894
						4,894

GUNS.

The Earl of Onslow. Earl of Powis. Lord Cecil Manners. Lord Savile.
The Macintosh. Major Acland-Hood. Heatley Noble, Esq.
H. Rimington-Wilson, Esq. R. H. Rimington-Wilson, Esq.

The moor, as its owner likes to admit, has never had a better friend than Charles Ward, who has been head keeper under his father and himself for close on fifty years. To excellent powers of organisation Charles Ward adds an attention to detail all the year round worthy of a Japanese. The same quantity of grouse would never have lived—or died—at Broomhead without his care; and happily a younger generation promise to follow in their father's footsteps.

A trouble in Scottish shooting is often the difficulty of finding drivers. At Broomhead plenty are forthcoming, and some at least of them appear to be critics of the sport. One Sheffield blade was looking on at the efforts of a very indifferent performer, a soldier, who shot a great deal but killed very little. A solitary old grouse approached his butt at a leisurely pace, giving the gunner ample time to miss with his first barrel, and after taking very deliberate aim with the second he allowed the bird to pursue his way unscathed. "Now draw your sword to him, Captain!" the Sheffielder

encouragingly shouted. The gun was ineffective, and there seemed time to repair the failure of hot lead with cold steel.

In the matter of marksmanship, Mr. Rimington-Wilson suggests that men often miss because their wrong eye is controlling their shot, a point well worth consideration. It is easier to shoot to the left than to the right; in that direction one swings round more



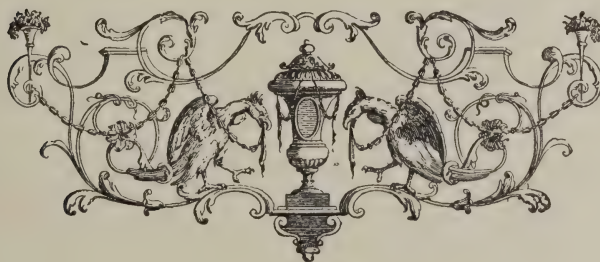
C. WARD, HEAD KEEPER AT BROOMHEAD FOR FIFTY YEARS

naturally, and it is desirable, therefore, to practise the more difficult action.

With the rifle, it should be remarked, Mr. Rimington-Wilson is a good shot—when he shoots, for here his humanitarianism interferes with his success. The look in the eyes of a wounded

deer, who seemed to be saying "How could you do it?" has destroyed for him all the satisfaction of a triumphant stalk, and on another occasion he could not bring himself to take an easy chance at a big stag who was playfully butting off his attendant hinds. "What the deuce do you think I asked you for?" was the exasperated query of his host, who wanted venison, when he heard of the incident.

That Mr. Rimington-Wilson is a leading authority on billiards is a matter of general knowledge, though he modestly disclaims the right to be called a first-rate player, the fact being that of late years so high a standard of excellence has been reached by the leading professionals that the best of amateurs are nowhere. His father he considers to have been really good, notwithstanding that the sight of his right eye was very defective, a curious circumstance in connection with which fact being that he always shot from the right shoulder with an ordinary stock. On all questions connected with the game of billiards his opinion is sought and valued, and his suggestion as to the abolition of the safety-miss has been approved by the best men. Some time since no fewer than seventeen safety misses were given in an important match, and this sort of thing makes the game dull and tedious. An almost if not quite unique chess library formed by his father is among the possessions of Broomhead, and its owner describes it as a trying incubus, for he is constantly being written to and requested to furnish abstruse information, the search for which occupies considerable time. He is not himself an ardent chess-player. How much of the pleasure of a visit to Broomhead is derived from the excellence of the shooting, and how much from the kindness and cheeriness of the host, is a question which need not be analysed.





DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS
TUCKER (HUNTSMAN) AND BAWDON (FIRST WHIP) WITH HOUNDS

SUMMER SPORT ON EXMOOR

BY MAUD V. WYNTER

"FOLD upon fold of grass and heather, slashed by deep coombes and merry babbling streams, bounded on the one hand by the blue sky and on the other by the blue sea." Such is Exmoor, a land of Beulah alike to the naturalist and to the artist, to the recluse who wishes to spend a peaceful holiday far from the madding crowd, but above all things is this West Country a land for the sportsman, a region where nature has generously solved for him Mr. Jorrocks's problem, "How best he may pass the summer of his discontent"—stag-hunting, fox-hunting, harriers, otter-hounds, fishing, and polo, form the principal features of the sportsman's menu. If we add to these sailing in Porlock Bay and an attendance at the local horse shows and gymkhanas, it will be evident that his summer holiday need not contain many unoccupied hours.

Perhaps the gravest offence with which the West Country can be charged is the wearisome five hours' railway journey which connects it with London town. Given, however, a cool day, and a *train de luxe* from which the young of the British species have been rigorously excluded, the traveller must be a dull dog indeed who can find no point of interest in the changing scenery through which he is being carried. We are all acquainted with the enthusiastic sports-

man whose sole remark to his bride during the course of a long railway journey was, "There's my place; where'd you have it?" Nevertheless, there are worse ways of passing the time than in a hunt from the carriage window. Despite the blindness of the country, we can picture ourselves sailing along on our best horse, "Always in front, and often alone," with the Old Berkshire, the Blue and Buff, or over the formidable rheen country of the Weston Harriers, until the rich pasture land and flying fences give place to the good, red earth and solid banks of the Devon and Somerset borderland, and we realise that we have at last reached our destination.

Perhaps the strongest proof of the charms of the West Country



WITH THE C.O.H. ON THE EXE

is that it attracts the same visitors year after year. By-days with the Devon and Somerset generally commence about the 20th of July, but the fields at these early meets consist chiefly of the residents and farmers of the district. In another fortnight, however, the visitors begin to arrive, and as each August comes round the same band of sportsmen and sportswomen make their appearance, until at Cloutsham Ball, on or about August 8, we find a fairly representative gathering assembled from all the best-known hunts in England. M.F.H.'s freed for a short space from the cares entailed by their most "enviable and 'onorable" position snatch a few weeks' well-earned holiday. Many of our most celebrated huntsmen also pay a flying

visit to the moor, there to enjoy a new departure in the way of sport, and the unwonted luxury of being able, if so inclined, to criticise instead of being criticised.

Those who believe the proper study of mankind to be man—or woman—will find ample food for reflection in a typical stag-hunting crowd; indeed, it is safe to assert that in no other hunting field are such varied and startling contrasts to be found both in man and beast. Side by side with some of the finest riders in England—sportsmen and sportswomen who may almost be said to have made hunting the business of their existence—jostles the tiro, unlearned in the veriest alphabet of hunting, still more ignorant, alas! in his knowledge of horseflesh. “Why does he hunt?” is the inevitable reflection, and it is a question which probably occurs to him also, as, frightened and perspiring, he finds himself hustled along at breakneck speed down the slippery, tortuous paths by Barle River, or galloping best pace across the “graveyard,” stiff and aching from the unfamiliar exercise. Two thoughts alone prevent him from abandoning the chase—

Thirty bob have I had for this hireling to pay,
And I jolly well mean him to earn it to-day;

also an overwhelming curiosity to be in at the kill, and to relate to his friends how he saw the lord of the forest laid low. Nowhere do we find the tiro in such abundance and such verdure as on Exmoor. The close proximity of the moor to two popular seaside resorts, Minehead and Lynton, is doubtless mainly responsible for this. Many people who come down for a peaceful summer's holiday find themselves so bitten by stag-hunting fever that viewing the chase from the cushioned security of a wagonette no longer satisfies them, “A hunting they will go,” and emboldened by the thought that on Exmoor there are “none of your nasty hedges and ditches” to negotiate they procure some riding kit and a large flask, and mounted on Messrs. Thomas's most confidential hirelings, sally forth to bear their part in the fray. Fortunately the Master of the Devon and Somerset is a patient man, and the moor is wide, otherwise the novice might get a worse time than he does; true, he may occasionally have some plain truths hurled at his devoted head, but in the excitement of the chase such pinpricks pass unnoticed, or if observed are probably attributed to a specimen of the “hunting manners” of which he has so often read!

Those who come to hunt with the Devon and Somerset under the impression that sport will be conducted under the same conditions as those of fox-hunting, save for a longer point and a more noble quarry, will be doomed to disappointment, for the chase of the wild red deer differs from that of the little red rover in almost

every particular. Comparisons are odious, and if "whatever is best," then each branch of sport may have its own band of enthusiastic adherents; but the *bonâ-fide* stag-hunters—those who regard staghunting as the finest sport on earth, not merely a pleasant interlude before the serious business of fox-hunting begins—are usually natives of the West Country. Those to whom fox-hunting is the love of their life because it presents a spice of danger and the concentrated essence of excitement will probably never become ardent stag-hunters for the reason, we think, that in the latter pursuit those elements are lacking. True there is the same eager rush for a start when the tufting is ended and a struggling crowd of 300 riders are striving to get as near the lay-on as possible. True also here, as elsewhere, do we find Egerton Warburton's words—

You may ride to get a start
And to keep it may intend ;
But by far the hardest part
Of a run's to see the end.

But to those whose ideal of absolute happiness is attained by "forty minutes o'er the grass" a hard day with the Devon and Somerset seems almost too much of a good thing. As we gallop on over mile after mile of undulating heather, each successive hill-top gained disclosing nought but an endless panorama of purple moorland, and a crowd of little bobbing specks getting further and further away from our view, there comes a time when even the greatest glutton for point and pace feels that he has had enough and longs in vain for a speedy finish before he is compelled to own himself defeated.

In the *Sporting Magazine* of 1824 we find "Nimrod" commenting on the numerous packs of hounds even then existing in Devonshire, but he adds "that it is the worst hunting country I was ever in, a chaos of hill, vale, wood, precipice and cataract, all promiscuously hurled together as it were in Nature's wildest mood," by which we may conclude that the Exmoor district did not appeal to the journalist; or that, as in the case of many others, he started hunting on a rough country too late in life to be able to extract much enjoyment out of it.

It is a truism to say how vastly a knowledge of country adds to the enjoyment of a run, except possibly when we are hunting a "ringer"; but even in the case of those who possess a really useful bump of locality it takes the experience of many seasons before a man can profess to have anything like a complete knowledge of the Exmoor district. To those whose hunting has been hitherto pursued in a land where ten miles to a meet is accounted quite a long hack, the distance to and from hunting on Exmoor seems at first acquaintance somewhat staggering. Training is an impossible

luxury for the simple reason that except on the Dulverton side of the country there are no trains, and although the ubiquitous motor car is a great boon to the rider, it is of but little assistance to his unfortunate partner. To find oneself at the end of a long day with a ride of twenty miles home on a tired horse, with what is worse, the most charmingly vague idea as to the shortest route in which to accomplish that twenty miles, would have soured even Mark Tapley's optimism, especially if his sole companion had been a still more weary Mrs. Tapley. The local estimate of distance is usually a hopeful one. "'Tis like theas yer—yu caan't mek no mistake, zur: yu volley the hoi road till ee git paast t' old ash, then goo droo tha virst ge-at yu du coom tu, and yu'll zee dree ship treks. Kip tu tha littlest un and volly un vor dree mile or zo, an it 'ill tak yu crass tha moor tu a git into a turble stony rawd. Wan way 'ill tak ee tu Oare, but yu midden tak thet; kip straight along laane till ee git end o't, an yu'll zee a varm. I zim yu mid aul zo weel kip tap rōad here, an in vive maile moor whoy thar yu'll bee." There we were truly, but in no proximity to our destination! Those who go to Exmoor imbued with the idea that as there is no jumping the country must necessarily be an easy one to ride over, will speedily be undeceived. Possibly galloping up and down slippery coombes and across treacherous ground requires a different order of nerve from that needed for jumping fences, for we have frequently remarked that those who go best across the moor are often but mediocre over a country, and *vice versa*. We can but applaud valour wherever we see it, however, and to the up-country stranger the callous disregard of bogs displayed by the native seems little short of heroic. What says Mr. Jorrocks:

"Oh my beloved hearers, a bog is a werry rum thing to get into, and so werry enticin' withal, that I don't wonder at people being cotched. Quiet, sly, soft green omelette souffle lookin' things, so stuffed with currants as to be perfectly black below, and as holdin' as a stick-jaw puddin' at a charity school."

Not that the stag-hunter proper would admit such a description for a moment. "Bogs? We don't keep them here; oh dear no; a soft place now and again perhaps, but you must go to Dartmoor if you wish to see a genuine bog." The intelligent stranger, however, thinks differently, and gently murmurs to himself, "No, not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis *enough*."

To those accustomed to the dash and drive of a pack of foxhounds, the pace at which staghounds travel is somewhat misleading. Almost mute, stringing in long-drawn line at the same steady, tireless pace, it is not until you attempt to gallop alongside that you realise how fast they are running. "If you had a second Eclipse

under you and rode him fairly with them yard for yard, you would stop in twenty minutes," says Whyte Melville, and it is only by dint of using his head as well as his hands that a man may hope to reach the end of one of those record runs which are at once the glory and the tribulation of the followers of the Devon and Somerset.

The pursuit of the stag was, as we know, the earliest form of hunting ever practised in England, and there is an authentic record of staghounds having been kept in the Royal Forest of Exmoor as far back as 1598, when Hugh Pollard, ranger to Queen Elizabeth, kennelled them at Simonsbath. In spite of the depredations committed by the deer, nowhere do we find more ardent sportsmen than abound in the West Country. We once heard an enthusiastic



C.O.H.—THE MASTER (MR. THORNTON) AND HOUNDS CROSSING

housemaid entreating her lover to bring her back "even if 'twas but wan hair from the steg, du ee now, Tummas!"

Those who have a tolerably large stud and are not afraid of long hacks may hunt three or four days a week throughout the season with the Devon and Somerset, and may also if they are so minded fill up the intermediate days in cubbing with the Exmoor Foxhounds and puss-hunting with the Quarme and the Minehead Harriers. Most staghunters are familiar with the big covers of Bossington, running down to Hurlestone Bay—the end of so many a good gallop; and those who have the energy to attend a meet of the Minehead Harriers at Hurlestone at eight o'clock on a crisp

September morning will be amply rewarded. The visitor, unless he be mounted on a weight-carrying goat or some equally suitable animal, will be perforce compelled to follow Mr. Spectator's example and "withdraw to a rising ground, from whence he can have the pleasure of the whole chase without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds." When once forced away from the woods hares frequently run the beach, when pressed taking to the sea; and to the stationary field, perched like gulls on the face of the grassy slopes above, it is a unique as well as an interesting sight to see the way in which the little hounds patiently puzzle out a line amongst the big uncompromising boulders of Hurlestone beach.

Although stag-hunting is undoubtedly the chief attraction to Exmoor, those who lack either the desire or the means to indulge in this particular branch of sport will nevertheless find themselves amply provided for in other ways.

The pursuit of the wily otter is a sport which has always found especial favour in the West Country, and as far back as the twelfth century we read of King John commanding the Sheriff of Somerset "to provide necessaries for Ralph the huntsman and Godfrey his fellow with two men and two horses and twelve otter-hounds as long as they find employment in your shire." Of the two packs of otter-hounds which hunt the Exmoor district the Cheriton, kennelled at Barnstaple, hunt the north and west sides of the moor, their nearest meets being Bratton and Chelfham on the Lynton and Barnstaple line for the Yeo water and Meeth gate, South Molton for the river Mole; whilst the "Culmstock"—one of the oldest packs of otter-hounds in Great Britain, having until recent years been in the possession of the Collier family for nearly a century—hunt the Barle and the Exe with their tributaries the Haddeo, the Danesbrook, and Quarne water.

Although perhaps inferior in grandeur to the big rivers of the North, the Devonshire streams have a beauty of their own which it is difficult to surpass, and even if the fickle goddess of sport—asserting her feminine prerogative of changeableness—declines to smile upon her votaries, yet the long summer days spent by the river, days which result in a closer knowledge of the beauties of the "sister streams," can only be accounted so much to the good in life's debit and audit account book.

I care not I to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers most my mind do please,

sang Master Corydon; and although there is good sea fishing to be obtained on the coast, especially in Porlock Bay—where rock whiting, conger, thornback, codling, etc., are plentiful—it is the

trout and salmon fishing on Exmoor which proves the chief attraction to the followers of the gentle art.

There is not abundant trout-fishing in the neighbourhood of Minehead and Porlock, but it is possible to obtain permission to fish the Horner water and also the Oare and Badgeworthy waters by the courtesy of the respective owners, although those who come to Exmoor chiefly with a view to fishing will we think do better to take the Dulverton side of the moor as their headquarters. Salmon are killed both on the Exe and the Barle, but the former owing to its numerous weirs—impassable except at high water—is not an ideal river for salmon. The “good old days” when salmon was so plentiful that the apprentices struck at eating it more than twice a



"THE FIELD"

week, and when a bag of 147 trout in one day was no uncommon event, have disappeared for ever, but even in these degenerate times those who possess the necessary skill and are properly equipped will find material for much enjoyment as well as an ample stock of after-dinner conversation in “the Exmoor waters.”

“Where shall we stay?” naturally presents itself as the first consideration in the minds of intending visitors to the moor, and it is a somewhat difficult matter to decide, inasmuch as Minehead, Porlock, Lynmouth, Dulverton, Winsford, and Exford all possess their own special attractions. Minehead and Dulverton are perhaps one-sided places from whence to obtain all the best meets of the

moor, but Winsford and Porlock are both good and have exceptional advantages in the way of picturesque surroundings, the latter also possessing a very fair polo ground, no mean attraction on off hunting days, while Exford is the centre *par excellence* for the hunting, situated as it is in the very heart of the moor and in close proximity to the kennels. Any mention of Exford would be incomplete without a reference to the annual horse show, held on or about August 14, on the only flat, i.e. not absolutely precipitous, field in the village. To the jaded show-goer it is a relief to witness such a thoroughly genuine and sporting little show, and the standard maintained in the light and heavy weight hunters, as also in the two and three year old classes, is usually a very high one.

There is only one detail which can be said in any way to detract from the charms of a holiday on Exmoor, namely the sordid consideration of £ s. d. The residents are evidently of Lindsay Gordon's opinion that "What's worth having must aye be bought," and the season is so brief, practically lasting only through August and September, that the local inhabitants are naturally bent upon gathering in a golden harvest. Even a moderate-sized house with garden and stabling in any of the best districts can readily command 7 to 10 guineas a week during this period, whilst owners of farms where the accommodation is both rough and limited are not behindhand in the rents they ask, and what is more obtain, without the slightest difficulty. To those who know the ropes, and are not too much wedded to their creature comforts, charming cottages are yet to be found scattered about the country at a reasonable rental, but they take a good deal of finding and are usually bespoke months beforehand. Of late years a large percentage of the visitors have brought their own horses, thereby falsifying the idea that nothing but a locally bred horse is any use on Exmoor. A well-balanced horse that can gallop downhill without pitching and stumbling is a necessity; he must also be able to gallop through the mud, as, however dry the season may be, there are many parts of the moor which always ride deep, whilst if we can afford "luxuries" as well we should say that a sensible, mannerly horse will largely enhance his rider's enjoyment.

On a broiling August day most people feel too limp to enjoy struggling with a fidgety headstrong animal; and even though there are many stretches of flat galloping ground calculated to tame the buoyancy of youthful spirits, yet the narrow paths and precipitous descents call for some amount of brains on the part of our equine partners.

The amount of mental torture which a horse with any sense of humour can inflict on a nervous rider must be endured to be believed.

"Sit tight, old sack of potatoes, whilst I gambol on this delightful turfy path with the cool blue sea sparkling beneath us. What's that? Stand still, or we shall be over the edge? Not a bit of it. You leave all that to me. Why, there's that long-tailed chestnut of Pethick's in front of us. Let's bite his tail and see if he'll kick! Ha, ha! Caught the sole of your foot, did he? Serve you right for chucking my mouth in the infernal way you are doing—you just wait till we get to a nice boggy place, won't I spoil those smart white breeches of yours for you!"



FISHING WATER NEAR BRENDON, EXMOOR

For those who do not care to bring their own stud, or are only able to afford a limited amount of hunting, Messrs. Harding, Merson, Thomas, Pethick and many others provide an excellent stamp of stag-hunter at a charge of two guineas a day; and when we consider the expense of moving the equine establishment, and the terrible visions of colds, lameness, sore backs, and the other evils which horseflesh is heir to—more especially in a strange land—possibly hiring is the more economical and convenient arrangement.



TO POPULARISE CRICKET

BY HOME GORDON

ON this pregnant and topical subject, I believe I was the first, many months back, roundly to assert that all was not right with cricket; and my observations were ridiculed. I was called pessimistical and prejudiced, whilst it was declared I simply wanted to write something original. Now that all who have the best interests of the game at heart are wide awake to the perils that assail and the drawbacks that attend contemporary cricket, it is with pleasure that I again approach the topic. Neither in the *Badminton Magazine* nor in the *National Review* have I seen reason to indulge in the exaggerated jeremiads to be heard in certain quarters, and I am convinced that the mere fact of such general attention being called to what is amiss will result in the speedy rectification of the few imperfections. The fact is everything progresses, and cricket must move with the times or, to be more accurate, the game has to be adapted to contemporary exigencies.

“As a general rule, cricket as it is played at the present time seems to be steadily losing its hold over the people of this country,” were the words of “An Old Harrovian” in the *National Review* last summer, and they express a truth which only thick-and-thin optimists will deny. Half the battle has, however, been gained now that the eyes of the community are open to the state of the case.

“Oh, get the committee of M.C.C. to put it right,” was the airy way in which an elderly peer shelved the whole matter. The contemporary committee of M.C.C. is more than the equal of any of its predecessors, and the prompt way in which it took adequate measures to rectify the abuse of stopping for bad light directly this

was demonstrated shows how keenly desirous this practical and experienced body is to do the very best for the game. In that matter everybody, except an anonymous paragraphist in a weekly paper, was unanimous. But over the proper solution of the problem how to popularise cricket there exists an enormous divergence of opinion, and until there is some agreement among the majority, it is unfair to expect the sixteen gentlemen composing the committee to take on themselves collectively the responsibility of drastic changes. It must also be borne in mind that any alterations affect all sorts of cricket, that played on Saturday afternoons just as much as a three-day contest in the championship competition.

The *Daily Mail*, with its customary energy, recently telegraphed to some fifty cricketers asking their opinions, and certainly hardly two were of the same mind; most of them, however, only suggested one remedy, and probably several are needed to rectify the situation. I have just been told that sixty thousand people witnessed five county matches on Whit Monday, and was ironically asked what is wrong about that? Obviously nothing for the five counties lucky enough to have the fixtures on their home grounds, but against that can be set meagre attendances day after day in the first two months of a summer which thus far had very few wet, though a good many unattractive, days.

However, here is put forward no suggestion that cricket should be played with one eye constantly on the receipts at the turnstile. First get the game absolutely up to the best standard and play in the most attractive and sportsmanlike spirit; after that, if the public still abstains—well, so much the worse for the public. In some ways considerable improvement has been already noted this year, as I anticipated in April in the *Daily Mail* when I ventured to say: "All that is needed is to play the game according to the spirit as well as according to the letter of the law." Whether that law needs to be recodified is, however, a matter for debate.

Everything that cramps the game ought to be put out of the realm of practical politics, and that is why I trust and believe that little will be heard of small boundaries, heightening the wicket—suggested by Mr. K. J. Key as far back as 1899—or altering the bat. These can all at least be put on one side until a far stronger case is brought forward in favour of such modifications. The question of the "shamateur" is always with us, and plays more mischief than some people care to allow, but as it does not obviously affect the popularity of cricket—though the *morale* of the game is far more generally appreciated than certain interested persons seem to suppose—it need not be dilated upon here.

But if county cricket is to be the basis of first-class matches,

there can be little doubt that the public would manifest increased interest were the birth qualification more insisted on. Llewellyn, Kermode, Dwyer, Trott, Tarrant, Cuffe, Vogler, Marshall, Mr. Poidevin, Mr. Reese, and Mr. Olliviere are all good cricketers, no doubt; but if genuine fervour is to be excited over county matches, a five years' probation may have to be made the minimum for Colonial importations. See the enthusiasm roused by Yorkshire, who play native-born, and get a crowd everywhere; mark the diminished interest when Lancashire comes to the South—an interest not modified by their form, which is spirited, but by the fact that so many of the eleven are imported—and then note the apathetic way in which Middlesex is received even at Lord's, merely because the side is cosmopolitan, and thus is indicated one key to popularising the game.

Lord Hawke thinks the weekly averages are sorely detrimental, but there seems to be no way of suppressing them. If they were not published they would still be compiled, and people interested could obtain them. Playing for his average is, of course, contrary to the spirit of playing for his side and not off his own bat which ought to imbue every cricketer. As a matter of fact, the man in the street notes the first half-dozen at the head of the list each week, and then possibly glances down to see where some of his own county team are standing. My impression is that a handful of cricketers give far more attention to their own averages than the public does.

Slow batting has much to do with the present situation, because after all the popularity of cricket depends upon spectators being entertained. No one would object to certain examples of stone-walling—for example, the late J. T. Brown and Tunnicliffe's ninety-odd runs in over five hours at Brighton, or that fine hitter Mr. Ernest Smith's nought not out after sixty-five minutes at Leyton. Those were monumental examples of legitimate defence. So was the performance of Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas at Trent Bridge on June 10, when every minute he stayed solidified the position of Essex. That the Trent Bridge crowd should have played against their own side as well as showed their lack of appreciation of the situation is deplorable. There is also an element of humour in a throng resenting slow cricket when their native eleven in the past had included Dench, H. B. Daft, the late Arthur Shrewsbury, and William Gunn, as well as the unsurpassable Scotton.

When, however, Warwickshire starts off with a prolonged and featureless occupation of the wicket—Lilley is welcome to make this statement the theme of another diatribe if he chooses—or when Tarrant takes four hours to make forty-five runs, or again when Mr. Keigwin potters for three hours over fifty runs on the fast

Palace ground against moderate attack, I maintain cricket is being damaged, and valuable time as well as public patience is wasted. With the improvements in the modern conditions, runs ought normally to come at about eighty or ninety an hour. In the early eighties it was good work to make a run a minute, and I do not reckon that a fifty per cent. increase is too much to expect under the enhanced conditions. Everybody is not a W. G., but each batsman in first-class cricket ought to play with animation—except under special circumstances—and should further remember that getting runs fast is only one of the objects of free cricket. To hit a bowler off is a tactical move; and though he may not be taken off hastily, yet it is seldom he continues to bowl as well as before the attempt to hit him has been successful.

Mr. W. L. Murdoch thinks the one thing needful is to have yet more natural wickets. Otherwise he solemnly declares that a batsman might be blindfolded, and if a bell were rung when the bowler delivered the ball, he could play forward safely at it, provided it were agreed the ball should come on the stumps and not with a wide break. Things are better in respect to wickets this year, and the result is a welcome diminution in drawn games. There is also less of the off-ball abuse—that lies in the hands of the captains—and also a decrease in the practice of playing with the legs compared with last year, both of which are welcome improvements. But the return to less doctored wickets has shown that on slow wickets nearly every county develops a considerable tail, and more than one eleven carried several “rabbits” in the matter of scoring until wickets hardened and batsmen “got their eye in.” Indeed, the comparative weakness of batting had been the general feature until nearly the end of June. This has enhanced the interest, for from the spectator’s point success with the ball is far more appreciated than mammoth scoring leading up to an inevitable draw.

Some practical improvements might soon put the game on a better footing. It has been said that every business man on entering the House of Commons is driven to fury or apathy by reason of its lack of practical methods. Some such remark might also be made about the time cut to waste in first-class cricket. It is true that in the pavilion at Lord’s there is an official notice asking the in-going batsman to pass the outgoing one at the steps; but this is never done, even at the headquarters. The interval practically becomes five minutes between the dismissal of each batsman and the delivery of the next ball. Now that interval ought to be only two minutes, and its protraction serves no useful purpose, whilst it bores the public and militates against the popularity of watching cricket, because more and more in the rush of modern life we do object to wasted

time. The intervals between the innings are also meant to be ten minutes between the last ball and the next. Taken from those two deliveries there is always fifteen, and often twenty, minutes' wait. To cope with the odious tea interval, the new rule is that the umpires shall not leave the field. The only result is that refreshments are brought out to them, the unnecessary and obnoxious interval remaining. Why not finally abolish this tea interval by having refreshments brought out to the players?

Mr. O. R. Borrodaile thinks the one thing needful is smart fielding. He wishes it to be noted that he quite understands how human it is to miss catches—humanity is particularly rampant on several sides in this respect—but he does consider that a brisk demeanour in the field, keen backing up, and general alertness, not only assist the side itself, but considerably affect the popularity of the game. To see a team apathetically wandering in listless fashion between the overs is to convey an impression of boredom with which the spectators are speedily affected. Sedative and soporific cricket cannot be regarded as sport, but as waste of time. Batting and bowling, however good, will never win matches without collaborative fielding, and there is nothing which obtains such immediate appreciation as clever work by a smart pair of hands.

A proposal is often heard that first-class matches should begin on Saturdays and Wednesdays, but this is never likely even to receive a trial, because spending Sunday at an out-match would not only be expensive and in many cases boring, but would prevent cricketers getting to their homes for the Sunday, a thing regular county players are always anxious to do. Also the innovation must entail an increased number of long night journeys in the middle of the week, which the Australians always declared to be the chief drawback to cricket as arranged over here. Therefore it does not seem as if the hypothetical augmentation in the attendances would compensate for these inherent defects in the proposed alteration.

Nor does there seem much benefit to be gained from any of the systems of aggregates and decision by number of wickets captured, or other mathematical devices, for the reason that they militate against the simplicity of cricket. Complications are eminently undesirable, and everything should be plain to the dullest comprehension. Each scheme is of course absolutely clear to those advocating it—the binomial theorem is child's play to a mathematical wrangler—but if it is not equally simple to the girl in her teens who scores for the matches her brother plays in the holidays, it will not come within the range of practical politics.

Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower believes that what the public really wants is to see the principal cricketers. Therefore he advocates at least three Gentlemen *v.* Players, and the revival of as many North *v.* South, all the elevens of course being composed of the very best men. This would necessitate many fewer county matches, which he also regards as highly desirable. Indeed he would like—he is not asserting it to be possible—to see only eight counties compete for the championship, all of them playing the others in out and home engagements. This is tantamount to the proposal I submitted in the *Badminton Magazine* of April last, to have two sections of first-class counties, A and B, each composed of eight counties, the highest in class B to play the lowest in class A to decide which should play in the A division in the following summer. The answer given to me was that this would never work, because the B division would not get sufficient “gates.” Besides disbelieving it, I once more protest against cricket being entirely promoted on the receipts basis. I further anticipate that, after one apathetic year, the double championship in A and B, with the tussle between the two counties just indicated, would considerably enhance the popularity of the game from the spectator’s point of view.

Finally, Lord Hawke writes thus: “Cricket needs no popularising at all. Given fine, warm weather, the public will flock to see it in their thousands; play tricks with the grand national game and it will be ruined; therefore, let well alone, anyway for the present.” And on this optimistic note let my present innings be closed. Of course Yorkshire always gets the best view of cricket, because the eleven plays the game in the proper spirit. Some of us think we sometimes witness less satisfactory exhibitions; but improvement is in the air, the greatest authority in the world of cricket pronounces the popularity of the game, and it only remains to see adequate public response, or to endeavour cautiously to merit it on the temperate and tentative lines I have ventured to advocate.





A TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND COACH

COACHING IN NEW ZEALAND

BY N. C. P.

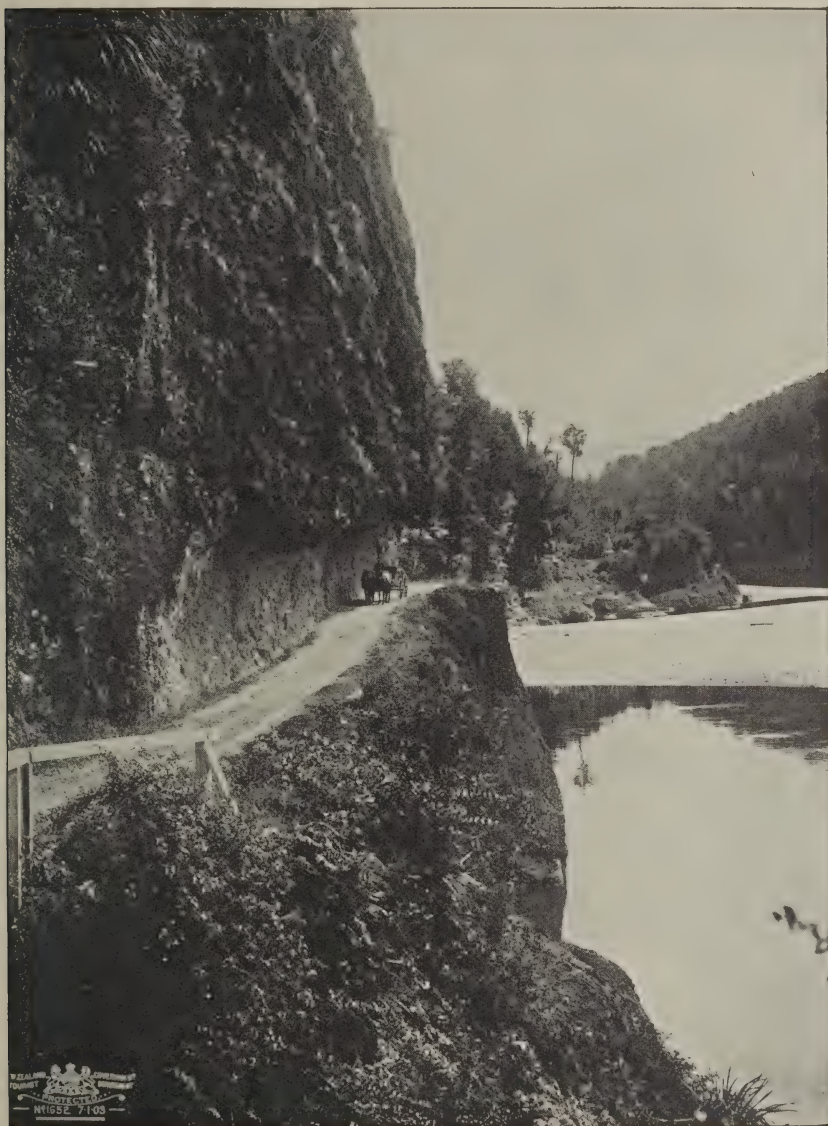
(Photographs by kind permission of New Zealand Government Tourist Department)

I SUPPOSE we most of us get our notions of coaching from the pages of Dickens, and it is difficult for the average Englishman to realise the experiences of his grandfathers in the old coaching days when a journey up from the country to London occupied at least a day and a night, often in the bitterest of cold weather, and with the probability of being delayed for hours by snowdrifts or floods.

The traveller by mail coach in New Zealand feels that he has been transported to those good old times, for coaching there is not a matter of fine weather and sufficient passengers to make it worth while, but in districts where the railway does not run (often hundreds of miles in extent) the coach is the only regular means of communication, and winter and summer, rain, snow, or shine, His Majesty's mails must be carried.

The roads in New Zealand, especially in outlying parts of the

North Island, are not metalled; consequently they are often in a shocking state of repair, and it is quite a usual thing for the wheels to go axle-deep in ruts. They are occasionally mended by



COACH ROAD AT HAWK'S CRAG, BULLER GORGE

trunks of tree-fern placed crosswise, and the jolting and jarring may be imagined! In spite of the many discomforts, the scenery makes up for all, for in the course of a single day's journey the coach

passes through every variety of exquisite country—snow-capped mountains, smiling plains and valleys, deep rushing rivers, and blue and tranquil lakes, all pass before the traveller in a moving panorama of beauty. In the course of our travels in New Zealand last year we journeyed over 500 miles by coach alone, often doing from seventy to eighty miles in a day over rough and hilly country, and I think I may say that we thoroughly enjoyed every inch of it.

Our first run was from Pipiriki (a small settlement on the Wanganui River consisting of an English hotel and a Maori village) to Rotorua in the hot-lake district, a distance of about 200 miles, which we accomplished in three days. The first day we started at 8 a.m., ourselves the only passengers, the “coach” a light but strongly-built sort of char-à-banc (the roads being too bad for the regular “machine”), the coachman a typical Colonial with his free-and-easy manners and slouch hat, and the horses four lean but hard-looking bays. I suppose there is hardly anything which gives a finer sense of exhilaration than starting on a journey behind four good horses. The height at which one sits, the rush of cool air on one’s face, the ring of the sixteen hoofs in front as the horses settle into their stride—he must be hard indeed to please who does not find life well worth living at such a time. The first stage consisted of eighteen miles, mostly collar work, and our horses were very glad to draw up at the changing station, a wooden shanty standing in a bush clearing in the midst of a wilderness of burnt tree-stumps. Here a hot lunch was provided, to which we did full justice, for we were thirteen hundred feet above sea level by this time, and the keen air had sharpened our appetites. Meat being so cheap and good, fresh hot joints are to be had in the smallest and most poverty-stricken-looking houses—poverty-stricken in appearance only, for actual want is rare in this favoured country.

Only half an hour is allowed for luncheon, and at one o’clock we were off again, with a capital team to take us over our next stage, which was a long one of twenty-four miles. We were struck by the uniform excellence of the horses. They are not much to look at, and they soon wear out, the long stages and continuous trotting (they keep to an average of close on nine miles an hour) being hard on their legs, but they are given a liberal allowance of corn while they are on the road, and seem in the pink of condition.

We reached our destination for the night, Wai-o-uru, at eight o’clock at night. Wai-o-uru is a Government “accommodation house,” a wooden one-storied building, standing in the midst of a wide undulating plain—sheep country, where the air is like champagne and the scenery superb.

The next morning we were up betimes, and punctually at 6.45 our coach was waiting at the door for us, and off we started in all the delightful freshness of a summer morning in New Zealand.

We got to the end of our first stage, a lonely wayside stable, at 10.30, where we were able to dismount and have tea, cheese, and biscuits, in a tiny room at the back of the stalls. Here two grooms live, and the life must be lonely in the extreme, for the nearest dwelling is a good twenty miles away. The walls were papered with pages from the illustrated magazines, and there were two pallet beds, an open log fire, and several dogs about. The men



COACHING IN BULLER GORGE

seemed gloomy and morose, doubtless the result of their solitary life. The country in New Zealand seems very silent. The Bush, in particular, is deathly still, except for the occasional bell-like note of the Tui, that lonely bird of the forest, and affords a marked contrast to our English woodlands teeming with life.

The next stage, twenty-three miles, we did in close on three hours, and here at Tokaanu we left our coach and took the steamer across the Lake of Taupo. We were now within the hot-lake district, where the earth, in places, is hot to the touch, and pools of boiling mud can be seen at the roadside. It is certainly rather startling, at first, to discover puffs of white steam rising from the

ground in every direction, but one soon gets accustomed to this volcanic wonderland.

The next day we started off at 8.30 in a four-wheeled buggy;



REID'S FALLS, OTIRA GORGE

and as we were again the only passengers and had four good horses we did our first stage, twenty miles, in excellent time. I think English coachmen would be horrified at these long stages, but

neither drivers nor horses make anything of thirty miles without a change here, and very few of the hills are walked up.

We reached Rotorua that evening, very stiff and tired and sore from the continual jolting and jerking over bad roads. The springs are generally far from good, and on the heavier coaches in the South Island leather springs are used, which seem cruelly hard to travellers fresh from this country of luxurious carriages.

All through this trip we were carrying the mails, and at each settlement the post office—generally also the one and only store—was our first consideration. Usually there was a knot of people hanging round the doorway, having ridden in from outlying districts for their letters, and the arrival of the mail seemed to be the great event of the day. Up we would come in great style, and pull up with a flourish, a bundle of newspapers and the mail bag would be thrown out, a fresh one taken in, and perhaps another passenger; then off again before you could count a hundred.

A guard is never carried, but the coachman does the work of both. He is always a clever and experienced driver, and often a capital companion to boot. Get him in the right mood, and he will tell you all sorts of thrilling experiences that he has had on the road—perhaps the coach has been capsized when crossing one of the many wide fords in flood time, and his horses drowned; or he has been stopped by snow, and has had to take out his horses and “pack” the mails, leaving the coach behind in a snowdrift; or the brake has given way in the middle of a steep hill, and he has had to take the rest of the descent at a gallop to save an accident. The coaching in the South Island is of rather a different character. The roads are in far better condition, and a heavier class of coach is used, with five horses, three in front and two behind. On the Buller River and Otira Gorge routes, which pass through some of the noblest scenery in the world, both drivers and horses have to be absolutely trustworthy, and are tested for years on other roads, but even so the timid traveller will often hold his breath as the coach swings round some dangerous corner, with the leaders at a canter.

In conclusion I may say that the coach fares average about £1 10s. a day, hotels and “accommodation houses” are very reasonable, from 8s. to 12s. a day, and everything possible is done for the tourist’s comfort and enjoyment.



STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XVIII.—HAZLETON'S SHIKAR

BY FRANK SAVILE

"POOR old Hazleton! I'm afraid his nose has been put out of joint!"

The words were not spoken loudly, but in the evening quiet they carried distinctly. They reached the ears of a man who sat by himself in the shadow of the great deodars which fringed the camp clearing. His shoulders twitched slightly; he frowned.

The speaker was Colonel Traske, late of the Bengal Tail-twisters, but for the present of no permanent address save the rather spacious one of Baltistan. The spot was the Colonel's shikar camp on the spurs of the Latayun Hills. The time—after dinner

There were four men in camp and two women. The Colonel, his wife, and his bosom friend Robert Eads, Commissioner of Jileyl, sat apart, and the two cronies, wonderful to relate, had deserted the eternal subject of shikar, to indulge in a little mild gossip. Admonishment came from Mrs. Traske.

"Hush!" she reproved. "He's somewhere near."

Hazleton stirred again—uneasily, and his lips parted to show a tiny glimpse of his white teeth. It was an unpleasant smile—the sort of grin with which a bayed wolf bares its fangs.

He looked across the dusk of the clearing to where a patch of white indicated the position of Maurice Bryan's shirt-front. Within

a couple of feet of it a tiny red spark was evidence that Mary Haldane was enjoying, with her coffee, a cigarette. Hazleton's eyes dilated as he marked the shortness of the interval between the white and the red.

His mind wandered back over the last six weeks. He pondered the many attentions he had shown Miss Haldane—the assiduous pains he had been at to win her regard—his fears, his doubts, and latterly his dawning hopes. And now?

A week ago Bryan had joined them, and in a single day had ruined Hazleton's patiently-built fabric of months. The latter's dogged adoration had become a mere background to show up the more brilliantly the Irishman's ardent, reckless wooing. Already Hazleton knew that Mary Haldane was lost to him. Without the passing of a word he read it in her face, saw it in the eyes which she turned upon his rival. He ground his teeth as her laugh rang out into the quiet. In that moment he could have killed Bryan—shot him—stabbed him—bludgeoned him into shapelessness!

Very silently he rose and slipped back into the deeper shadows of the jungle to wrestle with his rage alone. To hear—to suspect what the dusk hid from him was more than his passion could bear. He found the path and strode towards the little Balti village where the daily supplies were obtained.

He halted before the first hut he came to. There was a stirring inside. A man appeared through the opening—half trench, half doorway—which was the only aperture.

"Salaam, sahib!" he said, respectfully. "The sahib desires—what?"

Hazleton looked at him curiously.

"You knew, then, through this darkness, that it was I?" he said. The man smiled.

"Could I mistake the footfall of a sahib?" he answered. "Do our people go shod so?" He pointed to the Englishman's rubber soles.

Hazleton nodded.

"You have made your preparations?" he asked. "We start at dawn?"

"If the Presence so wills," said the Balti, meekly. "Word has been brought me that the Captain sahib—Bryan sahib—claims to have taken a head in these hills of 44-inch horns? Is it the truth?"

"He claims to have so done," agreed Hazleton, dryly.

The tracker made a quaint gesture.

"It remains to show him that there are other heads as big, or bigger. We must shoot with discrimination to-morrow, sahib.

Nothing that gives promise of less than five-and-forty inches—or more.”

Hazleton laughed grimly.

“Considering that for five days we have not so much as seen hoof or horn of ibex—” he began.

But the Balti interrupted eagerly.

“Nay, sahib,” he cried, “*this* time there is no talk of failure. *I have made preparation.*”

There was a curious emphasis on the last four words which made Hazleton inspect the speaker steadily.

“Fine words!” he sneered, with a shrug of his shoulders. “Let us hope for deeds as fine. You have my leave to go!” and so turned again to the jungle path and paced thoughtfully back to the camp as the tracker made obeisance and slid into his burrow.

Twelve hours later the two had gained the heights, far above the woodland camp, where snow and forest are divided by a broad frontier of arid rock. The shadows had already left the higher peaks, and were drifting across the valleys. Carrying the rifle the tracker stepped noiselessly from boulder to boulder, keeping carefully below the level of a ridge which cut off the view of the further slope. Once or twice he halted, motioned his master to be seated, and then slid with infinite caution to peer over the knife-like edge above him. After each inspection he shook his head gravely, pointed forward, and resumed his dogged, swinging step.

Half an hour later a dip of the rock showed a vista of gullies framed as if in a picture by the grey crags on either side. The Balti came to a sudden halt.

Slowly, with infinite care, he sank to the ground; and Hazleton, accustomed shikari as he was, silently followed his example. Under cover of a heaped mass of rubble he drew out his telescope and focussed it.

The Balti whispered some half-articulate words. Hazleton directed his gaze towards a distant declivity where half a dozen dark specks were distinct in the increasing sunlight. The glass revealed them as a herd of ibex, wandering slowly across the face of the hill.

Hazleton made a tiny gesture of disappointment.

“Out of shot and absolutely no cover for a stalk,” he whispered. “They are beyond our harming.”

The tracker smiled.

“Nay,” he contradicted, “they shall be our easy prey. You shall have your choice of them, sahib!”

Hazleton frowned.

“A stupid jest,” he answered. “How should we approach them—can we make ourselves invisible?”

The Balti's retort was an indirect one. He merely pointed in another direction.

"Look, sahib!" he murmured. "Look well!"

For the second time the telescope revealed a herd—a larger one this time, and pacing from one of the more distant ridges in a direction which would bring it face to face with its half-dozen first-seen fellows. Hazleton gave a little gasp of wonder.

His companion nodded with a self-satisfied air.

"And outside our seeing are other herds, sahib," he breathed slowly. "Of that I have assurance. As surely as I am Sitka, tracker of Latayun, all the ibex within miles are afoot, and all ambling in the one direction."

Hazleton eyed him narrowly. The Balti met his stare unflinchingly.

"And where does this miracle take place?" inquired the Englishman.

Sitka chuckled and pointed into the distance.

"Where the sahib shall have no chance to mistake it," he averred. "With your own eyes you shall have proof. Follow!"

He slipped behind a rugged stone, sank into a crevice between a couple of boulders, and so, keeping well under cover, led the way down the centre of the ravine.

For half an hour they kept within the valley. Next they breasted a steep slope, crossed a rugged table-land, and came finally to the brink of a jutting cliff. Sitka dropped upon his breast and wormed noiselessly to the verge. Hazleton followed.

His astonishment almost betrayed him into an exclamation. No fewer than *six* herds of ibex were in view. The gorge seemed brimmed with them—buck, doe, and fawn were collected in groups which advanced towards a common centre as if they meditated merging into one immense drove. Sitka's glance roved over the leaders of the different files in keen speculation. With scarcely perceptible gestures he indicated the most conspicuous heads.

A few moments later he slid the rifle into his master's hand.

"To the left, sahib," he breathed. "Between the two does, flanked by the playing fawns. A noble beast!"

Hazleton looked and experienced a mighty pulsation of the heart. Those branching horns could scarcely stretch less than fifty inches from brow to point.

Slowly, carefully, he took aim. The unconscious buck paced on. Hazleton followed the mighty shoulder with the muzzle, hesitated, took confidence again, dwelled upon it, experienced all the multitudinous terrors which crowd upon a sportsman at such

a moment, and at last—*squeezed* the trigger. The echoes of the shot went leaping from crag to crag.

The sudden frenzy of fear descended upon the beasts. In a turmoil of flying pebbles they raced for the safety of the hills, and despair filled Hazleton's heart as he recognised that their leader was the patriarch of the stupendous horns. Frantically he demanded another cartridge.

None was pressed into his twitching fingers. Instead came the answer of the Balti's triumphant laugh.

"No need, sahib—no need!" he cried. "Watch—watch!"

The great buck was no longer leading—the following herd was sweeping past him—had left him behind. His canter slowed to a stumbling trot—to a walk—to a halt. For a moment he stood motionless, his great eyes searching the ravine with a sort of piteous wonder. Then his knees bent beneath him. He rolled upon his side—stone dead.

Three minutes later the tape was being carefully pressed round the arc of the mighty horns. Sitka laughed again gleefully as he read the verdict—forty-six inches from skull to tip!

And then, in the sudden revulsion after the tense emotions of the last few minutes, Hazleton found that a devouring curiosity was the feeling uppermost in his mind. He sat down upon a boulder and stared at the tracker, who was whetting his flensing-knife upon a stone. He called him by name.

Sitka looked up.

"Sahib?" he answered inquiringly.

"What is the meaning of it?" said Hazleton, bluntly. "Why were they there—why did we, who have seen no ibex for five days or more, find over fifty awaiting us in this ravine?"

Sitka shrugged his shoulders.

"The Presence would not accept my explanation," he answered, quietly.

"But desires to hear it," retorted Hazleton. "Is there a salt-lick below? Is that what they sought?"

"A salt-lick?" The tracker's tones were full of scorn. "By ones and twos they might seek such a thing, but not by tens and twenties. Nay, this was a matter outside your knowledge, sahib—and outside your belief."

"That remains to be proved," said Hazleton. "Say on!"

The Balti stood silent for a moment, twisting the knife-handle between his fingers. He smiled, hesitated, and then spoke.

"Sahib," he said, "the matter of the ibex had begun to touch mine honour. A week we had scoured the hills and seen not so much as one. I betook me last night, therefore, to Malik La."

Hazleton's eyes conveyed the fact that the name told him nothing.

"Malik La," repeated Sitka, "the Wonder-worker of Sangan. I stand in his favours. He gave me a potion. I came hither, smeared it on these rocks, and—the sahib has seen. As the fisher-folk of Srinagar fill their nets by the lures they pour into the river, so can Malik La seduce every beast upon the hills whither he will. Ibex, I told him—ibex we desire, and—so it came about. Had it been wolf—bear—tahr—the result would have been the same. None can resist potions of Malik La!"

For nearly a minute Hazleton sat silent, looking at the tracker, his brain working furiously behind his impassive features. He laughed.

"And I am to believe this?" he said at last.

"Have I not given proof?" said the tracker, gently.

Hazleton shrugged his shoulders.

"Allah knows!" he answered. "This Wonder-worker of yours—what is his price?"

Sitka laughed.

"Price? He has none, sahib. To whom he wills he gives his favours, and for pride in his own skill. But for money! No!"

"For pride? If you return to him, then, saying that your sahib still lacks conviction, will he repeat his miracle? Is that the nature of his pride?"

"Possibly, sahib. He desires no fame, but his honour is dear to him. I could find words to persuade him—of that I have little doubt."

Again Hazleton was silent, but a light of eagerness was growing in his eyes as he debated upon his words. With a sudden passionate gesture he smote his fist upon the rock.

"Say this to him then," he cried. "Say that I have seen the ibex cooped into a gully as chicken are cooped within a pen, but that I doubt him still, for ibex, as we all know, have their moods when they will travel far, and in one direction, for reasons no man can probe. Let him show me other beasts held by his wiles. Let him give me what will tether the wolves of the jungle to one spot—let me see the packs drawn from their hunting!"

The Balti was silent.

"That is no matter to play with, sahib," he said at last, and gravely. "The wolf pack! They can be stirred to passions far above their normal cowardice."

"Ay," sneered Hazleton, "they may not be driven as ibex are, by concealed watchers on the hill. I thought your Wonder-worker would fail at such a test!"

A sort of mask of impassivity fell over Sitka's features.

"It can be as the Presence wills," he said, quietly. "Yet—I have warned him. Explain your test, sahib!"

"I ask this much," said Hazleton. "Bring to me—to *me*, mark you—what will draw the jungle wolves as the ibex were drawn. Place it in *my* hands. Let *me* use the bait—let *me* fix the trap! Then, if I see the miracle, as you claim it to be, performed at *my* hands and by *my* choosing, I will own myself a believer. I will proclaim in all lands the wonders of the skill of Malik La."

Sitka nodded.

"As the Presence wills," he said, indifferently, and turned to his work upon the pelt and head.

* * * * *

Mrs. Traske gave a little shiver.

"I don't like ghost stories," she said. "Who started the conversation? I believe it was you, Captain Hazleton."

Hazleton smiled apologetically. The moonless night was over the clearing, and the sole illumination was the sparkle of four well-lit cheroots. The little company was more sociably inclined than on the previous evening; all six of the campers were gathered in an after-dinner group.

"Sorry, Mrs. Traske," he said. "The mystic has always rather an attraction for me—especially up here. One hears—and for that matter occasionally sees—some very strange things."

"When I'm alone I'm rather inclined to agree with you," said Mary Haldane to her hostess, "but when I'm with other people I think it's rather delicious to be thrilled."

"But, of course, it's all rot," said Bryan, taking his cheroot out of his mouth and sending a long streak of smoke into the night. "These Balti beggars are eaten up with superstition."

Hazleton turned towards him.

"You have absolutely no belief in the supernatural?" he hazarded.

"None," said the other, tersely.

"You'd pit your nerves against any sort of bogey—even in Baltistan?"

"Any djinn or afreet the devil-doctors like to conjure up," said Bryan. "I suppose my Irish birthright includes a belief in spooks, but, as a matter of fact, I haven't a vestige of it. I've no pronounced objection to spirits, but they must be intimate with soda-water before I begin to take an interest in them."

Hazleton laughed—a laugh which held a faint but unmistakable tinge of a sneer.

"Is your incredulity so stalwart that it would disdain a test?" he asked.

Bryan straightened himself in his chair.

"What's that?" he said, with sudden interest.

Hazleton laughed again.

"Have you heard of the Lgi Dras gorge?" he asked. "It's scarcely more than three-quarters of an hour's walk from here."

"No. Why?"

"No native of these parts would walk through it at midnight for any sum you liked to offer him. The ghost-wolves hunt there—the spirits of those who have lost their lives in frontier vendetta and remain unavenged. They take their own vengeance on those they meet—now."

"The illogical devils!" said Bryan. "Would you have me go and reason with them? Is that what you're driving at?"

"I'd like you to walk through the gorge in a couple of hours' time," said Hazleton, "and I'd like you to come back and give us your word of honour that your heart hasn't beaten an extra pulse to the minute while you were doing it. Then I'll be satisfied that your courage is—superior to a Balti's."

"I've no stethoscope," chuckled Bryan, "so the matter of me heart's pulses must be left out of the question. But I'll bet you a month's pay, me boy, that I'll do it and come back without having quivered an eyelash from fear. Will that satisfy you?"

"Done with you," said Hazleton, tersely, and got upon his feet. "I'll be up to see you start, but I'll ask you all to excuse me now if I take a bit of a snooze. I've had a long day." He gave a nod which included all the company, and disappeared into his tent.

A minute later he was worming upon his face beneath the far side of the canvas, a grey shooting coat covering his evening dress, and a tiny jar clasped in his hand. He rose to his feet, passed noiselessly into the jungle, and ran up the forest path with a vigour which went far to discount his statement about his fatigue. At the end of half an hour's hard going he found himself at the entrance of a narrow defile.

He pushed his way down it till he reached the centre, a narrow gut enclosed by precipitous crags. He halted and drew out a cork-screw. He laughed grimly as he used it.

"Hardly the weapons of true romance!" he muttered to himself, "but the result, I trust, will be worthier than the means." He began to trickle a dark, oily liquid upon the leaves and stones.

He had emptied half the jar when he replaced the cork. "If at first you don't succeed, it's just as well to leave the means of trying again," he soliloquised, and turned in his tracks. Avoiding with

infinite care the touching of leaf or stone where the liquid had fallen, he hastened back down the path up which he had come, diverging from it soon after he had re-entered the jungle. He was not the sort of man to overlook trifles, and was well aware that a chance meeting with a native might be reported later and give rise to inquiries which might be difficult to meet. So he took a round-about route which landed him in his tent again within the hour. Ten minutes later he walked out into the clearing, yawning and stretching his arms.

"Where's Bryan?" he inquired of two shadows who revealed themselves as Colonel Traske and the Commissioner.

"Gone quarter of an hour ago," said the former, laconically. "Miss Haldane and my wife got to wrangling about ghosts after you'd gone to bed, and the upshot of it was that the girl asked Bryan to let her accompany him. I needn't tell you it was an offer he jumped at. I expect it will clench the affair—I'll bet you a peg they come back engaged?"

Hazleton gave a terrible cry.

"What!" he thundered. "Miss Haldane—gone—with—with Bryan!"

The Colonel showed real concern.

"I say, old man," he said, "I'm sorry you should take it like that. But you must have seen how things were going lately. You really hadn't a chance."

But Hazleton was clutching at his collar as if it choked him. He reeled—he made inarticulate noises. With an indescribable gesture he swung round and fled into the jungle as a man flees for his life. With wondering ears the two heard the crash of the underwood bursting open to let him through.

He ran with great strides which devoured the ground, smiting against the shrubs with his clenched fists. Creeping vines tripped him, thorns tore his clothes, night birds fluttered with shriekings from each side of his path. He scarcely looked where he went, making a bee-line in the desired direction with animal instinct rather than by any reasoned plan. And his ears strained for hearing into the blackness of the night. He heard nothing but the rush and rustle of his own going. Fancy, indeed, bore other sounds to him—fierce baying yells, the snap of teeth, the pad of innumerable feet. He gasped—he cried aloud—and imagined answering outcry which eluded him in greater distance as he ran. Fearful pictures limned themselves against the darkness. The perspiration of his fear rained into his eyes.

Ten minutes later, reeling, sobbing, panting, he raced into an open glade and came to a sudden halt. No picture of his dis-

ordered fancy, this which met his eyes; the quickness of his jealousy told him that what he saw was real beyond all doubting.

Half in the shadow, half in the moonlight, they stood, those whom he sought, and Mary Haldane's forehead was against Bryan's shoulder, and his arm was about her waist. The moonbeams shone on the man's face, illumined with a great triumph. The girl's hands were white upon her lover's sleeve.

As the jungle grass parted to let Hazleton through into this new-made Eden the two started and sprang apart. They stared at him as he fled towards them—they half drew back with a sense of unexplained terror.

He made a furious gesture towards the direction of the camp.

"Come back!" he cried, hoarsely. "Come back!"

For a moment they were silent—with the silence of surprise. And then Bryan laughed.

"What!" he cried. "And lose a month's pay when it's as good as won? Not much, my boy! Not for all the ghosts in Baltistan!"

Hazleton grew almost inarticulate in his passion. He waved his arms wildly.

"You're in danger—horrible danger!" he shouted. "I thought I was too late! My God! I thought I was too late!"

Mary Haldane's face paled. She shrank back towards her lover, and stood looking at Hazleton with scared and wondering eyes.

"What is it?" she stammered. To her, at least, Hazleton's emotion was convincing enough.

But not to the Irishman. He burst into an uproarious laugh.

"As if I didn't see through him and his devices!" he cried. "He's trying to frighten us, mavourneen—he sees his money as good as lost unless he can work on our poor fluttering little hearts with another tale of his bogles. 'Tis a fine actor ye are, Hazleton, me boy, but we'll neither of us play Ophelia to y'r Hamlet. The trick's lost; ye'll have to pay forfeit."

Hazleton fairly danced with rage.

"It's true—it's true!" he yelled, fiercely. "I can't show you—I can't explain, but you're walking to your death—your *death*! Man! can't you see I'm in earnest? Can't you—*won't* you—understand?"

Bryan still wore a smile of great content.

"I can understand this much," he said, serenely, "that I'm within ten minutes of winning what'll keep me in cheroots till Christmas. That's good enough for me. Come along, Mary, dear, and see me win it."

Hazleton stepped forward and laid his hand upon the girl's arm. "You shan't take her!" he thundered. "Go to your death if you will, you fool! Miss Haldane comes back with me!"

The smile died out of Maurice Bryan's eyes, and was succeeded by a very ugly frown.

"Take your hand away, Hazleton!" he commanded, shortly. "And take yourself off, once and for all!"

"I won't!" cried the other. "I won't! Her life's at stake—her very life, you madman!"

"If there's any madman in this vicinity," said Bryan, "he's inside your skin, my boy. For the last time—will you leave Miss Haldane alone?"

"No!" shouted the other. "No!"

"Then, b' Gad, I'll have to make you!" cried Bryan, shooting out his fist.

It caught Hazleton squarely between the eyes.

With a crash he went down across a boulder. There was a grating sound of broken earthenware as he fell.

He rolled over. A thick stain was growing upon the breast of his tunic where an oily liquid seemed to be oozing through. A sweet, pungent odour rose, grew upon the breeze, and seemed to fill the whole ravine.

Hazleton rose gasping. Bryan faced him, standing in front of Mary Haldane with clenched fists.

The other made no attempt to renew his attack. He stood motionless through a long moment, his face turned up the gorge, his whole attitude that of one who listens. The two watched him with a sort of wondering stupor.

And then—

Far, faint at first, but growing in intensity, came a sound out of the distance—a sound utterly unmistakable. The bay of a wolf pack a-hunt.

Hazleton turned to his companions, and a light of despair shone in his eyes—his features were transformed—he made a gesture which seemed to imply that all hope was lost.

"For God's sake come—come!" he screamed, and fled back into the thicket direction from which he had emerged. The infection of his terror was overmastering. Unquestioning, fleeing from they knew not what, Mary Haldane and her lover found themselves racing at his heels.

Blindly they followed Hazleton as he parted the jungle before them. The bushes ripped and crashed—huge leaves and twigs battered their faces. Once Hazleton stopped with a jerk as a great branch shot out athwart his path. He seized it between his hands and snapped it, great limb though it was, as if it had the thickness of a mere walking cane. He rushed through the undergrowth like a human engine of destruction, mowing a path for those behind.

So they fled, tearing the forest silences to tatters with the uproar of their passing, but the noise of broken saplings and Sundered shrubs did not smother that other growing sound behind. It increased, doubled itself, rose to a deep chorus nearer—nearer—nearer—till it seemed to echo at their very heels. The great deodars seemed to toss it from trunk to trunk.

And then, with a little cry, Mary Haldane sank down.

With a heave and a jerk Bryan swung her to her feet again and drew her on. She gasped with pain.

"My ankle!" she panted. "I can't run—Oh! I can't!"

Her lover shouted after Hazleton.

"Come back!" he cried. "Come back and help me carry her!"

The other stopped, wheeled, and came racing back. Then with a shudder he hesitated, standing before them in a sort of agony of indecision.

"I daren't touch her," he faltered. "I daren't."

Surprise held Bryan speechless at first.

"You—you daren't!" he cried. "Are you mad?"

"No!" shrieked Hazleton. "No!—but I *daren't*. She—she will get the — *infection* — they will hunt her as they are hunting me — *me*— if she touches the stain—the *stain upon my coat!*" As he spoke the bush behind them parted.

Wide-eyed, white-fanged, a huge dog-wolf leaped upon him, the red jaws gaping for his throat.

He shrieked again while his fingers gripped and sank into the thick fur below the brute's jowl. Man and beast rolled over, fighting rapidly.

Stunned for the moment, Bryan's presence of mind was not long at fault. As the huge hind feet whirled up out of the *mêlée* the Irishman caught them, dragged them across a trunk, and bent them downwards with all his weight and force. There was a crack, and that fight at least was over. Hazleton scrambled to his feet.

"Run!" he commanded, shortly. "Run!" and waved the two down the path. He himself stood motionless and upright, facing away from the camp. They hesitated—they looked at him. He waved his hand again—fiercely, insistently.

"Run!" he yelled, "Run! It's your only chance."

Bryan started and then half turned.

"And you?" he cried. "And you?"

"This is *my* only chance—to go cleanly!" came back the answer in a voice which they hardly knew as Hazleton's, and smothering his last words was the snarl and rush of half a dozen wolves leaping upon him out of the night.

Bryan caught Mary Haldane up in his arms and stumbled down the path with her, reeling like a drunken man, half crazed by suddenly realised but undefined fear.

And she?

She cried aloud and then stopped her ears. But for all that the sounds which seemed to fill the forest rang in them—rang in them till she and her lover blundered into the camp unharmed—will ring in them, indeed, whenever Hazleton's name is mentioned, until her dying day.

* * * * *

Not long ago another Englishman stood in the glade where a white stone cross tells how "John Hazleton gave his life for his friends."

Sitka, the tracker, stood behind him.

"He was buried here?" said the Englishman, carefully picking the lichen which had begun to deface the stone.

The Balti shook his head.

"Nay, sahib," he answered, gravely; "here he died. The grey wolves give no chance for burial."

The other shuddered.

"What infinite—what incredible—self-sacrifice he showed!"

The tracker smiled—an enigmatic little smile.

"He had a man's passions and he died the death—of a man!" he said. Of the two epitaphs Sitka's is, perhaps, the nearer to the truth.





HILL-SIDE ON WIDDOP

THE LANCASHIRE BORDERLAND THE TOWNELEY MOORS

BY SIR JOHN THURSBY, BART.

(Photographs by Lady Thursby)

A LANDSCAPE, beautiful, far-reaching, with peculiar characteristic features of its own, greets the eye of one who stands at the highest point of the Lancashire Borderland which forms the subject of this sketch. The brown, peaty dyke which marks the march of the two great counties, Lancashire and Yorkshire, runs fair along the summit of the hill, some 1,700 feet above sea-level, dips down on to the moorland below, and continues its course over the swelling bosom of the uplands, curving round again to make the almost half-circle which looks like a somewhat unwarrantable encroachment on the million acres of Yorkshire. About four miles to the west, hidden in the valley, is the busy manufacturing town of Burnley—practically the centre of the Lancashire weaving industry—whilst further west the horizon is blocked by the solid mass of Pendle Hill, famous as the old-time resort of the witches, who, broomstick-borne, assembled on its summit to celebrate their weird midnight orgies. Away to the north, on a fair clear day, one can see the far-off forms of Ingleborough and Penigent.

Again, to the north-east uprises Bouldsworth, the limit of the moorland ground; whilst to the east stretch for miles and miles acres of heather, bracken, bilberry, and rough grass, the happy haunt of the grouse. No level, uninteresting plain this, but broken up into valleys, each with its bustling stream, and varied in contour by huge masses of Millstone Grit rock—now assuming fantastic shapes in terraces, now broken up into huge boulders, which lie on the hill-sides as if the giants of old had been at their play.

On the opposite page is an example of this formation. Notice the series of parallel lines cut in the face of the rock; they are attributed by geologists to the action of glacier-ice in ages past. We can see by the deviation of these lines how the huge block on the right-centre of the photograph has fallen from its former position in the line.

A characteristic view of the hill-side boulders, still exhibiting the ice-scars on their sides, is also given. The "Rocking-Stone," which is curiously poised on the top of the left-centre stone, must have been brought down by the ice from a higher level and deposited on the sturdy shoulders which bear it still.

This wild, somewhat desolate country (uncultivated, save for the grass farms dotted here and there on its borders) is not without its literary associations. In the quaint old-world village of Hurstwood, nestling on the edge of the moorland, is the reputed home of the poet Spenser. Only at a few miles' distance, amid precisely similar surroundings, stands Haworth Parsonage, the home of the wonderful sisters Brontë, in whose works many admirable word-pictures of the district are to be found. In "Jane Eyre," for instance, the curious will recognise the countryside as it presented itself to a great and observant writer. Philip Gilbert Hamerton too, well known as an art critic and the author of "A Painter's Camp," lived in the neighbourhood, and loved it well. He went so far as to camp out on the hills during the summer months, making studies of the heather and of the moor under its various aspects in storm and sunshine. "I am at the highest point of the mountain road between Burnley and Heptonstall," he writes, "about two hundred yards from the border line of Lancashire. I enjoy my rambles on the moor exceedingly. I like the long lines of these hills with their endless variety and sweet subtlety of curve. They are not mountains, nor have they any pretension to the energetic character of the true mountain form, but they have a certain colour-beauty and a sublime expression of gigantic power in repose that we do not find in loftier ranges." Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, too, has selected this borderland district for the scene of his exciting if somewhat grimly realistic novels; it may be—I think it is—that the picture he pre-

sents to the readers is too forbidding and comfortless. However, I must not labour the point. I want to disabuse the southern mind of the fixed idea that Lancashire is merely a weary waste of Wigan. There exist two Lancashires—one the workshop of Lancashire, and the other the playground of Lancashire. The workshop appears indeed unlovely, but the playground is fair to see, and bracing and healthy to dwell in, even if it only be for those short precious days when looms and shuttles are at rest and the worker seeks solace from his toil.

The Towneley Moors derive their name from the ancient Catholic family that for so many generations made their home at



DICKERDYKE

Towneley Hall—now in the possession of the Corporation of Burnley, and used as an art gallery and museum. Dr. Whittaker, the Lancashire historian, speaking of Towneley says: "Here in very early times, and far beyond any written memorial, was the Villa de Tunlay, the residence unquestionable of one of those independent lords before the Conquest (1066), who presided over every village and held immediately of the Crown." A long line of distinguished men—statesmen, soldiers, scientists, and scholars—can the Towneley family number amongst its forbears; one specially known as a sportsman, Charles Towneley (born in 1803, died in 1877), practically made by his purchases the moors as they are to-day. Charles Towneley took an active part in racing matters, and won the Derby

in 1861 with Kettledrum by Rataplan out of Hybla (bred by Mr. Cookson, of Neasham Hall).

The favourite for Kettledrum's Derby was exceedingly unfortunate; it was named Klarikoff, trained at Malton, had been highly tried, and was backed for very large amounts. But, alas! as sometimes happened then, as in these days of the starting-gate, Klarikoff "failed to catch Mr. McGeorge's eye," and was hopelessly left at the post. This was bad enough, but worse remained to come, for the ill-starred animal was burnt to death in its van on the way back to its Yorkshire home! Kettledrum was sold as a yearling at Doncaster to Mr. Eastwood, on behalf of Colonel Charles Towneley, for 400 guineas. Three times before, according to "The Druid," had Colonel Towneley nearly drawn a great winner in the yearling lottery. He had bid for Thormanby, and had also been in the running for Musjid, and but for Mrs. I'Anson and her daughters begging their father not to part with the blood, the joint offer of £500 for Haricot and the yearling Caller Ou would have been accepted. As it was, Mr. Eastwood bid 300 guineas for Caller Ou on the very Doncaster Thursday that he bought Haricot and Kettledrum for Colonel Towneley. Derby winners are occasionally bought at auction, in spite of Lord Rosebery's dictum—witness Spearmint's victory in this year of grace, and those of Doncaster, Hermit, Galopin, Merry Hampton, and Sainfoin. After the triumph at Epsom it was surely the very irony of fate when Caller Ou—the despised outsider of whom Lord Stamford had the refusal the night before the race—beat the hitherto victorious Kettledrum by a head in the Leger, much, I fear, to the impoverishment of the lieges in the Burnley valley. I can sympathise with their feelings and those of Colonel Towneley. Kettledrum's stud-home was chosen at Root Farm, on the Lancashire borderland near Whitewell. The river Hodder flows past it through the limestone land in the forest of Bowland, and the site seemed well-chosen. In spite of these advantages, Kettledrum was not a success as a sire; the best of his colts was Cymbal, and one of his daughters was the dam of Hamp-ton; but, these excepted, his progeny failed to increase his fame.

Colonel Towneley had also one of the finest herds of shorthorns in England. His famous Butterfly founded the strain that won hundreds of prizes, and attracted buyers from all countries. Mr. Culshaw was the manager of the establishment, and I have had several talks with him on the bygone glories of the Towneley cattle, for he lived to be a very old man, and died only some four years ago at the age of ninety. "The Druid" devotes many pages of "Saddle and Sirloin" to the description of the herd, and of the sale at Towneley, where fifty-six lots averaged over £128. Suffice it to say that the

first herd won in fourteen years upwards of two thousand pounds in money prizes, besides twenty-two cups and twenty-six gold medals.

In Colonel Towneley's days driving had not come into vogue; the grouse were shot over setters and pointers, as indeed they can be shot nowadays, though people seem inclined to doubt it. I have never cared to disturb the best beats of the driving ground before the first shooting-party has assembled, but for the last few years I have gone out with a couple of pointers on the outlying parts of the moor, and without any specially hard work have killed an average of twenty-five brace to my own gun. I am persuaded it would still be quite possible to make a big bag on the heart of the moor over dogs, though in comparing the Lancashire or Yorkshire moors with



THE ROCKING STONE

the Scotch in this respect it must be remembered that the Lancashire birds are from a week to ten days earlier than their northern cousins; therefore the task of the shooter on the 12th would correspond to a similar enterprise on the 22nd in Scotland, and everyone knows well what a difference ten days will make in the strength and wildness of the birds. On many Scotch moors grouse are but baby birds for the first week or so of the legitimate season; it can scarcely be called an exercise of skill to account for them when they rise. It is little less than slaughter to start off with a lust for extermination, and yet this is precisely what many shooting tenants do; they kill off young birds over the dogs, next they take

toll of the old birds driving, and then after the season is advanced, when the snows compel the survivors to quit the high ground where they have taken refuge, another opportunity is seized of making a bag. No tract of grouse-land can in my view long stand drastic treatment of this kind; if we are not to face a general decrease in the numbers of our birds a more discriminate and less greedy policy must be adopted on the part of both landlord and shooting-tenant.

From conversation with an old farmer (whose homestead had been laid desolate to make place for the reservoir that supplies Halifax) I learned some stories of former days on the Towneley Hills. Driving did not begin till about 1855; before that time



MOOR AND BURN

Colonel Towneley and five friends used to shoot over the dogs in three parties from August 12 till York Races, and then another party came to stay at the hall till Doncaster; they used to ride up on the Galloways generally employed in carrying lime from Burnley to the upland farms, which were very much more prosperous in those days than now—especially as handloom-weaving was then the work of the women in their homes, reversing the modern tendency of crowding towards the mills and the town where production is centralised. “Ah, they were better days,” thought the old man; “weather seemed better like, and there was much more heather on the moor. Bees had honey nests there, and people used to bring hives up to Gorpole to get the heather-honey. People used to come

to Gorple Bottom to get thick rushes to make candlewicks and bring donkeys to carry heather down to make brooms. There used to be two kinds of grouse—one kind lighter-coloured than the other, and these light ones we used to call ‘moss-birds.’”

There are certainly distinct types of grouse:—

1. Bright red with no white underneath.
2. Black or very dark red with much white beneath.
3. Black or very dark red with little white beneath.

But amongst the specimens of stuffed grouse that I have in my possession at home (probably dating from shortly after Colonel Towneley's time, when my grandfather had a lease of the moors) there is a type of distinctly lighter-coloured bird than I remember



PACK ROAD

to have seen of recent years. Whether varieties of colour depend upon varieties of food is, I suppose, a moot point; or whether the “moss colour” (as the farmer put it) was a case of that acquired similitude to its surroundings which nature often affords as a means of escape from easy observation and consequently of danger from predatory foes. White patches and markings are not very uncommon—last year we shot a bird with one snow-white wing.

As regards the heather, there seems little doubt that it has gone back—partly possibly to the coating of soot which the winds waft to the hills from the myriad chimneys in the vale. I am inclined to think that more damage has been done by neglect of

proper draining and burning. Wet will kill heather anywhere. Blocked drains mean standing water, soaked soil, and growth of the obnoxious rough grass which chokes the heather and ultimately covers it from the light of day. But besides the heather our borderland moors hold plenty of other kinds of food for the grouse. The crowberry, bilberry, true rush, and moss-crop form a repast with fine variety, whilst I attribute the generally healthy condition of our birds to the universal presence of the Millstone Grit worn by the action of weather and water into little pieces of all sizes and shapes, thus forming admirable material to assist the birds in assimilating their food.

We have done a lot of draining in the last few years; the drains are cut in herring-bone pattern, being about 3 ft. wide and 18 in. at the deepest point, the sides gently sloped to prevent disaster to young birds in wet weather, and also to keep the drains themselves from making up.

In many places sheep are enemies to the heather, but we have not too many of them. What we have are known as "lonks," and are desperate animals to deal with—as, leaping like stags, walls are no impediment to their progress, though the wire fence suffices to keep them out. A curious anecdote is told about a "lonk" which wanted to get back from the pasture to the hill. A canal was in the way, and the bridge-gate was strongly barricaded, but the lonk bided his time till a canal boat sailed past, and then jumping on to its deck cleared the canal at twice! Anyone who has plantations of young trees, who knows the difficulty of keeping the lonk out of them, and the damage he does when he gets in, will be ready to credit him with even the most refined and fiendish ingenuity.

If asked whether sheep should be entirely taken off a moor, or whether they should be allowed in limited numbers, probably the general verdict would be in favour of total banishment. Some argue in favour of their retention that in heavy snows they clear the heather for the grouse, but the real trouble of their presence is in the constant "dogging" back by the shepherds, thus disturbing the birds, and often doing serious damage in nesting-time.

Heather sowing is another experiment we have in hand. We have selected patches of various soils and stripped these of their coverings of turf, sowing them with seeds collected from the best heather-land; thus we hope to be able to observe in what degree each kind of soil will produce a heather crop, and then to proceed to supplement our diminished stock.

And what, I may be asked, of the ubiquitous poacher? Well, the solitary adventurer who calls the grouse at dawn of day, though far from a welcome guest, does not do a great deal of harm, especially

as he often accounts for the ancient cocks whose presence in too great numbers is undesirable. Danger is really threatened when nets come into use and a large party of men are concerned in the enterprise. Such an attack was attempted many years ago on Towneley, and, according to my informant, "the poachers drove the moor on a moonlight night with nets fixed between Flask House and the Round Stone." But the keepers who somehow had got wind of the affair were on the watch assisted by certain farmers. They captured six of the gang with many hundred yards of netting in their possession; nor were the judges inclined to be merciful, for the prisoners were sentenced to two years each at the York Assizes. We have our netters to-day also, but carrying on their business in a



THURSDEN STREAM

legal way on a portion of the Bouldsworth hill-side, actually leased to them for this purpose by the local district authority. I know that Germany ships many products into our accommodating country. I am credibly informed that in our turn we supply Yorkshire grouse to Germany, for it was to that country that most of last year's catch in the nets was consigned.

I have already expressed my opinion that the killing of too many young birds early in the season over dogs is a great mistake. The same argument applies to driving; if a large number of beaters are employed, and birds driven to and fro until they are weary, large bags may be obtained, but at the expense of the health

of the moor, for the immature broods are flushed, and even if they pitch before reaching the butts, are again flushed and suffer considerably, whilst if but few beaters are in the line these broods escape for the time and come in for the later parties of the season. The old birds can be flushed by a few beaters, and it is these that should be killed off as far as possible.

I came across an interesting estimate as to the percentage of old birds in the bag; it is only satisfactory, said the writer, if the percentage of old birds is at least 40 to 60 per cent. It seems to me, however, that the percentage most chiefly depends upon the quality of the breeding season; if every productive couple has an average of five young ones, I should consider it a fair year—six or seven good—and beyond that exceptional. One would expect even with scientific driving an average corresponding to the existing proportions.

A photograph on p. 171 shows a bit of the old pack-road, stretching from Yorkshire across the moors. The stones are well worn by the feet of thousands now long dead and gone, who were wont to carry the produce of the country from Keighley to Colne, Todmorden, and Burnley. Once a week they made the journey with their pack-horses decorated with tinkling bells and gay worsted adornment. Their coming must have been eagerly awaited by many a gossip at the lonely farms on their way; many a merry tale or choice bit of news would the pack-man bring in addition to his wares. Or one may picture them resting at the old inn on the highway, where the landlord (who was evidently a wag) had inscribed on his signboard "Free drinks here to-morrow"; a to-morrow, alas for thirsty but impecunious travellers! that never came.

This is a wild burn-side in Thursden valley. Just above is a fine spring known as Robin Hood's Well, though it is more than doubtful whether that celebrated outlaw ever drank of its ice-cold waters. But perhaps he may have been tempted (he was an adventurous man) to journey with his merry men so far north and see whether he could wing the wary moorcock with an arrow from his redoubtable cross-bow.

The general prospect of sport this year seems to be rather poor. May was far from realising the character bestowed upon it by the poets, who, like the prophets, being human are apt to err. Hard frosts at night were followed by falls of snow which on several days covered the higher portions of the ground, with evil results to the broods so recently hatched, some of whom fell victims to the inclemency of the weather. Still, in many cases their bereaved mothers would nest again, bringing up a second family with every chance in their favour. But this progeny will be immature when

the season begins, and will come in to supplement the stock when the earlier shooting parties are concluded. Pessimistic reports are circulated from many districts, probably not without due reason ; but in my walks over the moorland I have come across many healthy lots of six and seven already strong on the wing, so I personally am not disposed to premature despair.

One example of nesting on Gorple Moor is sufficiently curious to merit a word or two of explanation. It appears that the hen bird



THE NEST

had made her nest in a little depression of the ground where she subsequently found that the water interfered with her comfort in sitting. To obviate this she with great cleverness built up the nest from underneath with coarse grass, thus raising it some three or four inches above its original level. But in the progress of this work five of the eleven eggs in the nest appeared to have been dislodged and fallen close to the original home. It appears that the cock then took up domestic duties and sat on the five outcast eggs in close proximity to his mate, with the result that all the eleven were

eventually hatched. The double nest has been preserved and is still to be seen, though photography has been difficult owing to the position of the object it was desired to take. The keeper on the beat assures me that with the aid of his field glasses he actually saw the cock sitting. Although I have heard of cock partridges doing so, it is a new thing to me in the case of grouse, but I submit the matter to your readers from the results of my own observation. At any rate it is surely improbable in the extreme that two hens would choose to sit on what is practically one nest.

The Grouse Commission, which is pursuing its researches into disease, its causes and possible remedies (entirely at the cost of those who are interested in the problems before it), is likely to do useful work even if it fails in the primary object of its labour. The result of collecting details of every sort regarding the birds, their choice of food at different seasons, their habits, plumage, and general characteristics, will be not less valuable than the ascertaining of the correct methods of burning, draining, and treatment of moorlands, of all of which many proprietors and tenants have been utterly careless, allowing things to go on as they will from season to season. And yet it seems to me that much of the interest to be derived from the possession or tenancy of moors arises from the desire to improve or perfect them—an occupation which is not only concerned with the brief period in which the results are to be seen from the drives, but gives a constant source of pleasant thought and design the whole year through.





HOW MEN GET OUT AT CRICKET

BY A. G. LINNEY

THERE are nine different ways of getting out, of which three may, for all intents and purposes, be neglected, viz.: "Hit the ball twice," "Obstructing the field," and "Handled the ball."

Ask the first ten cricketers you meet which is the commonest way of being dismissed, and probably all of them will reply, "Why, bowled, of course"; and figures indicate that this is a true judgment. On the average (judged by last season's County Championship figures) the number of players who were bowled out is only slightly less than the number got out in all other ways:—

1905. COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

			Wickets to bowler direct. (Includes "hit wkt." and l.b.w.).	Wickets taken otherwise.
Yorkshire	45·7	54·3
Lancashire	43·5	56·5
Sussex	44·3	55·7
Surrey	45·0	55·0
Leicester	45·8	54·2
Kent	46·4	53·6
Warwick	42·4	57·6
Worcester	51·0	49·0
Gloucester	50·7	49·3
Notts	41·7	58·3
Middlesex	44·8	55·2
Essex...	48·9	51·1
Northants	54·5	45·5
Derby	46·8	53·2
Somerset	28·1	71·9
Hants	35·9	64·1

It is clear from these figures that among the leading counties the bowlers are *directly* responsible for the dismissal of nearly half the opponents who face them. The records for Somerset and Hants tell their own tale very clearly; they were short of deadly bowlers, and further examination into their bowling averages show how true this is.

The Yorkshire Eleven of 1894 was, perhaps, the most brilliant fielding side which has taken part in county cricket at any time, so that it is interesting to see the proportion of "wickets direct" and otherwise. Even here, when Peel and Wainwright were in their prime, the wickets taken by bowlers only stand at 42 per cent. of the total, and wicket-keeper and fielders put out 58 per cent. of their opponents.

VICTIMS IN THE 1905 TEST GAMES.

The state of affairs as seen by the record in the series of five games last year between England and the Australians is slightly different. The Colonials secured 43 per cent. of their opponents' wickets by bowling them down, but we bowled out only one in three of the Cornstalks, a proportion much lower than appears in any of the county tables. The excellence of the English fielding (save in the fifth match) was a feature of the Tests, and here again the figures corroborate that impression.

HOW MEN GOT OUT IN THE 1905 TEST MATCHES.

Wickets which fell	...	English	71
		Australian	79
Caught out	...	by English	36
		by Australians	30
Bowled out	...	by English	26
		by Australians	30
Put out	...	by English wicket-keeper			9
		by Australian wicket-keeper			5
L.b.w.	...	to English bowlers	...		5
		to Australian bowlers	...		4
Run out	...	by English fielders	...		3
		by Australian fielders	...		2

THE IMPORTANCE OF CATCHING.

Has not C. B. Fry said: "Give me a side which will take all the catches which are sent and I'll do without first-class bowlers"? While, of course, the so-called chances, as duly chronicled every match, are certainly not always real chances, nevertheless the number of runs hit up by men after being missed is extraordinary. Ask David Denton, for instance. The 1894 Yorkshire Team, already referred to as a magnificent fielding side, took 173 catches in twenty-three games, an average of nearly eight per match; and Gloucester, whose work in the field last year was extra smart, took seven catches each match. The former eleven, in fact, dismissed nearly 40 per cent. of their opponents by catches in the field.

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER OF CATCHES TAKEN BY COUNTY TEAMS
IN CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES IN 1905.

(Exclusive of catches at wicket.)

Yorkshire	187
Sussex	184
Surrey	171
Lancs	162
Hants	133
Kent	132
Gloucester, Warwick	130
Notts	126
Leicester, Derby	118
Somerset	112
Essex	107
Worcester	105
Middlesex	95
Northants	51

The varying number of matches played by the competing teams renders a comparison impossible, even as regards the completed games, for so often a side won either after "declaring" or by an innings. Hence, for example, Northampton's position is explained by the fact that only twelve games were played by that county.

The complete table showing what one may call *the work done in the field* must include the victims of the wicket-keeper and the "run-outs." It would seem that Yorkshire, Kent, Warwick, Derby, Essex, Worcester, and Hants elevents catch better "away" than at home.

COUNTY.	Home Catches.	Away Catches.	Total Catches.	Run Out.	Wicket-keeper's Work.	Total.
Sussex	106	78	184	13	67	264
Yorkshire	90	97	187	9	66	262
Surrey	93	78	171	7	60	238
Lancashire	85	77	162	14	47	233
Kent	54	78	132	7	52	191
Gloucester	69	61	130	14	46	190
Warwick	59	71	130	13	46	189
Notts	69	57	126	9	43	178
Leicester	60	58	118	8	46	172
Hants	69	64	133	6	30	169
Derbyshire	57	61	118	4	44	166
Essex	50	57	107	8	39	154
Somerset	58	54	112	3	24	149
Worcester	46	59	105	8	35	148
Middlesex	61	34	95	5	41	141
Northants	18	33	51	5	16	72

Home and Away Catches do not, of course, include those taken at the wicket: these are counted in under the head of "Wicket-keeper's Work."

THE MEN WHO CAN CATCH BEST.

T. S. Fishwick, Warwick	36
W. Rhodes, Yorks	32
D. Denton, Yorks	31
K. O. Goldie, Sussex	30
A. O. Jones, Notts	28
James Seymour, Kent	28
C. A. Ollivierre, Derby...	26
G. Jessop, Gloucester	24
A. E. Relf, Sussex	23
A. C. Maclaren, Lancs...	23
L. C. Poidevin, Lancs	22
J. Tunncliffe, Yorks	21

The following players caught out five men in one match:—
James Seymour, Fishwick, Jessop, Maclaren.

Four men were caught in one match by:—Fishwick, thrice;
A. O. Jones, twice; James Seymour, twice; Ollivierre and Jessop.

In matches against the Australians, the three Yorkshiremen—
Rhodes, Denton, and Tunncliffe—all caught four men out in different
matches, Rhodes's victims being secured in the Fourth Test Match.

THE WORK OF THE WICKET-KEEPERS.

The men behind the stumps undergo an enormous amount of
battering during the season's cricket, and their smartness has much
to do with the success of the bowlers. The veteran David Hunter
has over a thousand scalps to his girdle in Yorkshire matches, while
Strudwick of Surrey, who in 1903 got rid of 91 opponents at the
wicket, holds record for a season's work.

Last season in County Championship games alone the tally to
the stumpers' credit reads thus:—

Sussex	67	Derby	44
Yorkshire...	66	Notts	43
Surrey	60	Middlesex	41
Kent	52	Essex	39
Lancashire	47	Worcester	35
Gloucester	46	Hants	30
Warwick	46	Somerset	24
Leicester	46	Northants	16

Seven dismissals at the wicket in one match stand to the
credit of Board, Hunter, and Huish, the last-named accomplishing
this feat twice.

Butt (twice), Davis of Leicester, Stedman, and Hunter put out
six men each at different times; while for Derbyshire *v.* Essex at
Leyton Humphries caught five of the nine men who were dismissed
by his side.

LEG BEFORE WICKET.

It is open to question if the fashion of playing the ball with the legs in defence of the wickets, against which there was once so much outcry, has led in reality to a great increase in l.b.w. victims. There were 169 Championship games in 1905, and in twenty-nine of these there was no record of a case of l.b.w. Wilfred Rhodes got a dozen men out thus during the season, and he stands easily first in this direction, John Gunn, Lees, Hayes, and Bestwick following, some distance behind, with eight each—all these totals coming from County Championship records only. As has already been seen in the analysis of Test Matches, five per cent. of those who got out had "leg before" opposite their names.

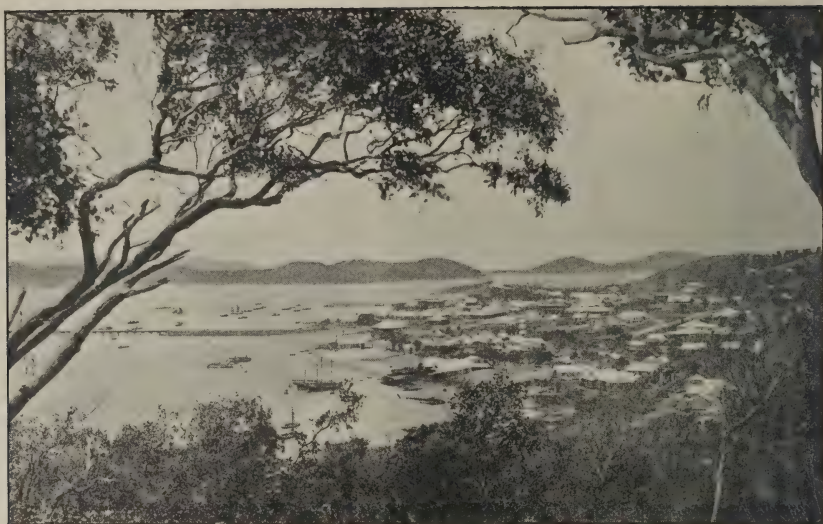
Warwickshire players appear to have a special knack of getting in front, for when playing Sussex five of them were out thus, and precisely the same number were l.b.w. against Yorkshire, four being so in one innings.

RUN OUT.

No fewer than 134 cases of this unsatisfactory style of exit occurred in the Championship games last year. In the match at Birmingham between Warwick and Surrey as many as five men were thus got rid of among the twenty-seven who were out!

Somerset have an unenviable record in this respect. The team succeeded in running out only three of their opponents in the whole season, while on eleven occasions in home matches alone had a Somerset man to retire run out. In fact one man in every thirteen fell in this way.





PORT KENNEDY, THURSDAY ISLAND

TORRES STRAITS PEARLS AND PEARLERS

BY HEDLEY VICARS CROSSFIELD

We've painted the islands vermillion,
We've pearl'd on half-shares in the bay.

AN insignificant unit of an inconspicuous group of islands known as the Prince of Wales Group, Thursday Island has not only become a commercial centre of considerable importance, but it has attained a position that is really unique among the islands of Australasia. Situated some thirty miles north-west of Cape York, the most northerly point of Queensland, in the straits named after the celebrated navigator De Torres, who was the first to sail through them, the island lies right in the track of the shipping between Great Britain (Eastern route), China and Japan, and the Australian ports; and possessing the finest harbour on the Queensland coast, it has naturally become a port of call and coaling station for many lines of steamships.

It also plays an important part in the coastal defence scheme, for Port Kennedy is a garrison town, and the acacia-clad heights overlooking the harbour are crowned with artillery. It is the home of the far-famed Torres Straits pilots who take the southward-bound ships inside the Great Barrier Reef; but it is as the headquarters of

the Torres Straits pearl and pearl-shell fisheries that Thursday Island lays claim to a world-wide fame. The Torres Straits shell was first discovered in 1865 on the Waipa Reef, about sixty miles from the island. The shellers' headquarters were established at Somerset, on the mainland side of the Albany Pass, a few miles from Cape York, one of the most beautiful spots on the Queensland coast. The Government Resident and the police were stationed there at the time, but they and the shellers moved to Thursday Island about a decade later, to take advantage of its harbour and shipping facilities. The town, Port Kennedy, is scarcely picturesque in itself, but from the heights above it a magnificent view may be



"SKETIV BELL," A TYPICAL PEARLING SCHOONER

obtained. The ocean, especially during the monsoon season, blazes with brilliant colours; purple cloud-shadows flit over the surface, where sapphire and turquoise are blended; landward the waters—limpid, emerald, lovely—are fringed with gold by the shifting sands of the shallows; cinnamon-coloured coral reefs, set in surf as white as snow, are scattered far as eye can reach in serpentine shapes and crescents; and the pearl-ers' boats like flecks of foam peep over the purple horizon, swaggering home on snowy sail on a tide of singular swiftness.

The term "pearler" or "sheller" is applied generically to the captains, managers, and clerks of the boats engaged in the industry. The typical Torres Straits pearl-ers are men of fine physique, whose

self-reliance and courage are daily demonstrated by the resource and readiness with which they face the dangers incidental to their calling. Their clothes are so scanty when they are at work that they are tanned from top to toe to a mahogany tint by the rays of the tropical sun, and the deep bronze of their faces is accentuated by the glint of their clear eyes and white teeth. It is not now usual for them to own the boats they work, for "pearling on half-shares" is no longer the lucrative concern it once was. This is due partly to the immense fall in the price of the shell itself, and partly to the fact that the boats have to proceed to a greater distance, and the



DIVER AWAITING HELMET AND PREPARING TO DESCEND

divers to descend to a greater depth, than was formerly the case, for the fishing grounds near the island have been either exhausted or closed.

The boats are owned principally by companies, and the ranks of the small owners will doubtless be further thinned by reason of the present slump. Most of the pearlers are natives of Australia or New Zealand, though a few come from further afield. The divers are mainly Japs, Malays, Rhotumahs, and Manilamen, the Japs being by far the most expert and industrious workers. The island possesses ten fleets of pearling luggers, each of which is supplied with provisions by its accompanying schooner. There are also

several smaller fleets working from the shore which take sufficient provisions with them for their five or six weeks' trip.

The largest fleet contains twenty boats. During the period of the north-west trades, called the nor'-west season, lasting from November to March, work is practically discontinued owing to the dirty water and boisterous weather. This may also occur for three or four weeks at a time during the south-east trades, which blow more or less during the remainder of the year, sometimes with immense force. The fishing used to be carried on as far south as Cooktown, but since the terrible and disastrous hurricane of 1899 the men will not work inside the Barrier Reef, and in any case the shell obtainable thereabouts is of inferior quality, much of it being of the black-lipped variety.

On an average the so-called luggers are of about twelve tons; they are not really luggers, being ketch-rigged. They will stand very heavy weather, and some of them are as good sea-boats as any of their tonnage in the world. Most of them are built on the island



A TYPICAL NORTH QUEENSLAND LIGHTHOUSE, INSIDE THE GREAT BARRIER, LOW WOODY ISLAND

by the Japanese. Each lugger has a complement of six or seven coloured men, viz. the diver, the tender who looks after him when he is at work on the bottom, and the sailors. A schooner's complement consists of (white) the captain, the manager, and one or two clerks, and (coloured) the bo's'n and sailors. The manager is "boss" in practically everything save the working of the ship, and he directs the captain as to changing quarters from one shelling ground to another. Collecting-boats which carry the shell from the luggers to the schooners are open centre-board boats of twenty-foot keel. They usually visit the luggers daily, though they may be delayed for as much as a week by the rough weather.

There are two forms of diving: that performed in diver's costume, and that without, the latter being known as "swimming diving." The former is, of course, much the more practised of the two. In the latter "goggles" or spectacles are used; these are a wonderful aid to the sight, converting a mere swirl of green waters into a medium of almost atmospheric transparency. The swimmers work in comparatively shallow water—that is, in from three to five fathoms, though some can work in as much as ten. They carry a bag suspended from their necks as a temporary receptacle for the shell. The diver works, with short intervals, from sunrise to sunset, in fact as long as he can see. Divers in dress are hardly ever attacked by sharks; even swimmers are not frequently, for they keep



SWIMMERS, WITH GOGGLES

a sharp look-out, and do not venture far from their boat. If they spy a shark swimming near the surface when they are on the bottom, they lie *perdu* as long as possible to give him time to shift, and are generally able to dash on board before they have been discovered, or at any rate before their foe has had time to intercept them.

Sharks apparently do not rush a man so readily in mid-ocean where they can easily obtain their ordinary food, as they do in the harbours and estuaries where their appetite for a different diet has been whetted by garbage of all sorts. The swimmers, however, do not eat meat on board the boats where they are working, lest the refuse should attract these enemies, and even rejected pieces of turtle and dugong are disposed of when changing from one fishing ground to another.

Diving in dress is performed in from six to thirty fathoms, though at the latter depth it is extremely dangerous. Ten fathoms is about the average, and at this depth the dips vary from half to three-quarters of an hour in duration. In thirty fathoms the men are limited to five minutes by the watch. The waters at this depth are really closed by Government, because they are so dangerous; but a diver will apparently run any risk rather than return, once he is "on shell." Of course the so-called pressure-effects from diving vary with the organ affected.

A diver sometimes expires as soon as he returns to the surface; or he may come up apparently sound, and fall over dead upon the deck after removing his dress; paralysis of the lower extremities may supervene with more or less rapidity after his return to the upper world; or it may be that he suffers from transient giddiness, pain in the head, and sickness—



ON BOARD A PEARLER IN THE STRAITS

the only indications of his narrow escape from death. The doctor who attends those cases which reach the hospital says that a couple of months' rest in bed with mild electrical applications suffice completely to restore the majority, and that he considers the rapid recoveries due to the fact that the lesions present in these cases are limited hæmorrhages or effusions into the membranes and spaces round, and not into the substance of the spinal cord. It is the too sudden removal of the pressure—and not, as seems popularly believed, the pressure itself—that causes these pathological conditions. This is exemplified by the similar though milder symptoms sometimes shown by those attaining great elevations in mountaineering.

Great ingenuity has been shown in the manufacture of the different diving dresses that have been tried from time to time, but even the attires still in use are inadequate to protect the diver from the pressure to which he is subjected. One variety was constructed like a suit of armour, with greaves at the joints, but it failed because these became locked when the diver stooped. Diving is carried on when a boat is at anchor, or when drifting with a couple of turns of chain round her anchor, or when she is "free."

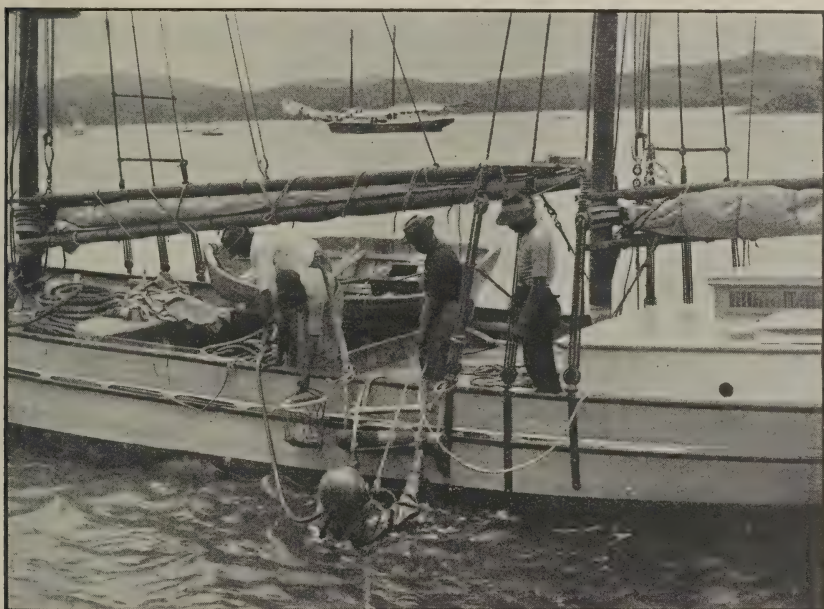
Pearl shell are not found on a sand or mud bottom; they rest on a shell or reef bottom. Of course many a dip is made without a single shell resulting, but when on shell a diver will frequently return with as many as six or seven, and under exceptionally favourable conditions he may obtain as many as twenty in a single dip. The shells when placed on the lugger's deck open from the heat of the sun, and every opportunity is then afforded for the surreptitious removal of any large pearl they may contain. The insertion of a wedge of wood to prevent the mollusc from closing its shell, and the dexterous manipulation of a piece of bent wire, is all that is necessary to enrich a diver perhaps to the extent of several hundred pounds. The Japanese will never betray the perpetrators, but the natives are less discreet, so the wily Japs send them ashore, ostensibly for wood and water, when they contemplate a *coup* of this description. The gristly part of the flesh of the pearl-oyster is not bad eating when curried or baked, after it has been dried in the sun.

When the shells are brought on board the schooners they are removed from the bags, and are placed in heaps on the deck, each heap being marked with a piece of wood to indicate which lugger they came from. They are then opened—an ordinary dinner-knife, with a long handle to give a good grip, being used for the purpose. Search is now made for any pearls or blisters they may contain. The "fish" are removed, and the shells are divided and cleaned, all superfluous shell being chipped off. Next they are weighed, each diver receiving a small percentage according to the weight of his catch. Packing the shell into cases is the next process; they are then shipped—mostly to London, whither the greater number of the pearls also are sent. Some of the shells are shipped to New York, and some of the pearls are sold to local dealers.

The price of pearls should not be higher in the island than elsewhere; nevertheless it is said that a well-known pearl expert made the expenses of a trip to Sydney and back by buying pearls in that town and selling them to dealers in the island on his return. No one can say what is the value of the annual output of pearls from the island, because such large numbers leave by devious channels, but it is probably between £35,000 and 45,000. It is well

known that large numbers of pearls that have been filched are sold every year, in fact by some it is computed that about 50 per cent. of the pearls disappear in this way.

The shapes of pearls are (in order of merit) spherical, drop, long drop, button (high and flat), egg, pear, and barrel. Pearls are generally found in the flesh of the "fish"—the best being at the lip, the next best at the butt, and sometimes a good pearl is lying loose in the shell, in process of being got rid of. "Barroque" is the name given to those pearls of irregular shape and no value that are generally lying in the fibres of the abductor muscle.

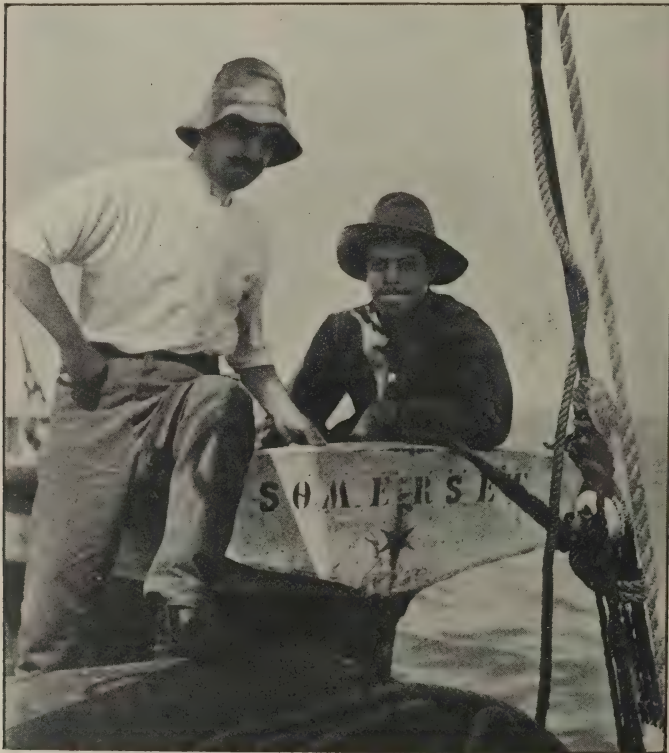


DIVER JUST RETURNED TO THE SURFACE, SHOWING BAG CONTAINING SHELL

The high price of the best pearls will be easily understood when it is remembered that as many as three thousand consecutive shells have been opened without a vestige of anything in the way of a pearl, good or bad, being discovered. From 1,000 to 1,100 tons of shell are sent to London every year, or about £100,000 worth at present prices. Now shell is only worth from £90 to £100 per ton, and at this rate owners are losing money in carrying on the fishery. The material is used for making cutlery-handles, buttons, card-counters, and table ornaments, and it is the substitution of aluminium for nacre or mother-of-pearl in the manufacture of these articles that is believed to have so seriously affected the price. A few years ago shell was

booming; it actually reached £410 per ton, and it is believed that the fashion, so universal at that time, of wearing enormous mother-of-pearl buttons partly accounted for this.

The wage of a good diver is £150 per annum, and that of a tender is £50. The licence for a lugger is from £3 10s. to £5 or £6 per annum, that for a schooner is £20, and in addition to this pilotage has to be paid for at so much per ton. Every diver has to pay



ON BOARD MR. JARDINE'S PEARLER "SOMERSET"

£1 yearly for his licence, and each member of the crew pays a shilling per month towards the hospital.

It takes from fifteen to sixteen hundred shell of average size to weigh a ton, though from seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred large ones will weigh as much. A shell was found on the coast of New Guinea some years ago that weighed 23 lb. The owner asked £15 for his find, but it is almost needless to say that he did not get it. The West Australian pearl fishery is supposed to produce a greater quantity of shell than that of Torres Straits, but the latter

is probably responsible for a larger number of valuable pearls than any other fishery in the world.

Port Darwin, the port of the Northern Territory of South Australia, possesses several small fleets of pearling boats which work from the shore. Broome, the headquarters of the West Australian fleets, is neither such a pleasant nor centrally situated town as Port Kennedy. Various attempts have been made, by the introduction of foreign bodies, to induce the *Meleagrina margaritifera* to form pearls as a self-protective measure, but these attempts have been unsuccessful so far. The propagation of the pearl-oyster itself is,



WEIGHING AND PACKING THE PEARL SHELL AND STENCILLING THE BOXES

however, being attempted by a well-known English firm who have purchased an island in the South Seas for that purpose. The project is being carried out under the supervision of Saville Kent, a prominent English scientist.

The manner of transporting the living oysters from their habitat to the island is most ingenious: rows of tubs are placed in the vessel's 'tween decks, one row higher than the other; a stream of sea water is kept running into each higher tub, and thence into the one below it, the overflow being carried off by a chute. The shells are set on their butts—about a dozen are placed in each tub—sufficient room being allowed for them to open and feed. These fish

are distributed in the shallow waters of the lagoons where the tide ebbs and flows, and where they will spat. It has been stated that glass-bottomed boats will be used so that the well-being of the fish in their new surroundings can be noted.

It is amusing to watch the native crews when ashore pursuing their respective managers, who are likewise their paymasters, for the ever-necessary cash. They haunt the halls, corridors, and balconies of the hotels—Japs, Malays, and Manilamen, New Guinea boys and Solomon Islanders, each with the same laudable object in view, viz. that of raising the wind. Nearly every hotel possesses a billiard room set apart from the main building for the use of these coloured gentry, and this is thronged with a motley laughing crowd of all sorts and shades from morn till night. Of course the law does not permit of natives being served with alcoholic drinks, but “what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for,” and moreover it is a simple matter for their friends who are not thus debarred to obtain it for them. In spite of this, fights and stabbing affrays are extremely rare. Formerly, however, there were serious riots between the Manilamen and the South Sea Islanders, who cherish a long-standing grudge against one another, and this has been fostered for their own purpose by people who should know better.

In conclusion it may be remarked that Thursday Island has been not inappropriately named “Thirsty Island”; in fact tersely and truly—in several senses—has it been said, “The sea hath its pearls, and the island hath its sponges.”





PALI HILL GOLF CLUB-HOUSE

AN INDIAN GOLF LINKS

BY W. P. PECHEY

GOLF in India is quite a different game from golf in England. Without an abundance of turf good links and good play are impossible ; and as the climate of India generally consists of nine months' drought and three months' deluge, turf is unknown in India, except in a few specially favoured places. Whence it follows that the golf links of India, and the game played over them, are "things undreamed of" by English golfers.

But the Anglo-Indian who wants to play golf soon abandons his home-made prejudices about good and bad golf links. India is a land of makeshifts, wherein necessity breeds strange children. In a country where crops are sown, grown, and harvested without horse or plough-share or scythe, surely golf-links can be made and golf can be played without turf!

Without turf, we say, but not altogether without grass, or, at all events, greenness. When, after long months of drought, the heavens become black with clouds and the welcome rains begin to fall, then the face of the earth, as if touched by the wand of a magician, is changed from a barren desert into a verdant pasture

land, and the heart of the golfer rejoices. But even then he is very far from finding a golfing paradise. On the low-lying ground, the barren dusty soil changes into mud with its rich crop of weeds and grasses of all kinds, while on better drained places a thin coat of hariali grass is seldom sufficient to tee the ball. Still, there is a grip in the ground when it is wet. The ball "holds" a little when it pitches, and if you take it very cleanly you can play a brassy through the green without disastrous results. Indeed, were it not for the fact that you play in cotton clothing, no coat on your back, and a big sun helmet on your head, and frequently wipe



DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE

the sweat from your face (the shade temperature in the rains averages 85), you might think you were playing real golf.

When the rainy season is over no such deception of mind is possible. The sun's supremacy is then not disputed by cloud or shower. The ground is baked hard and brown; here and there patched with grass, grey and "sparse as hair in leprosy," and elsewhere inches deep in dust. The ball, after pitching, bounds into the air again with renewed activity, and then rattles over the ground like a pea on a plate. The poorest driver temporarily becomes a Braid. A brassy is of as little use as a buffy, and a rubber-cored ball seems possessed with a devil.

None the less golf is popular in India. And rightly so. The good fellowship it promotes, the healthy exercise it affords, the opportunities it offers for debate, humour, and rivalry, are not confined to links where perfection reigns, but flourish as happily on links such as ours.

Twelve miles north of Bombay, just across the creek which separates Bombay Island from the adjoining island of Salsette, lies the village of Bandra. Not many years ago Bandra was a collection of mud huts; now it has developed into an important suburb, with a service of fast trains to and from Bombay; and it and its neighbour-



PUTTING ON THE FOURTH GREEN

ing village, Pali, are rapidly becoming covered with bungalows. Pali, or Pali Hill, as it is more commonly called, is, in the language of the guide book, a small eminence on the south-west corner of Salsette, charmingly situated amidst groves of palms and mangoes, bounded on the one side by the azure waters of the Arabian Sea, and on the other by the low-lying rice fields where the patient ryot toils for his daily bread. Here, we may add to this effusion, a European community has settled, and in due course a golf links followed their arrival.

Our links comprise a very limited area, for the hill itself is small, and a large portion of it which has not been cleared for bungalows

has been planted with mango trees. Only the western slope has been left clear, and this, with the open space between it and the sea-shore, leaves us about forty acres for our links, which are 2,200 yards long, but involve a good deal of crossing. The names of the holes are as follows:—

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. Plas Greaves. | 6. Cliff. |
| 2. Casuarina. | 7. Sethdavie. |
| 3. Mango. | 8. Danda. |
| 4. Hill-side. | 9. Rotten Row. |
| 5. Punch Bowl. | |

Some of the names need explanation. No. 1 is called after a palatial building near the links, built by the president of the



VIEW FROM THE FOURTH GREEN, LOOKING SOUTH

club for a country residence. Nos. 2 and 3, as many of your readers will know, are the names of trees. Nos. 4, 5, and 6 speak for themselves; 7 and 8 are called after Indian villages adjoining the links. No. 9 is a masterpiece of nomenclature. The line to this hole is alongside a path, down which we ride to get to the Versova sands. The ground which adjoins this path is very rough and stony. Whence "Rotten Row"!

Our limited acreage necessitates the holes being short ones. In the dry weather, with rubber-cored balls, all but the last two holes

can be driven from the tee. These two last holes are the worst in the course. They leave very little room for error in the long game, one being bounded by padday fields and the graveyard, and the other by padday fields and the rocky slopes. Moreover, even if a ball is driven absolutely straight down the centre of the course, in either case the odds are in favour of it lying badly for the next shot, which is a full one.

Our best holes are the first, fifth, and sixth. The first requires a full shot to reach the green, which is in a slight hollow, guarded



BUNKERED—PLAYING TO THE FIFTH HOLE

by jungle and rough ground and a stone wall. A good drive will pitch over the wall and land your ball somewhere near the green. If, however, it is sliced or pulled, it will generally be out of bounds, and if topped it will be in a road or under a stone wall. The fifth hole is a "blind" hole, and requires a well-played three-quarter mashie shot, which must carry a wall and cactus hedge, and some very rough and rocky ground. A "topped" ball, as the photograph shows, is very badly punished. About 200 yards from the next tee, which is on the top of a hill, is the sixth hole. A sliced ball is not

much punished here, except in the rains, when two ponds—or tanks as they are called here—are full to overflowing; but a ball topped or pulled is generally in trouble, and this “trouble” is, as a rule, no laughing matter. Alas that it is not only bad shots that get into trouble! So many and so varied are the bad lies on Indian links, even “on the course,” that an Anglo-Indian golfer may be recognised on English links by his proficiency with his niblick. The bad lies, of course, are mainly due to climatic influences above referred to, but the loose stones in the soil are also largely responsible for them. The task of Sisyphus was as hopeless as ours is.



VIEW FROM THE SIXTH TEE, SHOWING THE EIGHTH GREEN

The fifth green is away to the left. The black spots on the ground are fishermen's nets, rolled up to be carted away, having been dried

We have spent hundreds of rupees in labour to rid us of these pestilent stones, but it avails nothing. A new crop springs up within a fortnight of the removal of the old one. Even our putting greens—which, by the way, are not green but brown—are not free from stones. Grass greens are not possible, even in the rains, so we prepare smooth circular patches of earth, beat them flat, and sprinkle them with sand to hold up the ball. We carefully pick out all the loose stones when preparing these greens, but others unfailingly appear. In India, putting is neither an art nor an inspiration, but a thing of hopes and fears and—disasters.

Our bunkers proper deserve a paragraph to themselves. They are stone walls, cactus hedges, padday fields, a grave-yard, and—the golfer's special abhorrence—trees. If the whole duty of a bunker were to frighten the player and stop his ball when it is not properly hit, our bunkers would be difficult to beat. But a good bunker should also afford a chance of recovery, and our bunkers do not do that. Not only that, they do not always allow a chance of playing at all! The way in which our bunkers swallow golf balls is ruinous to the temper, and—now, at two rupees a time—ruinous to the pocket also.

Our club-house is small, and provides no luxuries, save those

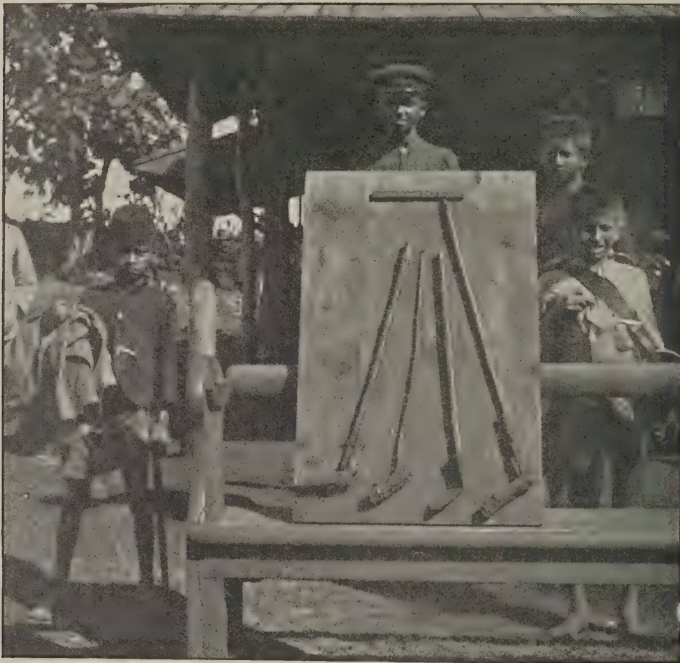


ANOTHER VIEW FROM THE SIXTH TEE, FACING NORTH, SHOWING DANDA,
A FISHING VILLAGE

which, on Saturdays and Sundays, an enterprising Goanese gentleman dispenses, well-iced, at reasonable rates. The house is not pucca built. That is, it is not made of bricks and mortar with a view to lasting half a life-time. We are but sojourners here. The irrepressible Parsi builder will, ere long, be sure to spoil our links. The club-house therefore is built out of old railway wagons with plenty of screws, and nails, and paint, to make it hold together, and keep off the sun and rain—for a season.

Our caddies leave little to be desired except in respect of

clothes. When we first began to play golf on Pali Hill they had about as much clothing as the pigmies at the Hippodrome, and like them were rather doubtful performers. Since then, however, they have become better in both respects. And as they mark down the ball exceedingly well, and do not talk, and generally keep up, and take some interest in the play (especially when it is good), and only get the equivalent of twopence for each round of nine holes, we have no cause to complain of them. Some of the keener spirits among them play when they find an old ball, and reproduce our style, if not our scores, with much success. A few of their home-



CLUBS MADE BY THE BOYS OF DANDA VILLAGE, PURCHASED FROM THEM
AND KEPT IN THE CLUB-HOUSE

made clubs hang on a board in our club-house. Who can say that their golf will end here? When the English first played cricket in India, did the natives then dream of meeting them on the cricket field? Yet now Hindu and Parsi cricketers beat Bombay Presidency cricketers. It may be that in the next century an Englishman will play an Indian for the championship of Pali Hill Golf Club.



THE LOST PLEIAD

BY LORD MONCREIFF

ONE fine May morning many years ago a star of the first magnitude disappeared from the firmament of cricket and was seen no more of cricketing men, and that before many cricket astronomers had detected its existence.

On that morning one Maddox, of St. Catharine's Hall, a freshman, left Cambridge by an inconveniently early train for a destination unknown; not of his own free will—far from it, but in obedience to the inexorable fiat of the Dons. What his precise offence was did not transpire. All that was known was that it was some gross outrage on the Junior Dean of his college; whether by word of mouth, practical joke, or, as some would have it, an assault upon the sacred person of the Don, was not disclosed, but it was evidently something very bad. A hurried conclave of the Dons was summoned late at night with the result that Maddox was "sent packing" (which, from what we know of his wardrobe, would not take long) with a view to his catching the 7.45 a.m. train next morning.

There was a tradition that during the brief period which elapsed between the commission of the offence and the expulsion of the offender Maddox was observed to have a black or blue eye; and this gave rise to the rumour that the Junior Dean had shown fight (which raised him hugely in the estimation of the college), and led to the humourist of the college remarking that "at least Maddox had got his blue before he was expelled." It seems to me, however, that this must have been just one of those legends which we find connected with the histories of all our great men.

So far, perhaps, there was nothing very remarkable in the case. Undergraduates in the exuberance of their youthful spirits *will* sometimes outrage the Dons, and must suffer accordingly. But what was mysterious in this case was the total disappearance after expulsion of a man who promised to be, perhaps, the most formidable left-hand bowler of his time. He was never heard of again in England, although he was fit to play for the Gentlemen of England or in any county eleven, and even if a justly-indignant parent shipped him off to the Colonies one would have supposed that he would have been heard of there; but he vanished, and was seen and heard of no more.

I never had the privilege of meeting Mr. Maddox nor of seeing him bowl. My information about him is derived entirely from my friend Wilton, who happened to be captain of the Cambridge Eleven at the time of Maddox's meteoric appearance and fall. Wilton was several years younger than myself, but we had a good deal in common. In particular, during my time at Cambridge I played with or against several well-known cricketers who in his time still lingered on the stage—rather more portly, perhaps, rather less inclined to respond to a call for a close run, more inclined to ask to be allowed to field at point or short leg, but still men to be reckoned with and names of power in the M.C.C.

While I was at Cambridge I knew intimately two successive captains of the eleven, and therefore had the means of knowing the trouble they sometimes had in filling up vacancies. There was no favouritism. According to honourable tradition they felt bound and endeavoured to get the best men wherever they were to be found, and sometimes unsuspected talent was discovered in most unlikely quarters. Rough diamonds, though good cricketers, were occasionally exhumed.

To return to my friend Wilton. One time when I met him at a country house I was curious to know what his experience as captain had been, and I asked him whether he had had much trouble in filling up vacancies, or any remarkable experiences.

He thought for a little, and then he said: "Well, I don't think I can tell you much you don't know about that. But stay, there was one rather peculiar episode during my captaincy. I had a good deal of trouble, especially during my second year as captain. It was rather a thankless office: for one man you pleased you offended six. In the first year no fewer than eight of the old men remained, and I had only three vacancies to fill up; but in the second year there were five vacancies, and although I succeeded in getting three very good bats and a fair change bowler, I was still a man short; besides, we were badly in want of bowling, because we had only two bowlers who could be depended upon, and the change bowler whom I have mentioned, and lobs. Accordingly, strong as we were in batting, if we were to win the University Match it was absolutely necessary to get another good bowler, and I was very anxious, if possible, to get a left-hand one. Quite by accident I found one. A friend of mine whose judgment I trusted, although he had given up cricket for boating, said to me one day: 'Why don't you give that man in Cat's a trial?' I said I had never heard of him. He said, 'Oh, I came across him quite by accident. I was crossing Parker's Piece the other day when my attention was attracted by a match I suppose between Cat's and Queens', or some

such small college match, in which a short, dark, left-handed man was bowling with intense energy. I watched him for about twenty minutes, and I can say confidently that he is one of the finest left-hand bowlers that I have seen. During the time that I watched him he knocked over his opponents like nine-pins, first hitting them all over the body and then taking their wickets. Maddox of Cat's was his name; but it should have been Moloch. I think it is worth while your giving him a trial; but, remember, I don't answer for him socially. You'll see what he is like,' and he went off chuckling.

"Well, I wrote to Maddox of Cat's, asking him to play against the M.C.C. on the following Friday and Saturday, and received a curt acceptance. On the Friday morning we were all at Fenner's at half-past eleven except Maddox, and as I had lost the toss I thought we had better go on with a substitute, and said, rather angrily, 'I wonder what has become of that fellow Maddox.' A voice behind me said, 'I have been here for half an hour, sir,' and on looking round I saw a short, dark man in rather shabby morning clothes and round hat.

"I said, 'Are you Maddox of Cat's?'

"'I fancy so,' he answered, cheekily.

"'Well then,' I said, 'change your things and look sharp.'

"He disappeared into the pavilion and was out again in thirty seconds. He was in his stocking soles, and minus his hat, coat, waistcoat, and collar.

"I said, 'You are not going to play without shoes, are you?'

"'Ain't I just!' he replied; 'you'll see!'

"I offered him a pair of shoes, but he would not hear of it, and as we were late I let him come out as he was. I put him on at the orchard end in the second over. He began operations by whirling his left arm round like a windmill; and, beckoning to the wicket-keeper that he wished to bowl a trial ball, he bowled one at such a pace and with such a break that good old Strong missed it and it went to the boundary. He then began real business, and I never saw a finer left-hand bowler. He took a long run, starting with two tremendous bounds or leaps. The first three balls of the over all pitched straight. The first broke sharply to the off, the second twisted towards leg, the third was dead straight without any break or twist and tore the middle stump out of the ground.

"My new recruit then threw a semi-somersault, and lay on his back laughing boisterously. All through the innings he kept making running comments by no means respectful to the M.C.C. men, and their umpire heard them against his will and with intense disgust.

"The next man in was old Tommy Wigram, whom, of course, you knew (the biggest man in the cricket world at the time), and as

he slowly approached the wicket Maddox said to the umpire: 'Who is that stout old party coming in?' The umpire said 'That is Mr. T. G. Wigram, sir.' 'Never heard of him,' said Maddox, 'but I'll make him sit up.' Only one ball of the over remained, and certainly Wigram had a narrow escape, because the ball which broke to the off almost touched the off stump. Maddox turned round to the umpire and said ecstatically, 'Did you see that? You could not have put a toothpick between 'em.'

"He didn't have a chance to bowl to Wigram for an over or two, but when he did he announced to the umpire his firm intention of doing for him. The veteran, however, was not so easily got rid of. The first three balls he either played or left judiciously alone, and then Maddox, getting impatient, observed confidentially to the umpire: 'I'll have to bowl him off his stomach after all'—and he did!

"Well, it is not necessary to go through the rest of the innings. We got the whole eleven down for about 70 runs, Maddox bowling six and catching one, which was hit back to him very hard by a bat who had been rendered impatient by the way in which the balls worked, and ran out to one of them.

"When the innings finished it was about luncheon time. I can't remember whether he put on his boots for lunch or not. His coat? No. He was certainly not troubled with shyness or reverence for his seniors, and conversed freely and familiarly with the strangers, who took the whole thing very good-naturedly, and seemed amused by his performances. His favourite terms of address were, 'old boy' or 'old cock.'

"We had a very strong batting eleven, and led by at least 150 runs when the stumps were drawn after the last wicket fell. I took Maddox aside, and told him that he had a good chance of the eleven, but that he must dress himself properly, and that next day we would rig him out in flannels and shoes. He said he thought he could manage the flannels but he couldn't bowl in shoes. I told him he must or I couldn't take him to Lord's. He went off muttering to himself. Next day he turned up punctually and I stood over him while he got into the flannels which we had brought for him. He then looked ruefully at the shoes. I told him he must look sharp and put them on, which at length he did very sulkily, and we went out into the field.

"His first ball was phenomenal. Immediately after delivering it he fell flat on his face, and the ball nearly hit point on the head. On that there followed from the bowler a torrent of very bad language. He tore off the shoes, threw them towards the umpire, and went on with his over.

"After that he bowled just as well as he bowled the day before, and we won easily in an innings. His antics and remarks were of the same class and as choice as before. At the end of the match I spoke to him very seriously and told him that he must practise playing in shoes, and that I would give him another chance the following week.

"I wrote to ask him to play against the Town, but got no answer; and, as I was passing Cat's, I thought I would at any rate call for him and see what he was up to. I asked the porter whether Mr. Maddox was in. The man grinned and said, 'No, sir, he went down last Tuesday.' I asked, 'Why? He promised to play on Saturday'; and the man grinned still more and said, 'You had better ask the Junior Dean, sir. Mr. Maddox was expelled.'

"We never could find out exactly what had happened, but he was an irresponsible creature, a born larrikin, and probably in his elation at his performance at Fenner's his natural brazen impudence became uncontrollable and he insulted the Junior Dean so grossly that he had to be sacked."

"Did you never hear of him again?" I asked.

"No," said Wilton, "that is the strange thing about it; he was out and out the best bowler of his year, but I never heard of his playing anywhere. What became of him none of us ever could find out."

I should have said at the outset that this story has the advantage of being true in all essential particulars. Of course the real names of men and colleges have not been given; but the greatest stickler for matters of fact may rest assured that what I have said about Maddox's prowess on the one hand, and *per contra* of his stocking-soles, manners, and final extinction, are in substance absolutely true. It is extremely doubtful whether Wilton, autocrat as he was, could ever have induced Maddox to play in shoes, or whether the latter could have bowled in shoes as effectively as he did without them; but, owing probably to losing him, Cambridge was beaten that year at Lord's.

In conclusion I may mention that a cricketing Don (not of Cat's) likened Maddox to the Lost Pleiad. Another said that he reminded him of the young Marcellus and murmured Virgil's lines:

Ostendent tervis hunc tantum fata neque ultra
Esse sinent.

a quotation which very felicitously describes the remorseless action of the fates or powers of Cat's. But we may be sure that this classical idealisation of Maddox did not commend itself to the Junior Dean of that college, whose views concerning the lost sizar were far otherwise.



MINGLED PERFUMES OF THE WOODS—THE GALLOWES

EXPERIENCES OF A GENTLEMAN GAME-KEEPER

BY ONE OF THEM

To begin with, I should like to say that I have long followed successfully the calling thus not too grammatically indicated by my signature, and that without the smallest regret I took the plunge into the cold waters of a gamekeeper's life. At first I found those waters somewhat icy, like a cold bath taken on a winter morning without previous experience. But whether it be a first attempt at gamekeeping or the morning dip in winter that is accomplished successfully, the same glow of satisfaction follows.

Without any intentional desire to deny that I am a fool, I would impress on all who have any idea of taking up gamekeeping seriously that it is impossible for a fool to change into a successful gamekeeper—the days of fairy godmothers are gone. The article by Mr. Millard in the *Badminton Magazine* for February I can endorse from start to finish as a sound collection of practical advice to the would-be gentleman gamekeeper. Mr. Millard wrote: "A man intent on becoming a keeper may consider it sufficient to serve an apprenticeship on an up-to-date game farm, but there he

can learn only the rearing of pheasants and their management in confinement, and leaves as ignorant as ever of the multitudinous duties a trained keeper is expected to perform." True; but personally I am of opinion that a course of instruction on a game farm is really the best start for a gentleman on the road to gamekeeping, and for the following reasons:—Should he discover that, after all, he does not wish to pursue the attempt further, he can give it up at any time, and resume his social position without let or hindrance. For he has been only a pupil on a game farm. But when he has



A GOOD HAUL OF STOATS—A LITTER OF TEN

once become a real keeper, worn livery, and taken any tips he is so lucky as to have offered to him—well, that is another thing altogether, so far as clearing the fences of conventionality is concerned. My own impression, however, is that while you work as a keeper you possess an unequalled opportunity of discovering those among your supposed friends who are worthy of the name. Of course while on duty, that is to say while with your employer or his guests, you must be prepared to ignore absolutely your own friends and relations. I make it an inflexible rule never to presume in any way,

or to take any advantage from the fact that I am, in private life, sometimes in divers ways perhaps not greatly the inferior of those with whom I am brought into official contact.

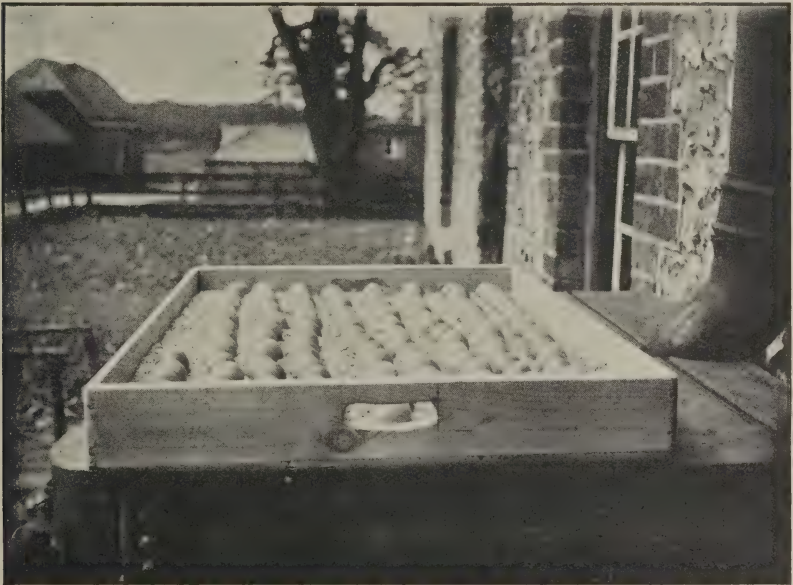
Another strong reason for recommending a course on a game farm is that you can learn thereon in the quickest way the art—and drudgery—of pheasant rearing; and a knowledge of pheasant rearing is, in these days of gluttonous shooting, the sheet-anchor of a game-keeper's education. Look at the advertisements of keepers seeking fresh places. In nine cases out of ten you will see words to this effect: "Thoroughly experienced in the management of aviaries and the rearing of so many thousands of pheasants annually." If a man applied for a post, and was known to be well up in every other branch of a keeper's duties, but lacked the knowledge of pheasant rearing, what would be his chance of getting the berth? This should not be so, for pheasant rearing, after all is said and done, means only an advanced knowledge of chicken rearing. The man of consummate skill with partridges ought to command the highest wages; but, as a matter of fact, the biggest fool on a shoot is set to give an eye to the partridge ground.

Mr. Millard rightly laid stress on the other points that go to make a successful keeper. Undoubtedly it is in those branches of his work other than pheasant rearing that a keeper has most chance to show his skill, tact, quick decision, and power of organising—the likely fruits of a good education.

I know scores of keepers who, though excellent game rearers, fail to make their game give more than a moderate amount of sport. The ordinary keeper is too fond of the bag, and sporting shooting and bag do not go hand in hand; I think, however, that shooters are partly to blame for this, as when asked what sort of a day they have had, they invariably give the bag for answer—without the true qualifying remarks they ought to make in justice to the keeper. And I also know scores of gentlemen who have shot all their lives, but who are quite incapable of running a simple day's shooting with any measure of success; either they do not possess the power of observation, or any practical knowledge they have they are unable usefully to apply.

So soon as I could run I acquired a determined love for rabbits, and quickly the damping experience that they could run faster than I. In spite of unbroken failures my sister and myself persevered, urged on by the suggestion of our nurse that the dumping of salt on a rabbit's tail would enable us to capture it. One of our childhood's dreams was to live for ever in a shepherd's hut in a field of rape, to which thousands of wood-pigeons flocked. We thought, in those sanguine days of childhood, that we could make our fortunes by

shooting those pigeons. To miss a pigeon seemed impossible then ! Of poachers we talked with awe by day, and at night had horrible poacher nightmares. One autumn day my sister, brother, and self hit on the idea to run home shrieking that we had been attacked by poachers ; to lend colour to our assertions, we anointed copiously my brother's flaxen locks with crushed blackberries. On another occasion we three spied a missel-thrush's nest in an oak tree just within a plantation—I recall that sunny spot, an ideal one for a pheasant's nest. Unfortunately, just as my brother had climbed nearly to the nest, the old keeper spied us—and didn't we run ! We did a record half-mile home, hid ourselves among the faggots in the



A TRAY OF PHEASANTS' EGGS

wood-shed, and though we knew there was roly-poly jam pudding for dinner, we were a long time before we ventured forth. We thought that at least we should be cast into prison indefinitely. That same old keeper is living still, and whenever I see him we have a laugh over old times.

I grew up in an atmosphere of ferrets, dogs, traps, guns, and shooting. My father had a little manor which produced chiefly partridges, hares, and a few pheasants ; on this shoot I spent most of my time that was not taken up with things more important than sport. At every opportunity I sought the society of the keepers in the neighbourhood of my home, accompanied them on their rounds,

and in the winter holidays spent many happy days ferreting. The destruction of vermin had always for me the strongest fascination. At that time how I envied the keeper his pound a week—and his life! Then I saw only the brighter side; I knew not the harder part, the rugged strenuousness, the ups and downs, the constant worries, the quiet joys and wholesale disappointments of the calling. Little did I think that my boyish dream would become one day an accomplished fact. After I was thirteen years of age I did a good deal of shooting, and was one of the first, in the district in which I lived, to tackle successfully the driven partridge; and partridge-driving has been ever since my hobby, though it is infinitely harder to send birds over guns than to stop them when sent over by someone else.

My first attempt at firing a gun came about in this way: My brother and I purloined a cartridge, withdrew the charge, and reloaded the case on a very much reduced scale. We then shut ourselves in the harness-room to reduce the risk of detection, placed an empty tin on the mantelpiece, and fired; and we had a good fright, for the shot rebounded on us smartly. Soon we were allowed a pair of muzzle-loaders and caps only. Armed thus we held mimic shooting-parties; the shrubs were our coverts, blackbirds and thrushes our pheasants, the smaller birds our partridges, and the household cat was made to act the part of an unwilling hare. These performances got us into the way of handling a gun.

As years rolled on there arose the question of what I should do. I had an opportunity of entering the Bank of England, and I might have gone into the Church, having, by reason of a singing voice, an excellent chance of becoming a minor canon. The light operatic stage, too, might have claimed me, but I resisted a strong temptation. Finally I settled to be a doctor and began reading, but the channels of finance did not yield enough to carry me to the full-blown state; and possibly there be many who ought to be thankful that I became eventually a slayer of vermin, and not of my fellow-men.

Rebelling against all that meant town life—to me what caged existence must be to a wild bird—I decided to take the chance that came along. I began by looking after an outlying beat, principally partridge ground. For this I got fifteen shillings per week—not a princely salary, but by careful management I lived on it. It was a very tight fit, but I was happy, living the life I loved. After a useful experience at the modest wage named, I felt quite a rich man when I got a rise of three shillings.

I soon found that to provide a maximum of shooting for others called for higher skill than to fire many successful shots myself, and

to cater for the shooting of others gives me the greatest pleasure. Occasionally, when at a good sporting stand the shooting is bad, a feeling comes over me that for a few minutes I should like to see if I could do any better—just once before my limbs grow stiff and my eyes dim.

A head keeper has more responsibility than most people imagine; he expects, naturally, to be blamed for his own mistakes, but as a matter of fact he is held responsible for the negligence or stupidity of all his subordinates. As general-in-command the conduct of his first shooting-party is somewhat of an ordeal. In theory it is easy enough to plan out the arrangements for the day, but to



FEEDING SITTING HENS

carry them out is quite otherwise. Think of the distracting surroundings. Guns want to know which way they are to go; someone whom you have never seen before, and whose name you know not, is asking where his cartridges are; while another informs you that he feels sure a bird of his is dead, and though he has no further definite information, gives you the impression that if a search party is not organised forthwith he will not be too well pleased. If you order the beaters to move on alone to the next beat they often get lost, or blunder horribly. Without any extras you have a thousand and one details to think of all the time—and, mind you, not a single detail must be forgotten, or the whole day's sport may be ruined.

When, after the failure of a beat that I have set great store by, I find an important stop has vanished, and on inquiry am told that he has been sent on some errand by one of the guns, that is the time when I am filled with impotent anger. When I conducted my first shooting-party, though I felt confidence in myself and knew that I had the birds, huge was the feeling of relief when we got among them. Especially in partridge-driving, the things I imagine to be my nerves get into a very tense state. Sometimes, when a drive my best plans have all but proved to be a good one is half over, not a partridge has shown itself; the next moment in swirling clouds of bonny brown they begin to rise, on they go beautifully, in ones, twos, threes, tens, twenties, aye, and in such streams that no human eye could count them. During the hours in which I tried to sleep, before my first pheasant shoot, I had horrible dreams, in one of which we beat the coverts but not a bird could we find! In another I appeared to be planted permanently at a hot corner, which seemed to grow hotter and hotter, but each time I got on a bird my gun vanished from my grasp. I did not recover from those dreams till we shot my wood, and placed a record to its credit and happily to mine.

As far as possible I have made it a rule to make shooting even all through a day, and have never tried to mislead sportsmen as to the possible bag; but I let them know that on the quality of their shooting the bag depends chiefly. The great difference between the amateur and the professional is that the one thinks only of the present, while the other studies carefully the result of each beat in its effect on the whole day's sport. It is comparatively simple to plan one terrific beat or drive, but to give even shooting throughout a whole day calls for the highest skill. And another thing I aim at is to spread the shooting evenly over the whole party of guns, never allowing the thought of a possibly heavier tip to overcome the sense of fairness. If my employer invited half a dozen guests to dinner, I do not suppose that he would dream of regaling one or two only with his choicest vintages, and the rest with small beer. Of course, when there is only one of the party who can hit anything and the host begins to have doubts of bagging enough birds, I may, acting on instructions, work things so that the only capable shooter may help us out of a difficulty. But well I know that, if I were one of a party of guns, I should see in a moment if any favouritism were going on. Supposing he has nothing to say as to the placing of the guns, a keeper can get things his own way by manipulating the beaters; by slightly retarding the right or left of their line, or by making uneven the intensity of their tapping, he can cause the bulk of the game to pass over the guns of his choice.

Now for the work that is most likely to be repulsive to the gentleman keeper. The shooting of horses I hated very much at first, and I hate it now; but shooting dogs is worse still. Cats I do not so much object to shooting—to oblige people—sometimes I do it to oblige myself. I remember well the first cat I was asked to shoot; the owner wanted to fetch a saucer of milk and to set the wretched pussy to lap it, with one end of a string attached to its neck and the other to a post. I could not stand that, and told him to turn the cat down in the open, and to make it run for all it was worth. One whose cat I shot—by request—offered me twopence, and because I refused to take the fee, he, being in the trade, sent me a cake



COOK'ING PHEASANTS FOOD

of that value. The next repulsive work that falls to the keeper's lot is the galloching of rabbits—the aroma is so clinging.

I have come into contact with sportsmen of varied eccentricities, and have seen many amusing episodes; in my efforts to repress laughter I have nearly damaged myself for life. An elderly and rather deaf sportsman shot always with a boy standing behind him. As this boy never was loaded with cartridges someone asked him what he was supposed to be doing? "You see it is this way," he replied, "I hold a pin in each hand, and give the governor a prick to let him know on which side game is coming."

Of my tips I remember that the first was a five-shilling piece ; and when I found myself the possessor of a half-sovereign tip, my first idea was to keep it as a charm, but new boots claimed it. Sportsmen have different ways of giving tips. I knew one—and he never forgot a tip—who always stated the amount of his tip, "Five shillings, thank you," as the case might be. Another said, "Have a drink?" I, unconsciously, said, "No, thank you, sir"—the first time. I was keeper where my brother once came to shoot, and I lent him a sovereign with which to tip me, but at the end of the day he went off, and my precious sovereign with him.

As to gamekeeping as a lifelong career for gentlemen, there is nothing extraordinary to be said in its favour ; certainly you may



FERRETING—HOMEWARD BOUND

earn enough to give you bread decently buttered, and you lead a congenial life if you have a born love for all that appertains to shooting, and are not afraid of hard work. But to lay by enough for life's winter, or even for many rainy days, is not possible unless you lay the foundation of your store early in life. But there are several profitable openings for the gentleman who has learnt the practical side of gamekeeping, especially when he can command a little capital.

Shooting syndicates must have a capable manager ; if resident, so much the better. Or a shoot may be taken and let out to sportsmen who have not the time to see to a shoot of their own, but are

only too glad to pay handsomely for good sport without any worry. An hotel with decent shooting and fishing is another good opening, and in connection with such an hotel a game farm can be run advantageously for obvious reasons.

A practical gentleman gamekeeper has great advantages over another; an employer can entrust the training of his sons to a gentleman with confidence that they will learn not only how to shoot, but the etiquette of shooting and good sportsmanship.

Two words of advice to the gentleman gamekeeper: Though you need not leave a trail of h's in your wake, never forget that, while you are a keeper, you must be a keeper and no more; in your private life you can be a gentleman—always.

Each shooting season demands more and more that keepers should possess an educated trained mind; for otherwise they cannot organise or carry out the intricate manoeuvres necessary for the production of shooting of the highest class. And if in the past he has not been successful always, this points to the future success of the educated gamekeeper.





BOOKS ON SPORT

GREAT BOWLERS AND FIELDERS: THEIR METHODS AT A GLANCE.

By George W. Beldam and C. B. Fry. Illustrated with 464 action photographs. London: Macmillan & Co. 1906.

What future developments may come in the art of photography it is of course impossible to say, but it is difficult to imagine in the present condition of affairs anything more admirable than the literary and pictorial detailed analysis provided in this book. The successful portraiture of figures in action, and especially in very violent action, is rarely successful, but here everyone who knows the style and method of the leading English cricketers will find extraordinarily accurate realisations of them, representing what is most characteristic in their play. It is a book that only cricketers could have written and illustrated, and it certainly cannot fail to be of the deepest interest to everyone who cares for the game. There are few players who may not learn much from these pages, and the study of them will give an added pleasure to spectators who go to see the originals of the photographs, for they will more keenly appreciate what takes place by the light of these pictures and explanations.

Apart from brief biographical sketches of the cricketers introduced, and a still briefer elucidation of the plates, there is comparatively little letterpress in the volume; but there are two chapters of special importance, seeing that one on bowling is by Mr. F. R. Spofforth (to whom the work is dedicated) and the other on fielding by Mr. G. L. Jessop, who so admirably practises what he preaches. Mr. Spofforth makes a statement which sounds oddly coming from him. His explanation of his belief that bowling is not nearly so popular with the players as batting is that "there is not the same amount of immediate pleasure to be derived from it." That there is a great deal more hard work required in order to meet a standard of moderate proficiency is easily understood; still, with the utmost deference to so supreme an authority, we cannot imagine more "immediate pleasure" derivable from cricket than that which the bowler experiences on his day. The Gentlemen and Players match is just ended as we write, and does not Mr. Spofforth believe that Fielder was more delighted with his achievement in being responsible for all ten wickets in the first innings than he has been by the biggest score he ever made? Mr. Spofforth laments the decline of that

branch of the game in which he shone with such peculiar brilliance; he declares that there is hardly one first-class bowler in the whole of England at the present time, laziness and the employment of professionals at schools and universities being the cause. One never hears an amateur say, "I am going to have a bowl," he points out, it is always "a knock"; and the consequence is that bowling has fallen almost altogether into the hands of professionals.

It may be mildly remarked that when the Gentlemen beat the Players the bowling of the former cannot be hopeless, but it is undoubtedly a fact that few amateurs can be induced to practise assiduously. Mr. Spofforth is a great believer in practice, and even in the winter he says that he goes through the delivery of at least a dozen balls every day; that is, he "bowls at least seventy-two balls a week, with all the power he has, at some imaginary crack batsman," the ball in his hand being imaginary also. Many plates are devoted to scientific illustrations of various spins, with little arrows on the ball to show the direction of its movement, and many more pictures illustrate the varying grips of different bowlers. Some people do not believe in swerve. Mr. Fry does, and comments especially on the swerve which Hirst imparts to a ball "which during the first half of its flight is travelling so that if it kept straight on in the air it would pass a foot outside the off stump, but which in the latter half of its flight swings in enough to pitch on the middle stump and pass outside the legs of a right-hand batsman." The Australian players, as well as Englishmen, are included in the book, several plates being devoted to Cotter, who it is said "probably bowls faster than any living cricketer with the possible exception of J. J. Kotze, the South African." Kotze's action is also illustrated. There is, by the way, a little contribution on "Googlies" by R. O. Schwarz, whose success seems to have surprised no one so much as himself.

Jessop, who probably gives spectators more gratification than any living cricketer, makes the same complaint about fielding that Mr. Spofforth puts forward with regard to bowling, that the practice of it is almost neglected. "Between the falling of a wicket and the incoming of a batsman one does occasionally see a catch or two attempted, but that is about all." Mr. Jessop is, on the whole, considerate to his fellow-cricketers, which is the more benevolent of him, as few approach his standard. First-class fielding may not be perfect, nor is it good; it may be better described as fair, he says, and on the current criticism of missed catches he asks for a little charity, seeing that every chance that looks so easy when viewed from the press-box is not so in reality.

One of the most instructive pictures, where many are full of instruction, is that of Jessop catching (Plate II. of the series devoted

to him). A return from cover from below the shoulder is also very much to the purpose. The book is one which certainly no cricketer can afford to be without.

SALMON FISHING. By W. Earl Hodgson. Illustrated. London : Adam and Charles Black. 1906.

We have already had the pleasure of heartily commending Mr. Earl Hodgson's book on "Trout Fishing," for he is excellent alike with rod and pen, and this work is in all respects a worthy companion to its predecessor. The salmon is certainly one of the most interesting of fishes. Everybody eats him, many people catch him, and exceedingly few know anything about him. Was he originally a sea fish who found his way to fresh water, or a fresh-water fish who found his way to the sea? It is impossible to say, for he is equally at home in the river or the ocean. Why does he take the fly? The ordinary man who has not studied the question will answer, with possibly something of contempt for the questioner, "Because he is hungry and thinks it would be good to eat." But this is very far from certain, the general opinion of authorities being that during the period of the year which is spent in fresh water before spawning, salmon have no need of food. This is, indeed, not the universal doctrine, one of the writers in the Badminton Library volume on "Fishing," from which Mr. Earl Hodgson several times quotes, holding that "salmon must feed in fresh water or they would neither take fly nor bait-spoons, prawns or anything else." Yet the writer of this confesses that he never found anything in their stomachs, and supposes "they must eject it when in trouble." We hesitate to accept this conclusion. If nothing is ever found in a salmon's stomach the inference rather seems to be that he put nothing there; but who shall decide when doctors disagree? Dr. Barton, whom the author mentions with deep respect, remarks that "practical sportsmen know well enough that it is only after fatigue that salmon can be at all tempted, and that the appetite only remains a few hours, or days at most, after the fish has moved up into a new pool." It would really be presumption to endeavour to decide when such careful and thorough students and naturalists can come to no conclusion.

To the man who knows little of fishing a statement of Mr. John James Hardy, quoted as a first-class authority, will, as the author remarks, appear astonishing. Mr. Hardy says that "one one-sixty-fourth part of an inch more or less in the butt of an 18-ft. rod will make or mar that rod." This is indeed something more than astonishing; it is amazing; but Mr. Earl Hodgson declares that "it will not be scouted by fishermen who have used many rods

observantly." A fascinating feature of the book is the coloured collection of salmon flies, of which seven pages are given. Many people who think they know all about it will be surprised at the author's rooted impression that "salmon-fishing is a sport which is only beginning to be scientifically understood and systematically cultivated." Mr. Earl Hodgson's knowledge is wonderfully comprehensive. In his chapter on Scotland he discusses over seventy rivers and lochs. Coming to Ireland there are as many as forty-six—not all of which, however, are densely populated. One September morning as he crouched on the banks of the Brosna, casting at a fish which was rising, he heard a musical voice exclaim, "Well, I see you have found Adolphus!" The speaker was the daughter of a man to whose house he was going that day with his hostess, the girl's aunt, and anticipating his visit she had hospitably come to welcome him. Adolphus was the only one fish in that stretch of the river, and so far as can be gathered he is still there.

England and Wales, of course, come in for their share of treatment, and it need hardly be said that justice is done to the Avon, the Test, the Exe, the Dart, the Severn, the Wye, and many rivers the mention of which will recall delightful memories or charming anticipations to fishermen. Another chapter is devoted to "Britons beyond the Sea." Many as are the books on Angling this last is more than welcome.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES. Edited by Alfred E. T. Watson. MOTORS AND MOTOR DRIVING. By Lord Northcliffe. With contributions by the Marquis Chasseloup-Laubat, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Sir David Salomons, Bart., R. J. Mccredy, The Hon. C. S. Rolls, Henry Sturmev, W. Worby Beaumont, C. L. Freeston, J. St. Loe Strachey, Claude Johnson, The Rt. Hon. Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, and others.

When the names of the authors of this work are considered it will not be a matter of surprise that a fourth edition has been required. There are obvious reasons why a criticism in these pages must be curtailed to a mere announcement of the issue, and it may be simply mentioned that the book has been carefully revised and several additions, which were deemed important, made. The chapter on "Roads" has been re-cast, and three new chapters are included together with a number of fresh illustrations.

POLO. By T. D. Drybrough. Revised and enlarged edition. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

Mr. Drybrough's work was originally published in 1898. That he speaks with authority readers are aware, few names indeed are

better known in the history of the game, and it will certainly be agreed that as the book is out of print a new edition was necessary. It is such a work as might have been expected from an exceptionally skilful and observant player. The result of a recent winter visit to California and a summer one to the eastern States has been the compilation of a new chapter on "Polo in America," where Mr. Drybrough shared in many games. He also went to the West Indies, where he found polo in full swing, and of course there was much to add as to what had been taking place in England during the last few years. Fifty new photographs appear in this edition. Nothing more need be said on behalf of what is universally recognised as a standard work.

THE SCOTTISH TERRIER. By C. J. Davies. London: Everett & Co. 1906.

Seventy years ago it appears that there were only two distinct varieties of terrier in the British Isles, and yet the terrier can scarcely be called a new dog if it is indeed one of the breed that is depicted on a tablet in the tomb of Antefa II in the eleventh dynasty, 3566 B.C. Rameses II, 1333 B.C., also had his favourite terrier sculptured at the foot of his throne. How marvellously the breed has developed of recent years will therefore be understood, for how many varieties of terrier exist at the present moment it would be difficult to say. Mr. Davies is a master of his subject, and to all who are interested in terriers, doubtless the most popular dogs in existence, this book should appeal. The photographs are not so good as they might be.

THE BRITISH MOTOR TOURISTS' A B C. London: The New Alphabetic Press, Ltd. 1906.

This is a particularly useful guide to the towns and villages of Great Britain and Ireland, arranged alphabetically, giving the sort of information likely to be of service to motorists, the distance from London, market days, principal manufacturers, sports chiefly practised, hotels, garages, spirit dealers, etc. Hints to motor tourists are contributed by Mr. S. F. Edge, and there is an excellent chapter on "Continental Motoring" by Mr. C. M. Williamson.

MOTORITIS; or, Other Interpretations of the Motor Act. Illustrated by Charles Crombie. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. 1906.

This is a collection of pictures, for the most part really humorous, the copyright of Perrier. Various rules which the motorist has to observe are quoted, the pictures showing what they might come to mean under certain circumstances.

THE SCIENCE OF DRY FLY-FISHING. By Fred G. Shaw, F.G.S.
London : Bradbury, Agnew & Co. 1906.

Mr. Shaw gained the Amateur Championship in the Trout-fly Casting Competition at the International Tournament of 1904. He is a voluminous writer on sedater subjects than fishing, his works including "Fiscal Facts and Fictions," "A National Policy," etc., and the title-page announces him as Assoc. M. Inst. C.E., M.M.S., etc. Nobody need be at all surprised to find that some of his pages are rather solid and scientific, but the reader with a taste for light literature is not to be alarmed at this statement, for much of the book is light and airy enough, and there is even a comic picture—the idea better than the execution—of a newspaper boy apologetically informing a May-fly fisherman that his "'at is all over hinsecks." The directions of a champion fly caster are to be carefully noted. He recommends that a plate should be placed on the lawn to aid coming would-be champions, who are to fix an old May-fly on their lines and endeavour from different distances to drop it on to the plate. Some success having been obtained, the novice is to anchor a wooden hoop about fifteen yards from the bank and try to cast within the circle in a light and delicate manner. There are many diagrams which illustrate the text. Mr. Shaw imagines himself to be guiding the efforts of a beginner: "Take the rod, and when you have found the distance cast lightly just two feet above the position we have marked. No! no! What a mess you have made of it! You are again forgetting your lessons in your eagerness, and have smashed your line upon the water, and probably put the fish down." Thus the novice is taught the way he should go. Mr. Shaw is undoubtedly a master of his subject.

THROUGH THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS WITH ROD AND GUN. By
Edgar S. Shrubsole. Londonderry: Printed at *The Sentinel*
Office.

At this time of year, when so many people are thinking of holiday-making, those who are in doubt where to go may well send for this little pamphlet and ascertain what the Midland Railway can do for them by their new route to Ireland *viâ* Heysham. Scenery and sport are the attractions of the district it describes. A twenty-shilling licence will enable the angler to fish for salmon and trout in various places, and he may often have good sport. There is also plenty of rough shooting, including wildfowling; and Donegal is within comparatively easy reach.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

THE river—and “the” river of course means the Thames—is usually associated with the idea of rest and recreation; but the Abingdon Carpet Manufacturing Company particularly desire to make their existence known to those who pass that picturesque old market town. Carpet-weaving by hand, and the making of the famous “Isis” rush matting, from rushes gathered from the river to-day as they were centuries since, are the specialities of the company, and visitors are allowed to inspect the really interesting processes.

* * * * *

While garages are being mentioned, Messrs. Foerster & Staples, the managers of the Eureka Garage and Engineering Works, Argyll Street, Euston Road, are anxious not to be overlooked. They desire to win a reputation, or rather to increase what has been won, by selling genuinely good cars at exceptionally low prices, and also—this is perhaps their speciality—by promptly and efficiently replacing broken parts. They undertake to supply any part in four days, and to repair on the premises tyres, accumulators, and anything that may need restoration.

* * * * *

To speak of “non-nicotine cigars and cigarettes” seems to be employing a contradiction in terms, for nicotine is understood to be an essential element of tobacco, and that which exclusively does the mischief to those who smoke to excess or to men whom smoking does not suit or even injures. Dr. Kissling, however, whose agency is at 25, Fore Street, E.C., sent here some samples of his manufacture from which it is claimed no less a quantity than 97·5 per cent. of nicotine has been extracted. Having run short of cigars we smoked a “Triunfo” and found it excellent. It had lain on the table for a long time while we kept doubtfully putting off the trying of it till “to-morrow,” but this brand at any rate is distinctly good, it is also particularly cheap, and if likewise specially wholesome these are cigars to be inquired about and tried.

* * * * *

The approach of the shooting season puts Mr. G. E. Lewis, of Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham, on the alert, and he draws attention to the strong points of his business. One of them is that all guns and rifles are carefully shot and regulated by Mr. E. C. Lewis, a member of the firm, who has thrice won, amongst other prizes, the championship of the Birmingham Rifle Club.

"HUNTING IN LONDON."

WE give the fourth instalment of this new competition which began in May. Two photographs of well-known buildings or localities are given: all the competitor has to do is to write underneath each the name of the structure or place, tear out the leaf, and either send it, addressed "Hunting in London" Competition, *Badminton Magazine*, to 8, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, at once, or keep it till six months have elapsed and send the whole dozen together.

To the successful hunter who has named the entire twelve

A PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

will be awarded, together with further prizes of

FIVE GUINEAS FOR SECOND,

and

TWO GUINEAS FOR THIRD.

In the event of several competitors gaining an equal number of marks, the money will have to be divided. Should no one name the whole twelve, the first prize will be awarded to whoever comes nearest.

The photographs for

"HUNTING IN LONDON,"

we may perhaps as well repeat, will each represent some conspicuous View, House, or Object within four miles of Charing Cross.

It is not our intention to be unduly puzzling by selecting out-of-the-way scenes. Each picture will be of some place which thousands of people pass daily—how many of them really see what they pass the competition will help to show.

* * * Copies for May, June, and July containing the first six pictures of this new competition can be obtained from the "Badminton Magazine" Publishing Office, 6, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

[Copyright registered at Stationers' Hall.]





A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

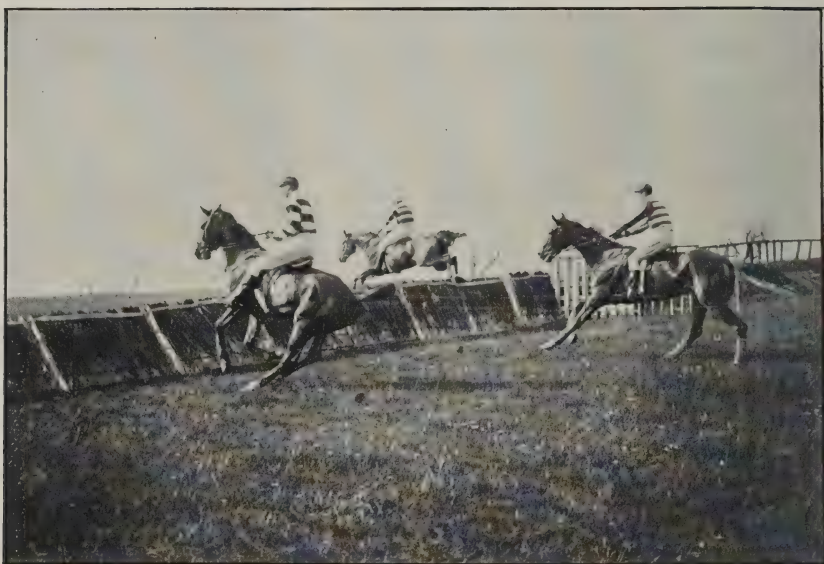
The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the August competition will be announced in the October issue.

THE JUNE COMPETITION

The Prize in the June competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. R. F. Sewell, Hexham-on-Tyne; Mr. W. F. Wagner, South Lambeth Road, S.W.; Mr. W. Butcher, Cambridge; Mr. Lionel Abrahams, Bedford; Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea; Mr. H. V. S. Charrington, 12th Royal Lancers, Umballa; Colonel P. S. Marling, V.C., C.B., Sedbury Park, Chepstow; Mr. T. E. Grant, Leytonstone; Mr. G. Milne, Hawthornden, Ibroxholm, Glasgow; and Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge.



HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES, JUNE 1906—PRIVATE HURDLE RACE

Photograph by Mr. R. F. Sewell, Hexham-on-Tyne



INTERNATIONAL SPORTS AT HERNE HILL—SOUTH LONDON HARRIERS v. RACING CLUB DE FRANCE—FINISH OF THE 1,000 YARDS

Photograph by Mr. W. F. Wagner, South Lambeth Road, S.W.



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MAY RACES, 1906—MAGDALENE HAS JUST BUMPED CAIUS

Photograph by Mr. W. Butcher, Cambridge



PHEASANT ON NEST ON A FARM NEAR CORBRIDGE-ON-TYNE

Photograph by Mr. R. F. Sewell, Hexham-on-Tyne



CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS—THE TERRIER FINDS THE DRAIN EMPTY

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



PRACTISING FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN THE PANHELLENIC GYMNASIUM AT ATHENS

The nearest figure is Lieutenant W. Halswell, the English Champion

Photograph by Mr. Lionel Abrahams, Bedford



3RD SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY REGIMENTAL SPORTS AT HONITON—OBSTACLE RACE

Photograph by Captain W. J. W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire



A COOL SMOKE

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea



WATER-TILTING—CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SWIMMING GALA, MAY WEEK 1906

Photograph by Mr. F. E. Lamplough, Trinity College, Cambridge

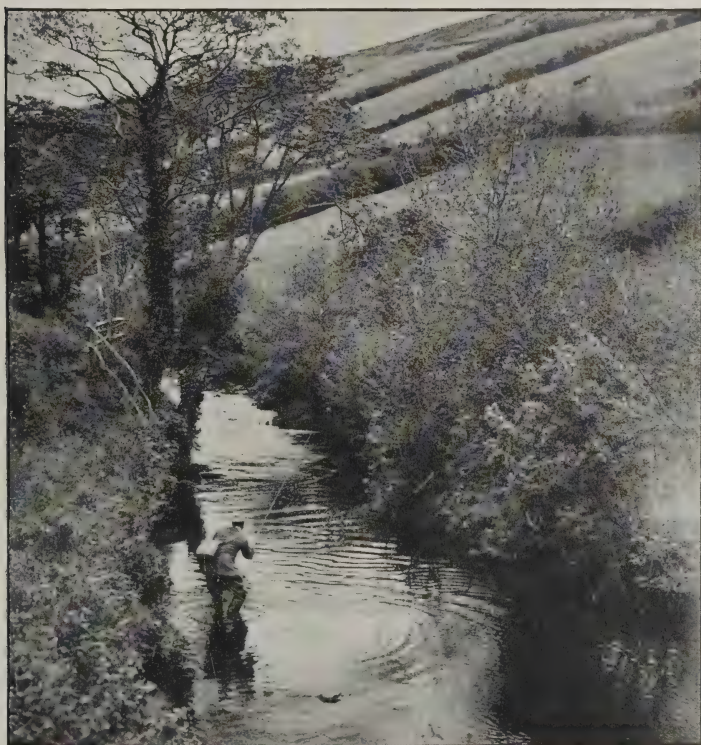


BOLSTER-FIGHTING ON THE GREASY POLE ON BOARD H.M. TRANSPORT "PLASSY"

Photograph by Mr. H. V. S. Charrington, 12th Royal Lancers, Umballa



OTTER-HUNTING IN MONMOUTHSHIRE—LADIES WADING ACROSS THE RIVER USK
Photograph by Colonel P. S. Marling, V.C., C.B., Sedbury Park, Chepstow



TROUT-FISHING ON THE LYN, NORTH DEVON
Photograph by Mr. William Riddell, The Tors Hotel, Lynmouth, North Devon



R. V. AND E. W. POWELL, WINNERS OF THE LOWE DOUBLE SCULLS AT
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, 1906

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge



THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS

Photograph by Mr. W. F. Perrée, Dhubri, Assam, India



POLO IN MALTA—RIFLE BRIGADE *v.* STAFF TEAM

Photograph by the Hon. Mrs. Robert Boyle, Catfield, Fareham, Hants



THE ESSEX BEAGLES' NOVEL RACE—S. G. BEST, LATE QUARTER-MILE CHAMPION OF ESSEX, WINNING

Photograph by Mr. T. E. Grant, Leytonstone



HURDLE-RACE AT THE KARACHI SPRING MEETING, APRIL 1906

Photograph by Lieut.-Colonel H. L. Stafford, R.E.



EIGHTS WEEK, OXFORD, 1906

Photograph by Miss Hilda Estridge, Abingdon, Berks



RABBITING ON SALISBURY PLAIN

Photograph by Mr. T. S. Amore, Courthope Road, Wimbledon Common



LEICESTER LAWN-TENNIS OPEN TOURNAMENT, JUNE 1906

G. B. Vernon and H. A. Vernon playing in the Gentlemen's Doubles against F. L. Riseley and Kreigh Collins

Photograph by Mr John Day, Leicester



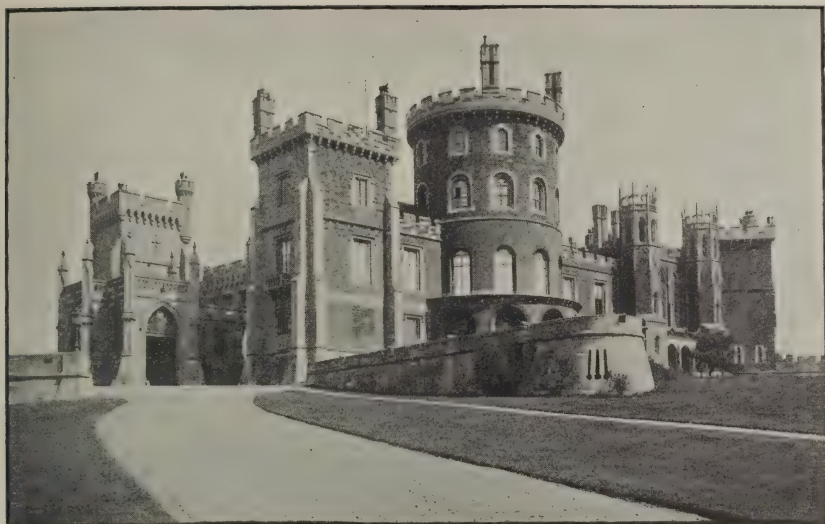
A YACHT RACE ON THE CLYDE

Photograph by Mr. G. Milne, Hawthornden, Ibroxholm, Glasgow



AT THE NETS, FENNER'S, CAMBRIDGE

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge



BELVOIR CASTLE

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

XI.—THE DUKE OF RUTLAND¹

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

IF a person well acquainted with the conditions of contemporary life were asked to name half a dozen representative all-round sportsmen he would certainly, being knowledgeable, ponder over the name of the present Duke of Rutland, and would be more likely than not to include him. This is saying a great deal, considering how many men are eminent in different ways; but it is not saying a syllable more than is fully justified. The Duke has been a not infrequent contributor to these pages—an article by him indeed appeared in the very first number of the magazine. He wrote of grouse, soon afterwards “The Little Brown Bird” was his theme, and it might have appeared that shooting was his forte were it not that his equally admirable papers about fishing made one hesitate to say whether as a devotee of the gun or the rod he should first of all be regarded;

¹ This article, it should perhaps be said, was written at the end of July, when Lord Granby's speedy accession to the dukedom was not contemplated.

in truth, he plays the game, whatever that game may chance to be, with a combination of skill, aptitude, and enthusiasm which is an assurance of success, and the articles he has written for the *Badminton* are eloquent proofs of his insight into the subjects he discusses.

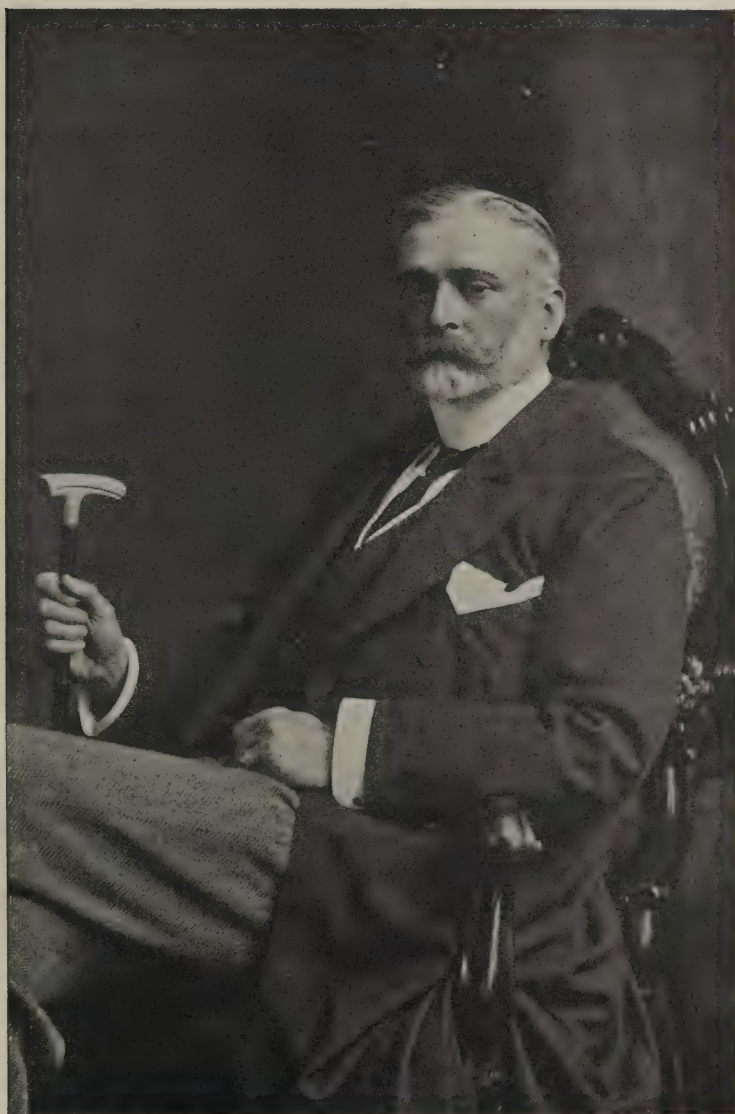
Henry John Brinsley Manners, known for many years as the Marquess of Granby, is the eldest son of the seventh Duke of Rutland, whom he succeeded only a very few weeks since, and was born in London in the year 1852. In due course he went to Eton, where he played football and cricket, the former game with such characteristic energy that one day he badly smashed his knee, an accident the effects



THE REGENTS GALLERY AT BELVOIR CASTLE

(Photograph by Emary, Grantham)

of which have never been quite shaken off. To some extent it hampered his cricket; but nevertheless he played for his college, Trinity, and that in the days when there were giants in the land—Cobden, Yardley, and others whose names are writ big in the history of the game. He hunted with his father's hounds, though he never entered into the pursuit of the fox with the vigour and keenness which were displayed by his brother, Lord Edward Manners, poor "Ned," as he will have been known to many readers of these lines; and it is quite certain that none of those who knew that kindest and cheeriest of good fellows and good sportsmen will ever forget one who inspired a sincere regard which speedily grew to affection.



THE EIGHTH DUKE OF RUTLAND

In racing the Duke took a warm interest—as did his brother, it may be added; but after he left Cambridge and before he entered upon the official duties which have occupied so much of his life, he was frequently an exile from England, his health not being entirely satisfactory, so that he was advised to pass much of the hunting and shooting season in 'foreign countries. He spent many months in Egypt and on the edge of Abyssinia; and in the early seventies, when the land of the Pharaohs was less frequented by Europeans than it has been latterly, sport was infinitely better. There was only one steamer on the Nile when the Duke went there, and above the first cataract the country was wild. Here, it need scarcely be said, he shot continually—the little gazelles, which were then plentiful, and all sorts of geese and ducks; the former, especially when they were feeding on the young green corn, being in particular a most welcome addition to the menu. The beautiful little green and golden sun-birds were often obtained, and all the "specimen" birds, indeed, which were to be had he collected; but with big game he had few opportunities of doing much, for hyænas hardly count. Angling in the Nile is in no way an attractive operation, most of the fish closely resembling well-stocked pincushions flavoured with a taste of exceptionally disagreeable mud.

The Duke, however, had other occupations in life besides sport. In 1874 his father accepted the office of Postmaster-General, which he held until 1880, and during this time his son acted as his Assistant Private Secretary. He also incidentally read for the Bar, though with no serious intention of practising. His private secretaryship to Lord Salisbury is a matter of political history which does not come into the scope of this article. He sat in the House of Commons for the Melton division of Leicestershire from 1888 to 1895, when a peerage was conferred on him, and till his recent accession he occupied a seat in the House of Lords as Baron Manners of Haddon.

It occurred to me that a good way of obtaining materials for this article would be to borrow the Game Books which contain so many records of shoots in which the subject of this sketch took part, and also to obtain temporary possession of a fishing journal which I chanced to know that he kept. These volumes he kindly placed at my disposal, though there is a special note in what may be called his private Game Book to the effect that "most of the Belvoir and Longshaw bags are not entered in this book, but are entered in the respective Game Books of those places." 1871 is the first date, and one sees the sort of bag which then contented the owner of a famous estate. On November 14, at Studley Royal, the guns being Lords Ripon, de Grey, Muncaster, Granby, and two others, the total kill

was 589; the two following days 614 and 537, a pleasantly varied shoot, the first and third being in the coverts, the second on the moors. One perceives how thoroughly the Duke enjoyed his sport from the enthusiastic little notes which often accompany his records. He had "a lovely shoot" at Wortley in September 1875, the other guns being Lords Wharncliffe, Londesborough, Ashburton, and Tankerville, Sir Arthur Paget, and Mr. Rimington-Wilson. This was almost entirely rabbits—550 the first day, 465 the second, with $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 7 brace of partridges. (As time goes on we find how the rabbits at Wortley grew to enormous figures.) At Belvoir in December 1877, 724 was the total of a bag made by ten guns repre-



LONGSHAW

sentative of politics and sport, there being besides the Duke (who is of course included in these lists, several of which are given because they contain such well-known names), the late Duke, Lords Aveland, Lanesborough, and Forester, Sir Stafford Northcote, Messrs. Gathorne-Hardy and Cross—the three last afterwards Lords Iddesleigh, Cranbrook, and Cross. In the Vale a few days afterwards three guns contented themselves with 7 partridges, 11 hares, and a pigeon.

Murthley was one of the Duke's constant resorts, and there is a note made here on October 28, 1878, "I never had a prettier day in my life." Certainly few men have had a more varied

one. His companions were Mr. H. Graham, and Kaye, the keeper. They got 47 head, the recorder's own contribution being 2 pheasants, 2 hares, 2 teal, 4 partridges, 4 woodcock, 4 blackgame, 2 snipe, a wild duck, a rail, and a roe. He is a frank critic of his own performances. Such notes as "Shot wretchedly," "What birds I shot at I missed," "Could not have hit a house flying!" are scattered about, though on the other hand the total which "killed by self" bears to the bag constantly shows that he secured more than his share. "Tried a choke-bore for the first time" is an entry at the end of 1879, without, however, anything further.

The year 1884 finds him at Whittinghame amongst other places,



OUTSIDE THE PARK

with Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Gerald Balfour. "Swarms of birds. I shot infamously," is the note, the bag consisting of 62 partridges, 34 hares, and a couple of rabbits. "The pheasants were *very high*" at Studley Royal in 1886, the bags here for the four days of the shoot being 707, 759, 438, and 339; and Lord de Grey being of the party, it may be assumed that at one of the stands few birds escaped. The rabbits at Wortley periodically occupied the Duke. In two days of September 1888 no fewer than 2,838 were shot, and there is a note, "With a good breeding year the keeper said we should have got 2,500 the first day." The record up to that time was, however, made next year, when six guns, including Lords Wharn-

cliffe, Walsingham, and Lewisham, the Hon. George Curzon, and Mr. H. White, got 2,988 in two days. "Swarms of bunnies" the Game Book records, and obviously there must have been.

One expects to find good sport at Welbeck, and there was, though not very large in comparison with some of the big days at Cheveley and a few other estates. In December 1888—the guns being the Duke of Portland, Lords Rendlesham, Edmund Talbot, Algernon Lennox, Langford, Lurgan, and Captain Orr Ewing—the total was 3,970 for the four days. Baron Hill is described as "A lovely place; we shot through fuchsias in the wood." There was a big day at Welbeck on November 19, 1890, the bag consisting of



A VIEW ON THE MOOR

1,651 pheasants, 42 partridges, 2 woodcock, 17 hares, 436 rabbits, and 2 various, adding up to 2,148. This was the period of the great frost. The Duke went on to Wilton, where he found "about the tallest pheasants I ever saw," and he writes, "Cold quite awful; we were unable to hold our guns." This frost began on November 27 and continued for sixty days; nothing like it has been known since. At Belvoir in the season 1890-1 there were killed 3,186 pheasants, 1,303 partridges, 1,220 hares, 920 rabbits, making 6,629 in all. At Wortley, on September 15, 1891, the head of rabbits had evidently been well kept up, 1,769, together with 5 partridges,

falling to six guns. In the following month we come across one of the Duke's comments on his own shooting, for the column "killed by self" is found to have been for many years blank. At one drive at the Abbey, Thetford, however, 27 brace of partridges were killed,



A VIEW OF LONGSHAW

"and I got 18 that drive," is the observation. At Shoreham Place in November 1893 the Duke is included in a party the other members of which were H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Sir Arthur

Ellis, General Bateman, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Arthur Sassoon, the total being 849. There is one particularly interesting entry in August 1894, as it shows what happens when Lord de Grey is in the field, or rather it should be said on the moors. Four guns got 1,166 grouse at Tom's Corner the first day, and 915 at Harper's Hill the second. These are the details:—

Lord de Grey	-	-	-	650	500
Lord Granby	-	-	-	196	173
L. V. Harcourt, Esq.	-	-	-	178	129
Duke of Alba	-	-	-	142	113
				<hr/>	<hr/>
				1,166	915



THE BUTTS

Coming to Wortley again, six guns in 1896 went for the rabbits. Lord Wharnccliffe himself did not shoot, and the party included Lords Rowton and Iveagh, Captain the Hon. Cecil Bingham, the present Lord Montagu, and Colonel Kenyon-Slaney; and in two days they got 3,868.

Euston was one of the Duke's regular shoots, and here in November 1896 he notes: "The best week's sport I ever had." That the shooting must have been extraordinarily good the names of the guests guarantee. They consisted of Messrs. Pearson Gregory, R. Hargreaves, C. Welby, A. Wood, F. Fryer, the Hon. Ivo Bligh, Lord C. Fitzroy two days, and Lord A. Fitzroy the other two.

The party got in all 2,061 partridges, 561 pheasants, 342 hares, and 16 rabbits. Hartham was apparently new ground to the Duke, for the entry speaks of it as "A beautiful country, hilly, and good for pheasants; as pretty shooting as ever I saw." There were six guns, and the prettiness of the shooting did not consist of an enormous bag, the total for three days being 1,540. Partridge-shooting at Welbeck was naturally one of his delights in consequence of the way the birds come. On October 24 eight guns at Blue Barn got 958 head, and the note says: "This was one of the finest days' driving ever seen; about twelve drives over the valley, and every bird up in the air like a sparrow." There was a great shoot



LUNCH ON THE MOOR

at Cheveley in 1899—as for the matter of that there was every year when poor Colonel McCalmont had got the shooting in order, a matter of which I am happily able to speak from experience, having been a constant guest. There were seven guns besides the host, Lords Savile and Raglan, Colonel the Hon. F. de Moleyns, Sir Ralph Blois, Sir Savile Crossley, and the present Sir Daniel Cooper. On November 7 the bag was 2,479 pheasants, 56 partridges, 162 hares, 20 rabbits, 9 "various"—2,726 in all. This was in the Park, where it must be admitted the birds are for the most part easy (in contrast to the Colonel's Herefordshire estate, Bishopswood, where when one stood down in the valley birds were often out of reach). The next day at Stebbings' and Gent's Farms was com-

paratively small—576; the third day on the Heath yielded 1,601 head, the total for the three days being 4,903.

The Duke is not enraptured by enormous bags, however. A total of 500 a day well put over the guns he regards as ample, and expresses satisfaction at the idea that people are beginning to understand that it is not necessary to kill 1,500 or 2,000 pheasants in a day. One of the pleasures of Belvoir he regards as the “pretty small days” which are common there. This is not a partridge country—as partridge countries go, that is—but surely good enough, fifty to seventy brace a day being often obtained, and occasionally a hundred, which last is considered good. As to the future of



BESS, A FAVOURITE RETRIEVER BELONGING TO THE SIXTH DUKE OF RUTLAND

A water-colour sketch done in the Game Book by Sir Edwin Landseer

shooting he has no doubt that it is most seriously threatened if the Land Bills now contemplated should be passed. They would, indeed, go far to put an end to partridge-shooting altogether, for they would give power to ill-disposed tenants practically to destroy sport. The effect of this would be to interfere with the letting of shoots, to diminish the profits of local tradespeople, hotel-keepers, etc., and particularly to deprive the labourer of a regular source of income which he now obtains in winter when work is scarce. The good labourer makes the best beater, and for three or four days a week he is often enabled, as readers are aware, to earn half a crown or three

shillings a day, together with his dinner, and perhaps a couple of rabbits in addition. The standard of shooting in the Duke's opinion has enormously improved. Many men who twenty-five years ago would have been considered phenomenal are now regarded as merely good shots, and pheasants fly much better than they used to. There is one place at Belvoir where the birds are "really out of de Grey's reach," the owner says. As to his favourite shoot he naturally hesitates, but thinks there is no place better than Euston: "beautiful country, splendidly managed." Abbotsbury is another chosen resort of his, one special attraction being the coot drives.

The Duke took to fishing later in life, but in the seventies—that is, several years after he had been shooting continually—he had good sport on the Tay, Tweed, and other rivers. As one grows older he thinks one sticks more to trout, as "catching them is not such a business." Perhaps the Mimram is the river he prefers, though several others run it close, and he is much enamoured of the Hatfield water; he has angled in the Test, the Tor, the Torridge, the Lathkill, the Bradford, the Wye, and many more streams.

His fishing journal opens in 1881, where, on the Hoo, on August 29, using an Alder, he records "the best day's trouting I ever had. It blew and rained fearfully from 6 p.m., and then I began to get them; if the daylight had lasted I could have filled my basket." As it was, he got half a dozen—3 lb., 2½ lb., 2 lb., 2 lb., 1 lb. 12 oz., and 1 lb. 8 oz. Everyone knows what fishermen's luck is; that is to say, how it varies. On September 27, at Murthley, "I had only one rise all day," he writes. "Next day I had five rises in the first fifteen minutes, but they would not catch hold." The Welford he describes as "the most beautiful river I ever saw," but does not seem to have had much luck there. On the Upper and Middle Stobhall, on October 5, 1883, there is an account of a good day with salmon; he got eight, the weights being 31 lb., 25½ lb., 24 lb., 23 lb., 14 lb., 12 lb., 11 lb., and 7 lb. "The 23 lb. fish was hooked, and twisted the gut round his nose twice. I was just one hour with him." A Black-and-yellow Wasp got the first six fish, a Dusty Miller the two in the evening. He landed a thirty-pounder and one of 17 lb. on the Wark in October 1886. On the Lathkill, using Mayfly and Alder chiefly, with an occasional Olive Dun, the Duke was responsible for a share of 126 trout in four days of June 1888, his companions being the late Archibald Stuart-Wortley and Mr. T. D. Croft, a constant fishing companion and an expert who taught the keeper of the journal much of what he knows. In cold, windy, and rainy weather, on June 8, 1897, on the Dams and Lower Bradford—mostly using the Mayfly, as will be readily guessed—the

Duke got twenty out of sixty-nine trout that fell to the little party, and next year about the same time, also on the Bradford, he got nineteen one day (altogether sixty in seven days), his companion being Colonel A. E. Gathorne-Hardy—as readers are aware, like his Grace, a welcome contributor to these pages.

The Duke considers that trout are much harder to kill than they used to be. Whether they have grown wary by experience it is impossible to say, but this seems to be the general conclusion of most men who fish. A circumstance which strikes him very forcibly is that far fewer flies are hatched than used to be not many years since, and he attributes this to the circumstance that so much water is now taken out of the country, being run off by the rapid systems



STANTON WOODHOUSE

of drainage now in vogue. On some rivers the Mayfly has practically disappeared for no other ascertainable reason than this shortage of water, which threatens to become an extremely serious question unless precautions are taken; so much trout water, moreover, is now polluted by various manufacturers, and this, of course, is all against the fish and fishermen. They rise worse than they used to do, as with the diminution of flies there is nothing to bring them to the surface. On the other hand, a good deal has been lately learnt about the care of rivers and streams. It is recognised that sufficient flags and weeds are the first essential to the trout, and therefore to the trout-fisher. Of the much-discussed rainbow, the Duke has had considerable experience, which tends to show that

they are useless except in securely enclosed ponds, and that they cannot be induced to rise after about two years. At Longshaw the rainbow trout are constantly renewed, it being found that after the third year they merely sit at the bottom of the small lake on the ground.

That big trout are not easy to catch is shown by the fact that, after so many years of fishing, his Grace has never caught one of 4 lb., but he is hopeful of doing so, and the Hatfield water is the spot on which his aspirations in this direction are fixed. His ideal fisherman, by the way, is Mr. F. Pigou. He has never met anyone else who so thoroughly understood all about what fish wanted, who could cast as well with his left hand as with his right, and put a fly to within a quarter of an inch of the desired place.

The pictures include a view of Stanton Woodhouse, which has been his autumn residence for some years past, and where he says his family seem happier than anywhere else. It is a very old house, situated about thirteen miles from Longshaw, and was the property of the late Duke—who, however, handed it over to his son.

His Grace was President of the M.C.C. in 1904, and not being myself a member of the club, I asked an authority who had filled the position two years previously—Mr. A. G. Steel—how things throve under his successor's direction. He could not speak in sufficiently warm terms of the diligent care, constant kindness, and shrewd perception of what was wanted which made this year of office memorable. I well remember asking a friend who had been to a big shoot how things had gone, and after hearing details of the sport, remarked: "A cheery party, I suppose?" "Yes," he said, "Henry Manners was there." Cheeriness, the observation suggested, was a natural result, and none who know him will for a moment doubt that it must have been. I will not say that few more popular men are to be discovered in London: that would not be correct, for I do not know of one, and a stauncher friend is certainly not to be found.





THE FINANCIAL ASPECT OF RACING

BY LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL

Den am de times when your troubles begin,
When it's all going out and nothing coming in.

THIS was the refrain of a popular nigger song at Ascot a few years ago, and the fact that it is so particularly descriptive of the state of the accounts of an owner of racehorses—supposing him to keep any—makes it peculiarly appropriate for the heading of this article.

Racing ought, of course, to be an amusement. But the state of the modern Turf and the unremitting attention which is exacted by the conditions of modern races have made it more or less of a business; a business, moreover, which is as exacting in its demands as most, but which does not hold out the prospect of pecuniary success which is the prize for application in every other.

It is a matter of complaint against the London County Council that it costs their steamers a penny in expenses to earn a halfpenny in fares. This, if true, is certainly not a profitable way of carrying on business. But, compared with the conditions under which owners of racehorses carry on theirs, it seems almost sound finance. It costs owners of racehorses—taken as a body—nearly five pounds in expenses to win a sovereign in added money. The method of arriving at these figures is a simple one, and the estimates on which they are

based are of the most conservative nature. In making the calculation only horses actually in the trainers' hands are taken into account, and only the bare necessary expenses of these horses are considered. Nothing is reckoned for cost of yearlings—whether bought or bred—till they go to the trainer, nor for depreciation in the value of the horses, though it need hardly be said that these are items which hugely swell the figures.

It is calculated that on the average throughout the year there are some 4,000 horses in training in Great Britain. It will be generally allowed that £200 is a very low figure at which to place the keep per horse for the year (omitting entry money and forfeits, but including training, travelling, jockeys, veterinary and other expenses). These 4,000 horses will, therefore, cost at least £800,000 per annum to keep in training.

The stakes run for in Great Britain in 1905 amounted to £495,082. Of this sum it is calculated that the owners provided at least two-thirds, and the race funds at most one-third. In making the first calculation nothing has been charged for entrances, sweepstakes, and forfeits, so now nothing is credited for that part of the stakes which is provided by owners. The figures deal with the whole body of owners, and therefore two-thirds of the stakes can be left on one side, as they go out of pocket of one owner into that of another. The remaining third is what is really run for. This amounts to £165,027. It is thus seen that it costs owners of racehorses £800,000 to run for £165,027—a proportion of £4 16s. 11d. of expenses to each £1 of prize money.

It is well known that there is an enormous wastage among the ranks of owners of racehorses. Men come on the Turf and run horses for a year or two, but with a few exceptions they very soon give up the game. Some of them no doubt bet indiscriminately, and are naturally soon beaten by the bookmakers. Many, however, race without betting at all, while others indulge in a reasoned, and apparently not unsuccessful, support of their own horses. But all alike find after a few years that it is costing more than they thought, in spite perhaps of their having enjoyed what their friends assure them is exceptionally good luck. The consequence is that they drop out one by one.

In every game the losers must expect to pay; but surely there must be something wrong with a game (and still more with a business) when winners and losers alike find it impossible to make both ends meet? The fact, quoted above, that it costs nearly five pounds to win one on the Turf seems to show where the trouble lies and to indicate the only two remedies which can be applied. These are either to reduce expenses to a figure at which they will bear a reasonable

proportion to stakes, to raise stakes till they bear a similar proportion to expenses, or some combination of both methods. The ideal minimum from the point of view of the owners would be a state of affairs where the added money exactly balanced the expenses. This, no doubt, is a standard which it is not possible to reach. Let us see what could be done in this direction.

Take the case of the possible reduction of expenses first. The way in which the sum of £200 per annum per horse is arrived at is as follows:—

	£
1. Keep and Training, 52 weeks at 50s. per week ...	130
2. Jockeys	12
3. Veterinary, Clothing, and other Sundries ...	20
4. Travelling and Expenses at Meetings ...	37½
Total ...	<u>199½</u>

Examining each item in detail, No. 1 leaves no more than a legitimate profit to a trainer who does his horses really well, employs a sufficiency of good lads, and generally runs his stable in a way that will be satisfactory to his patrons. No. 2 is arrived at in this way: In the year 1905 there were about 15,000 competitors for the 1,700 races run in Great Britain. £3 for each jockey ($15,000 \times 3$) = £45,000, £2 extra for each winner ($1,700 \times 2$) = £3,400; total £48,400 paid in jockeys' fees according to rule. This divided among the 4,000 horses in training gives an average of £12.1 per horse. No one has ever suggested that £3 for a losing mount and £5 for a winning one is too high pay for jockeys, whatever may be the opinion as to the extravagant retainers and presents sometimes given. No economy can be suggested here. No. 3 is certainly not overstated, nor can the expenditure of such a sum very well be avoided. This brings us to No. 4. In making this calculation the numbers of runners in 1905—15,000—has been divided by 4,000, the assumed number of horses in training. This gives $3\frac{3}{4}$ as the average number of times that each horse ran. The experience of any owner will bear out the assertion that this cannot possibly be done at less than £10 a time. Of course horses trained at Newmarket can be run at the eight home meetings for nothing; but these horses have to pay £7 7s. per year as Heath Tax, and taken as an average it will probably be found not to be far out—if it does err it is on the side of cheapness. The three largest items in this account are the railway fares and the charges for stabling and board and lodging for the lads. There may be room for reduction on these three heads. Railway companies might possibly be induced to carry racehorses both ways for a single fare, as is done for

hunters, show-horses, and brood mares. Some racecourses already provide free stabling and lodging for the lads. If all were to do this it would make a further reduction. It may be taken that these two reductions would diminish the average expense to £5 per horse per meeting, and the whole amount charged under item 4 of this account by one half, making it £18 15s. This would make the charge for keeping a horse in training for a year about £180. The 4,000 horses would then cost £720,000—a reduction of £80,000 a year. Not very important perhaps, but always something.

It is clear that if stakes are to be approximated to expenses something further must be effected in the way of increasing the former. Much has been done in this direction of late years; sometimes voluntarily on the part of the racecourse proprietors; at others, it is understood, in response to pressure from the Stewards of the Jockey Club. It has been stated recently in the press that the Doncaster Town Council are at last to add—or at least to guarantee—something to the St. Leger. It is to be hoped that this somewhat tardy recognition of the claims of owners may be the forerunner of more action in the same direction.

It is often said that the large sums of added money run for in France come out of the *Pari-mutuel*. To a certain extent this is true, but it only accounts for a portion of the income of the French courses. It must be remembered that a place like Longchamps, within half an hour's drive of the centre of Paris, has exceptional facilities for filling its enclosures, and that besides this it is under the management of a body corresponding to our Jockey Club, which runs it, not for its own profit, but—as the Jockey Club do Newmarket—for the benefit of the sport. It is not likely that a racecourse in Regent's Park would ever have been allowed, for that would be the London equivalent to Longchamps. But it is a pity that there was not someone in the Jockey Club at the time the idea of the "Park" Meetings was first started, who could have foreseen the possibilities of such a scheme, and might have persuaded the Club to keep it in its own hands. We might then have found a couple of first-rate race meetings close to London, which would have divided between them the whole of the racing that now takes place at Kempton, Sandown, Hurst Park, Lingfield, Gatwick, Alexandra Park, Windsor, and Newbury—some fifty-seven days in all. These two meetings would have been in the hands of the Jockey Club, and would have been conducted for the benefit of the owners who ran their horses at them, and not, as is now the case, for the profit of any individual or company. It is easy to imagine what stakes would have been given. The saving in expenses alone which would have resulted from there being two courses instead of eight would

have been enormous. There would have been less capital on which to pay interest, a smaller staff, only two courses to keep in order, and there would have been the receipts of twenty-eight days' racing for each course to meet the expenses, instead of from six to nine as at present. For apart from other considerations nothing more extravagant can well be imagined than the system of having three racecourses as close together as Kempton, Sandown, and Hurst Park, each with an expensive course and buildings, and one at least with a grotesquely inflated capital. But no doubt it seemed too much of a gamble at the time, and the result is that we are saddled with the eight vested interests.

What the Jockey Club has done in licensing these meetings is very much akin to what is done by Parliament when it authorises the construction of a railway or hands over the lighting of a district to a gas or electric-light company. In each case it gives facilities to the company and, to a certain extent, creates a monopoly. But in return for these things it makes a very good bargain for the public whose interests are entrusted to its charge. The public, whose interests are in the hands of the Jockey Club, are the owners of racehorses. The racecourses, by reason of the system of arranging fixtures, enjoy a monopoly of racing on each of the days allotted to them. Can it be said that the Club has made as good a bargain for owners as Parliament has for the public?

To give one instance—A day's racing took place at Windsor on Saturday after Ascot this year, a date which for obvious reasons was a peculiarly favourable one. The prize money for the races amounted to £1,112, of which £569 was provided by the owners in entrances and forfeits. Half the surplus from two selling races—almost sure to be a large source of revenue under the circumstances—transferred another £320 from the pockets of the owners to the race-fund. There were also the various fees for entering (£16 15s.), weighing (£8 7s. 6d.), and for stakeholder (£11), amounting together to £36 2s. 6d. The total amount found by owners was therefore £925 2s. 6d. It would be interesting to hear what were the takings on the days' racing—the amount given by the company for owners to run for was £186 17s. 6d. The Jockey Club do not seem to have made a very good bargain for owners here.

It is not contended that this is a fair sample of a day's racing in the neighbourhood of London, but the point is that such a state of things ought to be impossible.

There is a method by which the balance might be fairly held between racecourse and racehorse owners. It cannot be claimed that it would make the added money balance the expenses, but it would at all events make it certain that the owners got a fair share

of anything that was going. The possibility of the adoption of such a course was suggested to the writer by a gentleman of great experience in public affairs, who once raced extensively himself, and still takes great interest in all that concerns racing. This method would consist of an adaptation to the needs of the Turf of what are known in parliamentary committee rooms as "the gas companies clauses." The principle of these clauses is that a monopolist gas company is not allowed to charge more than a certain sum per 1,000 cubic feet for its gas nor to pay more than a certain amount per cent. as a dividend on its share capital. But, if it sells its gas cheaper it is allowed to pay a proportionately higher dividend.

It would be fair enough and easy enough to introduce such a principle into any new racecourse licences which may be given, and it does not seem that there is any equitable reason why the existing licences should not be revised and such a clause inserted. There would be difficulties no doubt, but a careful consideration of each individual case on its merits ought to provide a fair working arrangement. The method of doing it would be roughly this in the case of a new licence: The company would have to produce a statement showing the amount of its proposed share capital, and of any debentures which it was proposed to raise. It would have to satisfy an accountant that this money was to be actually expended in acquiring or making the course and stands, and in providing a suitable working capital. The accountant being satisfied on these points, a maximum yearly payment towards debenture redemption would be agreed upon. A standard dividend of (say) six per cent. would then be fixed. It would be provided that the company was obliged to give a certain sum (say £10,000) in added money yearly, and that unless that sum was exceeded no higher dividend than the standard should be paid; but that for every additional £1,000 given in added money another half per cent. might be paid. The terms of the licence to be subject to revision in either direction every five years. It would also provide that in the case of companies which gave free stabling or other advantages to owners, these should be assessed at a certain yearly sum which might be considered as part of the company's contribution to the stakes. In calculating the contribution made by the company account would only be taken of money actually paid by it. In the case of the catchpenny stakes, common at certain meetings where owners run for a sweepstakes of £10 each starter, with £200 "added," and where the conditions carry a clause as to a £4 "entrance" concealed in their tail, like the sting of a wasp, only the money which the race actually cost the racecourse proprietors would be taken into account. These "entrances," for some mysterious reason, always go to the race-fund, whether that

fact is expressly stated or not, and are often equivalent to the whole of the so-called "added money."

In the case of a course which had races under National Hunt as well as Jockey Club rules, a special tariff would have to be settled, probably by arrangement with the National Hunt Committee, as to the contribution which was to be made to races under their rules. It might also be arranged that when a company made an improvement in its course, which was allowed to be a benefit to owners, an agreed sum might be added to the capital on which dividends might be paid.

Supposing the adoption of such a system or of any other comprehensive method of dealing with the question to be desirable, it is obvious that the only body which can possibly carry it out is the Jockey Club. A body such as the Racehorse Owners' Association—of which the writer is a member, but of the limitations of which he is fully sensible—can only deal with the fringe of the matter. With the countenance of the ruling body it should be able to arrange many details to which the stewards cannot be expected to devote their time, and in case of trouble with recalcitrant clerks of the course it might conceivably strengthen the hands of the stewards if they had an organised body of owners behind them on whose support they could count. But any such scheme as is sketched above must be initiated and carried out by the Jockey Club. It is with great diffidence that the writer commends this suggestion to the Editor of the *Badminton Magazine*, and to the possible consideration of the authorities.





VILLAGERS GATHERED ABOUT THE CAMP

PIGEON-SHOOTING IN EGYPT

BY J. C. GREW

As one travels through Egypt one is struck by the presence in some of the smaller villages of a cluster of high cone-shaped huts or "burgs" of baked mud, about which numerous pigeons are seen to be continually circling. If one passes them at sunrise or toward sunset one beholds a numberless host of these birds either rising from the huts for their daily flight across the fields, or returning in equal numbers to roost, while the stragglers continue to fly to and fro during the greater part of the day.

It is commonly supposed that these birds are the private property of the fellaheen, and that to shoot them is to trespass on the rights of the native. This is, however, not the case; and since through ignorance of the question public opinion often attaches blame to those who go to shoot in these villages, an explanation of the true state of affairs may be of interest.

In Egypt there are two distinct species of pigeon, one domestic the other wild. The birds of the former class are called Bêti; they are large, easily distinguishable by their colour, and so much heavier

and slower in flight that they could never show sport. They seldom leave the villages in which they live, and can at all times be seen circling about the huts which afford them domicile. These pigeons are the private property of individual fellaheen.

The other class—which are known to the natives as Gebeli, or Burgi, or Beladi—are, on the contrary, distinctly a wild breed, being small, swift of flight, and of a dull brownish hue, quite different from the parti-coloured domestic ones. Soon after rising from the burgs in the morning, they start across the fields away from the villages to feed among the crops of the very natives who afford them shelter, causing, especially at seed time, the greatest damage.



PIGEON "BURGS" IN AN EGYPTIAN VILLAGE

Immediately there occurs to one the question—of what use are these birds to the natives that they should build dovecots to keep them in the villages overnight, and by scattering a few grains of corn about should soon have all the wild pigeons of the district inhabiting them? As a matter of fact their value to the villagers by no means offsets the amount of devastation they cause. The natives do not eat the eggs nor the young, for if they did so the birds would speedily desert the houses. A guano, which before the use of cheap chemical manure used to be valuable, is, however, supplied and sold by the owners of the burgs to the other natives of the village. The fellaheen will acknowledge that they do not *own* these wild birds; they merely borrow them, so to speak, to collect this guano. Wild birds that migrate, as do the Beladi pigeons, can

in no sense be said to be private property. Strange, is it not, that a custom forbidden in many countries by law, *i.e.* the building of dovecots to catch wild pigeons, should have the sanction of these corn-sowing fellaheen, when so small a profit and so great a loss result!

These, then, are the birds one shoots in Egypt, and the sportsman who, standing outside of the village limits, fires at the wild pigeons as they fly overhead, is in no way trespassing on the rights of the fellaheen.

It is a great pleasure when one secures a holiday to leave Cairo



PYRAMIDS AND DESERT

behind, sail down one of the Delta branches in an old dahabeah, and camp out on the sandy bank of the Nile, where even on the hottest nights a cool breeze is sure to be stirring. In Egypt one need never prepare for rain—from April to November a rain cloud seldom if ever appears in the sky, and during the other months the chances of a storm are too small to trouble about. One takes one's blankets, a few pots and pans, and perhaps a canvas lean-to for protection from the midday sun. The hardest ground seems soft under such conditions, the breeze is deliciously cool, and one sleeps out under the great blazing vault of heaven as one sleeps in mountain air.



EGYPTIAN BEASTS OF BURDEN



THE CAMP

At dawn the first birds are seen to rise from the burgs and, after circling a few times, to start off like arrows across the fields. Faster and faster they come, flying low but wheeling and doubling continually, so that you must have a steady aim to kill. A few natives gather around to watch the sport, but unless one of the domestic birds starts out with the others and happens to be shot, a mistake which occasionally causes some slight remonstrance, their attitude appears to be merely that of interest and amusement. They help in picking up the killed and in chasing the wounded, and as each empty cartridge is ejected, a rabble of small urchins fight vigorously for its possession. Soon the heavy morning flight is



AN EGYPTIAN VILLAGE MARKET

over; you repair to camp to rest during the heat of the day, until toward sundown the birds return, and again for an hour or two the sport is at its height.

Prior to the recent attack at Denshwai on officers of the British Army of Occupation, I have never seen nor heard of violent resentment on the part of the fellaheen at this shooting in the neighbourhood of their villages. The evidence here showed conclusively that the outrage was the result of a pre-arranged plot, so that the charge which has been brought against the British officer of "riding roughshod over the susceptibilities of the native" was proved, in this case at least, to be entirely without warrant.



THE HUNTING OUTLOOK

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

With the views of several leading Masters of Hounds on the attitude of Farmers towards Fox-hunting

HERE we are on the eve of another fox-hunting season, and in spite of the croakings of the misanthropic individuals who pretend to foresee the end of the grand old sport, the prospects are decidedly good and the general outlook distinctly bright. Modern fox-hunting undoubtedly has its difficulties, but, generally speaking, there is not one which is really insurmountable. To-day we find more than two hundred recognised packs of foxhounds in the United Kingdom, and we can count on the fingers of one hand the number of packs which are without a Master or a strong committee to govern them. Gaps in the ranks are quickly filled every season, and a glance at the list of Masters will show at once that the majority of those influential county families that made hunting history in the old days are still firmly bound to the chase, and indissolubly associated with its interests. Enough, then, of the fallacy that hunting is on its last legs.

In certain hunting countries the Master of Hounds finds his chief difficulty in shooting-tenants who, even if not totally opposed to fox-hunting, have at any rate small consideration for the local pack and its followers. I am afraid there is little that can be put into print which will tend to obviate the friction existing in some quarters. It is one of those delicate problems of modern sport which can only be solved by the exercise of common sense and the broad feelings of fair play on the part of the individuals concerned. The conditions of country life have changed with the times, and the increase of game preservation must necessarily entail a certain loss of sport to fox-hunters. He is, to my mind, the wisest M.F.H. who calmly accepts the altered situation, and endeavours by every possible display of good fellowship and tact to secure a friendly arrangement with shooting-tenants and other covert-owners who do not hunt.

Under the rather disturbing heading of "Hunting and the Law" some prominence was given two or three months ago to a claim for damage which arose in one of the most sporting countries of the south-western district. A farmer sued the secretary for damages

done by the hunt in going over his land. Although paying away £700 every year in claims, the committee declined, for many reasons, to settle this particular demand, and the county court judge decided against the farmer, holding that the hunt was not a corporate body, and could not be sued like a mayor or corporation. His Honour ruled that "if people came and did the damage the plaintiff must sue the people that did so." I think the sooner such unpleasant incidents as this one are forgotten the better for hunting, but the point raised by the judge seems to be of exceptional interest and worthy of a passing thought.

Lord Portman, whose experience of hunting is the longest of any M.F.H. now on the active list, thinks that the Master would have been the right man to sue in this case. He recollects a decision several years ago that the M.F.H. was the person liable for damages done by his field, on the ground that he was the cause of the persons being present who did the damage. The veteran Master believes this decision still to hold good. The Duke of Beaufort was glad to hear of the judge's decision in the case I have mentioned, for he thinks it "would be hard for a Master or secretary of a hunt to be liable for all the damage done by all the careless and ignorant people (and there are many) who come out hunting." I questioned another well-known south-country M.F.H. on the subject. "I do not think," he replied, "that our hunt would be answerable for damage done by one of its members."

Fortunately, it is very seldom indeed that a point of this nature crops up for consideration, as the farmers of England, taking them collectively, are still very cordial towards hunting. All the Masters and other hunt officials to whom I have mentioned the subject are perfectly unanimous. It is natural, indeed, for the M.F.H. to have a good word to say for the occupier of the land, to whom he is deeply indebted in many ways. We have been told that the average English farmer is not so much of a sportsman as he was in the prosperous days of old. True, he is not in a position to follow the hounds so frequently as his grandfather did, but he still has a warm corner in his heart for hunting, and the sound of the horn is always cheery music to his ears. Take, for example, the Vale of White Horse. Here the farmers are a real good sporting lot, many of them hunt, and most of the others are more than friendly.

Lord Bathurst attributes their warm friendship to the fact that they have always been well treated, and their interests well looked after, not only by the successive Masters, but by the great landlords and those who follow the hounds. This is noticeable over a large tract, including the Berkeley and Badminton countries, where for many years the hounds have been kept by one family, and there is

no doubt that farmers do more to support a local M.F.H. than they would a stranger who may take the hounds just for his own amusement and then be gone in a year or two, only to have his place taken by another stranger. Lord Bathurst considers that a good hunt secretary is also most necessary for the well-being of a country, a man whom the farmers like and can trust, and who investigates any claim for damage without delay. His lordship thinks that the outlook in the V.W.H. country is "most prosperous; there are a great quantity of foxes, the country is perhaps more clear of wire than any other, and the landlords support the hunt to the best of their ability."

Practically the same satisfactory report came from other countries in this part of the kingdom. Followers of the Badminton, who so often invade the V.W.H. domains, look like having a good time. The Duke of Beaufort kindly informs me that prospects are good. "Plenty of foxes, horses, and hounds. Very little wire, and most of what there is removed before hunting begins." The noble M. F. H. adds that "the farmers are still as cordial towards hunting as they ever were." And nobody will be surprised at that, for if ever there was a model Master, a man who lives among his people all the year round and studies them, it is the Duke of Beaufort. Lord Portman complains of coverts closed against his hounds in the early part of the season; but the farmers in his country are very friendly towards fox-hunting.

In the neighbouring Cattistock country the Rev. E. A. Milne says the outlook is first-class. It is a unique country in that the farmers are such good sportsmen that there is no damage or poultry fund at all. Moreover, in this happy state of affairs, the Cattistock kill an exceptionally large number of foxes. Last year their total was $78\frac{1}{2}$ brace, but in the three preceding years hounds killed 94, $92\frac{1}{2}$, and 93 brace. Mr. Milne makes a point of treating all his farmers as friends and sportsmen. He does not "know them one day and pass them by another," and I fancy if this example were followed everywhere we should hear a great deal less of the scarcity of foxes in certain countries, and hunt secretaries would find an appreciable drop in the claims submitted to them. Payments and subscriptions and luncheons are very well in their way, but the average farmer likes above everything to be treated in a consistent, civil, and gentlemanly manner.

We do not hear very much of the South Dorset country during the season, but it is a good one to ride over, and Mr. Radcliffe has shown some capital sport during his twelve years in the mastership. It may aptly be described as a primitive country, and the hunting people who live in it hope it will remain so for many years

to come. There are no railways to interfere with hounds, and consequently no strangers to swell their fixtures. Mr. Radcliffe tells me in the course of an interesting letter that the farmers are just as cordial towards hunting as hitherto, especially the large ones who farm anything from one to two thousand acres. But wire is much more prevalent than formerly. Owing to the depression in agriculture owners are not able to supply their tenants with timber as of old. Shooting-tenants have been more numerous during the last few years, comments Mr. Radcliffe, which "is not a boon to fox-hunting. Very few South Dorset landowners hunt, and I believe never did in this country. The farmers have always been the mainstay, and do anything in their power by walking puppies and preserving foxes. There is no wire, poultry, or fund of any sort. It has never been the custom, consequently claims are not made."

I am afraid that Mr. Radcliffe strikes a pessimistic note in considering the future. "What will kill the sport of foxhunting," he writes, "is the over-preservation of game, and small farmers who do not care to see their land ridden over. No doubt in years to come hunting will be carried on at enormous expense, and only the very rich will be able to enjoy it." Things seem to be trending that way in some places, what with the capping system and other innovations; but, personally speaking, I doubt whether hunting can be reckoned as being actually extravagant when you take the whole season through and find how much fun, with ordinary luck, you get for your money. Compared, for instance, with the cost of the best shooting, the best hunting is cheap.

Turning now from the southern counties to the Midlands, we again have very few reports in any way unfavourable. Captain Frank Forester's first season in the mastership of the Quorn was most promising, and after rather troublous times I think we may say that things are in a very satisfactory state just now in the crack Leicestershire country. Owing to complaints made by covert-owners and lessees on the Forest side, it was decided at a meeting of the Hunt Committee in May last that the country south of the road from Loughborough to Copt Oak, and thence to Coalville, should be hunted by Lord Harrington during the approaching season. I consider this to be a step in the right direction, for it has been obvious for some time past that the Quorn country, as it is now constituted, requires at least six days a week hunting to do it proper justice. No doubt the country throughout will derive great benefit from the arrangement with Lord Harrington, who came on most Thursdays last season. But at the same time there is much regret on the Forest side that Mr. Charles McNeill is not able to hunt a separate pack—one way out of the

difficulty, which was suggested last season. The new kennels at Pawdy Cross Roads are almost certain to result in an improvement in the Quorn pack. The hounds have been located at their fresh quarters since last April, and we must refrain from expressing an opinion as to their complete satisfaction until the pack has passed through a season in them. But they are commodious, and from their situation I should say that the kennels will prove to be healthy.

In the neighbouring Cottesmore country hunting prospects were never better. Foxes have increased in number, and nearly all wire is taken down during the season. The relations between the farmers and the hunt are most cordial, and Mr. Evan Hanbury tells me that personally he has never met with the least incivility, and he often receives invitations from farmers to go on their land to find outlying foxes. "In my experience," he continues, "if farmers are treated with consideration by the hunt they will extend the same consideration to the hunt. I am strongly in favour of all hunting men buying their forage personally from the farmers, and think if this arrangement were universally carried out nothing else would be needed to ensure mutual cordiality."

In Mr. Fernie's pleasant country, where the essential qualities of tact and fair treatment are invariably displayed towards those who farm the land, the outlook is fair, though the barbed-wire question threatens to become rather troublesome. A small horse-show has been established at Market Harborough for the benefit of the occupiers in the hunt, and farmers have been assisted by the service of a Shire stallion. Respecting the Belvoir there is little to report. It is an old-fashioned country, and things go on very much the same from year to year.

Lord Willoughby de Broke is in the happy position of knowing that the occupiers of land in Warwickshire welcome the hounds throughout the length and breadth of the county. There is no wire and plenty of foxes. Mr. Albert Brassey expects good sport with the Heythrop. "I regret," he adds, "that barbed wire increases somewhat every year, but fortunately there is very little of it in the country, and in many cases it is taken down during the winter." The general outlook in the Bicester country is very bright. "Support of farmers is exceptionally good all over the country," declares Mr. J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, "owing to the excellent feeling existing between every one in the district."

On the subject of the farmers of the Brocklesby country, who have been famous for their loyalty to the pack for two centuries, Lord Yarborough says that they mostly take part in hunting, and are extremely cordial towards it. Lord Yarborough explains that in the Brocklesby country the situation is a great deal different from

that in many hunts, as the majority of the estates are large, and the occupiers of land comparatively few, as the Wold farms are mostly big ones.

In Yorkshire prospects seem to be satisfactory generally and one hears of plenty of cubs. Lord Middleton writes of his country that foxes are well preserved as a rule. "Farmers," he says, "are most helpful and kind, and shooting-tenants the same, and we all try to help one another. This is my thirtieth season, and my father had the hounds for twenty-four seasons before me, and I never remember a claim for damages, with the exception of a few bills for poultry and other animals, in all these years."

There is to be a new pack of hounds in Yorkshire this season under the mastership of Mr. S. C. Scroope. The district to be covered consists of the westerly end of the Bedale country, a part of which has been systematically shirked and neglected by the various Bedale Masters owing to its distance from the kennels and its excessive roughness, as it entirely comprises moor, bog, and woodlands. Foxes took refuge in these fastnesses to escape from hounds, and as they were never hunted they were eventually destroyed by the keepers. And so this fine, wild, sporting district became a positive drain on the Bedale country instead of a reservoir. Mr. Scroope will hunt three days a fortnight, and an occasional by-day, and he finds a converted corn mill makes very convenient kennels for his fifteen couples of hounds, half-bred Welsh and pure-bred Welsh and English. Jack Petts, formerly huntsman to the Hurworth, is the first whipper-in and kennel huntsman. The new M.F.H. has been met in the fairest and most generous way by the Bedale Master, the committee, the landowners, and the shooting-tenants, and expresses himself as being deeply grateful to them all.

This season the outlook for hunting in Cheshire is excellent. The mange which has been prevalent in the country for the last five years is practically stamped out, and there is a good stock of healthy foxes now. If one trusted the reports which mischievously appear in the papers from time to time, one would imagine that the Cheshire occupiers of land were quite a cantankerous lot. Those in authority, however, would soon correct that impression. "Judging by the attitude of the farmers towards myself," says Mr. Hubert Wilson, "they were never better disposed to hunting than at present. They seem to realise that we do what we can to prevent damage, and that we do appreciate the welcome which in most parts of the country we receive." It may be noted that the Tarporley Hunt Club keeps a thoroughbred sire for the use of the farmers, and a Shire stallion is also kept by the Mid-Cheshire Farmers' Association with the express object of helping the tenants. Moreover, most careful and elaborate

arrangements are made to settle all claims for loss of poultry, etc., and all wire is taken down in October and replaced in April at the expense of the hunt.

In the Ludlow country, where Sir William Curtis has reigned for twenty years—and it can be taken as a typical West Midland hunting district—the sport is as popular as ever—if not more so. “Foxes are plentiful,” says the Master, “and the farmers, as a whole, do all they can to further the interests of hunting. There is any quantity of pheasant-shooting, but no lack of good wild foxes. In only one instance, and that on the outside of the country, are hounds not allowed to draw until after shooting, and in these particular coverts foxes are always to be found when hounds do go.”

An exception to the generally favourable outlook is to be noted in the Tredegar country. There has been a serious outbreak of a virulent type of mange throughout the whole of the district covered by the pack, and it has seriously diminished the number of foxes for the approaching season. Lord Tredegar cannot account for such a sudden and destructive epidemic. Otherwise fox-hunting is in a strong position in this corner of Wales. “I have always been well supported by farmers,” writes the veteran sportsman, who has hunted the pack for thirty-six years, “and maintained cordial relations with them.”

During the past twelve months we have had to mourn the loss of several Masters of Foxhounds past and present. Among those who passed away in office was Sir James Miller, whose sudden demise at an early age was the greatest blow sustained for many years by hunting on the Scottish border. Sir James did everything on the grand scale during his mastership of the Northumberland and Berwickshire Hounds, which dated back to 1897. No successor could be found ready to hunt the country in its entirety as Sir James had done; in consequence the district reverts to its old divided state. The Berwickshire side will be covered by Mr. Fred Usher with a three-days-a-week pack, while a generous offer has been accepted from Mrs. Burrell, of Carham Hall, to hunt the Northumberland side two days a week at her own expense, the hunt subscriptions going towards the cost of the coverts, earth stopping, and various small items.

Mrs. Burrell, who thus adds her name to the small list of lady Masters of Foxhounds, is a daughter of that much-lamented north-country sportsman, the late Mr. Charles Perkins. Mr. Usher, the new Master of the Berwickshire, has for some years been hunting the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire, in conjunction with his brothers. His migration causes a change of leadership in the last-named country, wherein in future Sir Robert Usher and Mr. Andrew Gillon

will hunt two days a week as Joint Masters, Mr. Gillon being the acting M. F. H. One other change north of the Tweed has to be noted, Colonel Sprot succeeding Captain John Gilmour in the mastership of the Fife.

Throughout Yorkshire much regret was aroused in February by the death of Captain J. R. Lane-Fox, the Master of the Bramham Moor. His sons, Mr. G. R. Lane-Fox and Mr. Edward Lane-Fox, have taken over the hounds, which have been in the hands of the family for a century and a half. Everything, therefore, will go on in the same way as heretofore, and the subscribers have decided to give £3,300 per annum to the new Masters, and to pay the balance of subscriptions to the poultry fund. While on the subject of packs in the broad-acred shire, the change in the York and Ainsty country may be mentioned. Mr. Harry Preston drops out and Mr. Lycett Green is joined in the mastership by Mr. Miles J. Stapylton, the arrangement being that the new M. F. H. should kennel one pack at Myton, appoint a professional huntsman, and hunt two days a week, the senior Master going on as before. Fred Kinch, who did good work with the N. B. H. under Sir James Miller, has been engaged as huntsman to the York and Ainsty, while A. Brackley has been installed as huntsman at the Myton kennels by Mr. Stapylton, who will cover the north side of the country with the bitch pack.

In Wales the death occurred in March of Mr. Hopton Addams Williams, the Master of the Llangibby, of whom it is said that he had not missed a single meet of the hounds on New Year's Day for nearly sixty years. In his youth he had been associated with the pack in the time of his uncle, Mr. John Williams, and later he assisted that splendid veteran, Mr. John Lawrence. A sad incident connected with Mr. Williams's death is that the members of the hunt were about to present him with his portrait in recognition of his valuable services to the pack. Mr. E. Waddington is the new Master of the Llangibby. Another M. F. H., Mr. George Brendon, who hunted a small pack in Cornwall, has likewise passed away during the present year, and we have to lament the death of that fine old sportsman, the Duke of Rutland.

At the end of the season of 1905-6 the changes in the hunt establishments were above the average number. A committee has taken up the duties of Mr. H. F. Brunskill in the Exmoor country, with Mr. M. Salaman as Field Master of a new lot of hounds, while the future is doubtful of the district hunted by the late Mr. Brendon with his private pack. But with these exceptions new Masters have been appointed in all cases, and I have already alluded to the establishment of two fresh packs, one in Yorkshire and the other in Northumberland.

It will be understood that not every Master who resigned last season has actually gone out of office. Mr. W. J. Yorke Scarlett, for example, has given up the Tedworth to go to the Craven country, whose Master for one season, Mr. Peter Ormrod, goes elsewhere in his turn, and is now found in command of the trencher-fed Stainton Dale in Yorkshire. Mr. Brunskill has left the Exmoor merely to go to the Silverton, while Sir William Cooke has gone from the North Herefordshire to succeed Mr. R. C. Forster in the mastership of the more attractive Ledbury country. Mr. Scarlett is succeeded in the Tedworth by Mr. Willis Fleming, who has gained useful experience as Master of the Chilworth and Stoneham Harriers. In Herefordshire Sir W. Cooke is succeeded by Captain R. E. Heygate.

Ireland loses an excellent M.F.H. in Sir John Hume-Campbell, who, after one season with the Ormond, and two seasons previously with a private pack in Scotland, has come to England to take over the North Cotswold Hounds. With this pack Mr. Charles McNeill made his reputation as one of the best amateur huntsmen in the kingdom, and the followers are exceedingly sorry to part with him. They are lucky in having gained another very keen young sportsman, and Sir John Hume-Campbell will have all his work cut out to maintain the record sport shown by Mr. McNeill. His place in the mastership of the Ormond Hounds will be filled by Mr. T. Cradock, at one time Master of the East Galways.

An important change in Ireland is caused by the retirement, for business reasons, of the Baron de Robeck, for nine years the successful Master of the Kildare Hounds. He wound up his term of office with some unusually brilliant sport. His mantle falls very worthily on the shoulders of Mr. Arthur Pollok, who has done sufficiently well in the East Galway and Waterford countries to betoken his success with the more classic Kildares.

The Marquis of Waterford takes over the Waterford Hounds to the delight of all connected with the pack, and under his leadership a revival of the glory of the old Curraghmore days is looked forward to. Members of the County Limerick Hunt were faced last season with the resignation of Major Frank Wise, but, fortunately, an arrangement has been arrived at by which he continues as Joint Master with Mr. A. R. Warren, the senior M.F.H. carrying the horn as hitherto. An echo of the devastating San Francisco catastrophe was heard in Tipperary, Mr. Richard Burke, the popular Master of the "Tips," being largely interested in the wrecked city, and he had to leave Ireland soon after the fearful ruin in order to attend to his affairs in 'Frisco. Pending his return, the Tipperary Hounds will be in the hands of a committee. Mr. Henry Leader has retired from the command of the Muskerry,

and his successor is Mr. T. Donovan; while Captain R. H. Collis takes Mr. W. Nicholson's position at the head of the United Hunt Club. If he is as good in the mastership of foxhounds as he is in getting over a country then the United Hunt Club have found an excellent leader.

There are several instances, other than those previously mentioned, of new Joint Masters coming to the assistance of sportsmen already holding office. In the Blankney country Lord Charles Bentinck joins Mr. Edgar Lubbock and will hunt the pack himself. Mr. W. W. Dobson comes back to the North Staffordshire mastership in order to relieve Lord Huntingdon of some of his duties; while in the North Warwickshire country Lord Algernon Percy has rejoined Mr. J. P. Arkwright. The committee which formerly governed the Essex Hunt, with Mr. C. E. Green at its head, gives way, owing to that gentleman's ill-health, to the mastership of Mr. John Swire, who will hunt the country on a guaranteed subscription of £3,000, not including the poultry fund. In the Whaddon Chase Mr. W. Selby-Lowndes, jun., has succeeded his father in the sole mastership.

The tale of the remaining changes of control can be told in few words. Glamorgan men were naturally very loth to lose such a popular and liberal leader as The Mackintosh, and one of the first things they had to do when filling the vacancy was substantially to increase the subscription from £1,200 per annum to £1,800. When it became known that Colonel Homfray was willing to take over the hounds the additional money was readily subscribed, and under the leadership of their former honorary secretary the outlook for the Glamorgan pack is clear and bright. The Monmouthshire Hounds also undergo a change of control, Colonel B. Herbert having resigned after three seasons in office. He will be succeeded, not by Mr. Edward Curre, as has been stated in the press, but by that gentleman's brother, Mr. J. M. Curre, who has shown excellent sport with Herefordshire packs, and last season was Master of the North Ledbury. This last-named country, which was only temporarily called into existence, has now ceased, the new Master of the Ledbury resuming possession. Mr. Browne will continue to hunt that portion of North Herefordshire which both he and his late father have hunted for years, and Sir William Cooke has promised to give him a small piece of the Ledbury country. Things look well for the coming season with the Ledbury, excepting, perhaps, in the matter of hounds. The incoming Master has found himself left with so few young hounds that he has practically no entry at all—only $5\frac{1}{2}$ couples, and those very bad indeed.

Having held the position with much success for five seasons,

Mr. Alex. Browne has resigned the mastership of the Percy Hounds on account of ill-health, and his place has been taken by Mr. J. B. Pease, whom the followers of the pack are unanimous in regarding as the right man in the right place. No man, however, is a hero to his valet, and Mr. Pease tells a good story against himself. One day, on returning from hunting, he happened to mention to one of his servants that a proposition had been made that he should take over the hounds, and went on to say that he was afraid he had neither the time nor the experience to perform the duties of the position properly. The man's reply was blunt, almost brutal. "Well, sir," he said, "I should have thought that they could have found many men more suitable for the job than you!" "It was rather a blow to my pride," says Mr. Pease in narrating the yarn, "but subsequent reflection has not induced me to abate my respect for the man's intelligence." However, the members of the Percy Hunt are satisfied that they have got a keen sportsman who will do full justice to the country.

In the Worcestershire country, where trouble has been encountered lately owing to the prevalence of barbed wire on many small properties, Mr. C. R. Mills retires, and is succeeded by Mr. Arthur Jones. The new M.F.H., a resident landowner who has hunted in the county for many seasons, has undertaken to employ a professional huntsman. In the Suffolk country Mr. F. Riley-Smith gives way to Mr. R. G. Everard, who until recently was hunting the Bexhill Harriers. In East Sussex, where mange has proved a great scourge, and foxes are not too well preserved in parts, the Hon. T. A. Brassey retires from the mastership after having gallantly stuck to the pack through some troublous times. Mr. A. N. du Mont takes over the hounds, and will have the valuable assistance of Sir Anchtel Ashburnham-Clement as Field Master. Mr. E. C. Henn-Gennys has given up the Lamerton Hounds, and a joint mastership in succession to him has been arranged by Mr. T. H. Spry and Mr. J. A. Cooke-Hurle. Mr. Douglas Crossman steps into the gap caused by Mr. G. Smith-Bosanquet's resignation of the Cambridgeshire Hounds; while in the neighbouring Newmarket and Thurlow country Sir William Hyde-Parker is succeeded by Mr. R. Bower.

This, I think, completes the list of changes in fox-hunting countries, and it only remains for me to express my gratitude to those gentlemen who have so courteously given me their views of the general outlook in their respective districts. Their united assurance of the goodwill of the farmers is most satisfactory, and furnishes a convincing reply to the criticism sometimes made that fox-hunting is losing the support and approval of the occupiers of the land.



MESSRS. HOLLAND'S BADMINTON SCHOOL—"GOING TO THE LEFT"

GAME-SHOOTING AND SHOOTING SCHOOLS

BY EUSTACE H. STONE

IF everything in the sport of shooting were easy, shooting would at once cease to be a sport. Therefore innovations seeking to substitute mechanism for human skill are generally eyed with suspicion and distrust. It always was so and it always will be so. Such a spirit must not be dismissed as mere pig-headed conservatism, for if ever we get what the shooting seers have termed "The Gun of the Future," we may have to say good-bye to the sport of the present and the past. Happily the prophets of the gun are not infallible.

Colonel Hawker, who to three generations of writers on shooting has been as troublesome as King Charles's head to Mr. Dick, seems really to have believed that the advent of the percussion gun would destroy shooting as a sport. He lived long, and realised his error, but the error itself was by no means unjustifiable. The great difficulty in shooting with a flint-lock was that the gun did not go off when the trigger was pulled. It went off after an appreciable interval. In modern parlance, every shot was a bad hang-fire. The detonator and the percussion cap reduced, although they did not abolish, the interval between the pressing of the trigger and the flight of the charge from the muzzle. To that extent they freed the sportsman from the necessity of continuing his aim during a period in which the gun was, so to speak, alive and active on its own

account. Even with our present cartridges, the cap almost in contact with the powder, there is a distinct, although to the slow sense of consciousness an inappreciable, interval, between the fall of the tumbler and the arrival of the shot at the muzzle. We know how the slightest increase in that interval marks a perceptible and disconcerting hang-fire, and so we can easily realise why Colonel Hawker thought the detonator might overstep the line, and improve the sport of shooting out of existence.

Towards other improvements which since his time have revolutionised the gun, similar criticisms from a similar standpoint have been directed. But I take leave to doubt whether any one of them has had quite the same justification. Choke-boring and smokeless



LONDON SPORTING PARK FROM THE TOWER

powders were both somewhat on the same plane, and both simplified shooting. But with its advantages the choke brought compensating disadvantages, so that, great improvement as it is, its real utility lies chiefly in that it affords a means for regulating and controlling the spread and dispersion of the shot. This is a problem Colonel Hawker had himself worked upon, and he regarded the regulation of pattern and increase of range as perfectly legitimate improvements to aim at. Then nitro-powder, with its absence of obscuring smoke, has added greatly to the pleasure of the sport, but we cannot say that it has done very much to make shooting easier, or unduly to increase the power of the gun.

Other improvements—breech-loading, the c.f. principle, the hammerless actions, the ejectors, and last of all the looming and lowering automatic—have been concerned with quite another matter. Their object chiefly is to make loading quicker and easier, to relieve the shooter of irksome tasks, and so to add to his pleasure in the use and handling of the gun. In this way also shooting is simplified, but it does not by any means follow, even if a cartridge is automatically loaded into the chamber and the spent case automatically extracted, that the contents of the case will be any better directed or any more deadly than if the shooter had rammed down his own powder, shot, and wads, and fired from a muzzle-loader. If anything, the reverse happens, for with ease of loading comes carelessness of firing.

It is accordingly to be expected that now, precisely as in the past, there will be shooters who, having mastered the difficulties of the sport, clamour for more difficulties to be in turn surmounted, while others, less skilled, are anxious to find an easy way, oblivious of the decree that the easy way leadeth to destruction.

Men who shoot well get too much shooting, and get too much shooting because they shoot well. The tall pheasant is not tall enough, nor the partridge driven down wind over the hedge quick enough, for these experts with the gun. By others—the great army of others—the complaint is raised that the conditions are too difficult. The driven bird is driven too hard, the generalship by which each shot is made a severe test of skill handicaps the novice too much at the outset. Improvement by practice, which is the only possible method, is hard to come by. On a big day an indifferent shot is not very welcome, and his consciousness that he may fail to contribute his share to the bag makes him thoughtful as to his shooting. That means hesitation, and hesitation is fatal.

A man should shoot as a bird flies, without consciousness of details. A bird fired at endeavours instinctively to keep out of the way of the charge. The man firing instinctively handles his gun to place the shot in the way of the bird. In this duel of instinct the bird is often victorious. A flying pheasant offers to the eye a fairly considerable mark, and the 30-in. killing circle of the 12-bore leaves but few loopholes for escape. Yet it is uncommonly easy to miss the pheasant altogether, and almost as easy to ruffle his feathers without bringing him down.

In a very interesting lecture on modern shot-guns, which was delivered a short time ago, this very point was dealt with in some detail. Typical shot-patterns with various charges, fired from barrels ranging from the practically true cylinder to a full choke, were displayed, through the medium of magic lantern slides, upon a

screen. Above the shot-patterns shadowgraphs of various birds were placed. The birds had no feathers, and a flying pheasant without either contour-feathers, wings, or tail, is not ornamental. When he is exhibited in this guise he does not look nice, but the possibility of vulnerable parts escaping uninjured is much more apparent than when he sweeps from the coppice in all the glory of his plumage. The wild duck, a bird at any time requiring hard hitting, figured in the shadowgraph with an inordinately long neck. The lecturer explained that this might be accounted for by the fact that the duck had been hanging by the neck for a week before the outline was taken! Thus the ruling characteristic of the wild duck seems to be



RIFLE AND RUNNING-DEER TARGETS, LONDON SPORTING PARK

accentuated when he is quietly preparing for the cook. The snipe divested of his feathers is small indeed, and quite capable of passing unscathed through a well-distributed shot-pattern, and in greater or less degree the sporting chances both of birds and ground game are better than they appear to be even when circumstances and skill most favour the shooter.

It seems at first sight somewhat curious that a really good game shot never can intelligibly explain his own methods in the field. What is it he does so unerringly to direct the charge, make the right allowance, and bring down his birds? What should be

done all modern text books on the sport tell us, but how to do it each shooter must discover for himself. When he has acquired the ability, he cannot by word of mouth impart it to another person, for he does not consciously know what it is, or how to explain it. In game-shooting the subconscious self takes charge of the gun in the act of firing. Until the thing can be done instinctively, it cannot properly be done at all.

There is probably no game shot, however skilled, who cannot do better work with his own guns than with guns to which he is not accustomed. A gun may help the shooter, or by faults of balance or fit may hinder the instinctive action so essential to success.



GUN AND LOADER, REGENT SHOOTING GROUND

Gun-fitting, the adaptation of the gun to the man, is extremely desirable, because by as much as the fit of the gun falls short of perfection by that much will the difficulty of shooting be increased. The suggestion that ill-fitting, awkward guns should be substituted for the weapons at present used by those who think the sport too easy is more drastic than feasible. The sportsman might shoot well with clumsy guns, but would take little pleasure in the sport. To use small-bores, 20-bores or 16-bores, is more reasonable as a proposition, but it is improbable that one shooter in a hundred could be induced to adopt it. There appear to be many advocates for the small-bores, but astonishingly few users of them are met with in the field.

For use by ladies, and by boys, the small-bores serve their purpose excellently. Their lightness and daintiness of handling is, of course, a great point in their favour. At various shooting schools miniature guns have been very usefully employed for purposes of tuition, and the same guns often afterwards do good work in the field. Mr. W. W. Watts, the director of the London Sporting Park at Hendon, not very long ago coached a little boy of eleven, who used that smallest of weapons, a .410 hammer gun. According to the lad's father, his average at rabbits (no sitting shots) was slightly under two cartridges per rabbit. He also got some pheasants, but the little gun did not seem to make much impression on cocks if they were higher than an ordinary forest tree.



MESSRS. HOLLAND'S' BADMINTON SCHOOL—"STRAIGHT AWAY"

This shows what can be done by a youngster if properly taught. It also illustrates the increased difficulty of killing when guns of small calibre are used. It would be unfair to compare a .410 with a 20-bore (.615) or a 12 (.729). The pattern thrown even by a 12-bore with 1 oz., $1\frac{1}{16}$ oz., or $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. shot is probably never so good as it appears to be when examined on a plate, because the pellets string and do not arrive together, while some are sure to be deficient in penetrative force. But it is probable that, take them all round, the outside pellets in the pattern are perfectly effective on game, so that the advantage of the larger calibre, regulated for pattern rather than

for range, can hardly be in doubt when considered from the standpoint of the killing chance.

Mr. Charles Lancaster, whose firm many years ago established one of the first shooting grounds near London at Red House Farm, Wormwood Scrubs, on a site now occupied by the Great Western Railway, agrees that small-bores are extremely useful for shooters whose strength is not equal to the weight of the 12-bore carried and used the day through. He instances the success of Miss Annie Oakley, who, when in this country some time ago, shot a great deal at Mr. Lancaster's present grounds at Stonebridge Park. For game-shooting she used always a pair of 20-bore Lancaster guns; for trap shooting she adopted the 12.

It is, when all is said, only a small minority of sportsmen who feel it desirable to make shooting more difficult. For most of us the sport is already hard enough, and except in an increasing use of 1-oz. charges of shot, and the 33-grain smokeless powders so eminently well adapted for the propulsion of light loads, changes from the methods in vogue for the past ten years are unlikely to be initiated. The day of the inordinately big bag, when sport was in danger of being sacrificed to the lust of mere numbers, has almost gone. The complaint that shooting is too easy is a visible sign of the passing of that phase. Had the cult of the big bag persisted—the bag for its own sake, easy shooting or difficult, but swollen numbers at any price—that might have meant the end of shooting, in the modern method, as a sport. Then the sportsman might have gone back to the hedgerows, and to walking up partridges in the old way, which, under existing agricultural conditions, is a difficult way indeed. It may be a test of all-round sporting skill more thorough than any the twentieth-century methods of bringing the bird to the gun provide, but often it is tantalising work. For shooting, for actual proficiency with the gun itself, the driven bird, well shown, is, and to all seeming will remain, supreme.

In the period of peace when tin rabbits and clay birds alone may be fired at, there is afforded an opportunity for the acquirement of just that pitch of proficiency with the gun requisite for successful game-shooting. Clay pigeons thrown over trees in the manner now brought to such perfection at the various shooting schools give most excellent practice. When once the preliminary stages of tuition are passed, traps set to throw hard and far, from the ground or from a tower, will in time give to the indifferent shot what most he lacks, confidence in his own ability to shoot, instinctively and with good effect, as each flying mark presents itself to the eye.

Of shooting schools and practice grounds there are now very many in the neighbourhood of London. Of these, Messrs. Holland's

Badminton School, at Kensal Rise—one of the first, if not the very first, and certainly surpassed by none; the West London at Ealing, the school at Colnbrook opened last year by Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison when they gave up their Blagdon School, the Regent School at Finchley Road, and the Sporting Park at Hendon, are prominent examples. To all of them such features as the high tower for throwing imitation rocketing pheasants are common, although each one has some special feature worth description did space permit. Grouse butts, rough covert, hedges over which imitation partridges are driven, rides across which artificial rabbits glide or jolt, and many other ingenious simulations of the real thing are thus readily to be found and experimented with by any shooter who would see and try them for himself.

Amongst the most recent novelties for shooting practice is a clay pigeon in use at the London Sporting Park. It enables a capital imitation of pigeon-shooting, with boundary, to be carried on with the artificial bird. When hit the breaking clay releases a weighted tassel attached to a disc of cardboard, which falls like a parachute to the ground, marking the exact position of the hit. Mr. Watts during the past summer carried the system of artificial pigeon shooting to great perfection. At a trial competition held on

July 17 full opportunity for effective use of the second barrel was afforded, and traps and birds alike worked excellently. For practice at rocketers a shooting tower, with or without trees, is essential. At the Sporting Park the tower is 90 ft. high. Mr. Watts, two years ago, arranged and designed a tower for the King of Spain, which is now erected in his park at El Pardo, near Madrid. From this tower eight clay pigeons, representing rocketing pheasants, can be thrown simultaneously.

At Mr. Charles Lancaster's shooting grounds at Stonebridge Park, which, being well wooded, undulating, and conveniently situated, afford excellent opportunities for practice under natural



KING ALFONSO'S SHOOTING-TOWER, ERECTED
AT EL PARDO, MADRID

conditions, the tower overtops the surrounding trees by some thirty feet. In the photograph taken on these grounds a shooter is using a pair of guns and the loader is acting as coach. Then at the Regent School, where Mr. R. D. Robertson coaches with such conspicuous success, the use of a pair of guns in the open is shown, and



IMITATION ROCKETERS, MR. CHARLES LANCASTER'S SHOOTING GROUNDS

also examples of practice and position when birds are thrown from the tower. In short, by the use of a variety of appliances, here rather indicated than described, the modern marksman, in his striving after proficiency, is aided in every possible way.

Nobody is born with the ability to shoot, and everybody has to

learn by experience. Experience shows faults and errors, which in time are corrected. But if the unpractised marksman could say with certainty why he missed, it would not take him so long to eradicate his tendency towards scattering shot uselessly among the clouds. In the field it is only the hits that count, either for instruction or the bag. In the shooting school every shot can be made to tell something, and the shooter sees for himself not only that he misses, but why he misses, and he is helped to correct his personal errors so far as such errors can be corrected. In practically all shooting schools great use is made of the try-gun, and by its aid any man can have a gun specially schemed out for him, so that he may handle it with the maximum of ease and comfort, and get out of it the best work of which he is capable. But when all is said, a gun will shoot only where it is aimed. Therefore, although the advantage of a specially fitted gun is no more to be denied than the advantage of a specially fitted shooting jacket, yet it is quite possible for an ordinary man to select a gun to which he can adapt himself almost as well as though the process had been reversed and the gun had been adapted for him.

Books, of which there are scores, may help the budding marksman, advice by word of mouth will help him more, and practice most of all. But a shooting school, with efficient apparatus and a capable instructor who can see (as most people, when they have been shown how, can see) the flying shot outlined against the sky, is better than books, better than advice, and better even than practice in the field. It combines the advantages of all three, and with a minimum of wasted effort in the initial stages affords the readiest and most practical means which has yet been devised for acquiring skill in the use of the gun.





STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XIX.—THE SALMON WITH THE WHITE TRIANGLE

BY H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD

TORRID weather in town. The steady glare on the hot pavement : the ceaseless beat of the traffic : the very leaves of the city-bred trees as they hang motionless in the dead air, all make for weariness. I feel that I cannot remain here much longer. The spirit of migration—the primal instinct of the birds—moves within me. Pictures, books—the glories of a vast metropolis—what are they ? Let me turn to this little spray of heather fading in the garish light of a boot-shop window ! It will help me to remember something at any rate of the mountains and the lochs and the sea, and it will add not a little to the impulse which is bidding me to fly. Then I have work to do which I feel I cannot do here.

* * * * *

Away on the sea at last. Oban with its white-fronted hotels and busy quay is already left far behind, and London lies reeking in the heat at some immeasurable distance, punctuated by the innumerable trees and meadows which we passed in the night. Here the tropical sun-rays evoke no discontent. They touch with silver the little wavelets which break from the steamer's bows and glisten on the breast of the wheeling herring-gull, but all sense of their oppression disappears in the keen fresh breeze. As the hours go by, Mull is lost in the haze, and the islands of Barra and South Uist cease to be mere dark lines on the horizon and take on more definite features. In the early morning, when one comes on deck to breathe again the sharp eager air, the coast-line of the Lews is barely a cable's length away. Soon we draw near to the little landing-stage, and now the birds are all about us—guillemots and puffins riding on the water, and lesser blackbacks and kittiwakes, screaming amidst the shipping, or about the dark sheds where the cured fish are stacked.

Then the long rod-cases and the baggage are borne to the quay and bestowed with some difficulty in the ancient "machine" which awaits me, and I leave the screaming gulls and the hamlet of grim grey stone behind. And so I take my solitary way through this land of heather and of rock, driving for hours on a road which looks like a tape thrown down loosely on the landscape, and which winds on, mile after mile, far into the heart of the hills.

* * * * *

Solitude. For a man who delights in sharp contrasts my present quarters are unique. Anything less like the baking motor-reeking city from which I have escaped, my imagination fails to picture. Stand with me at the little white porch of this little white house perched on the rounded green of the hill and look around !

Behind and far to the left a battlement of broken rock extends, with the white thread of a waterfall creeping down its sides and a tiny bird-of-prey—a golden eagle maybe—hovering motionless against the blue, above its uppermost edge. Away to the right, through the clefts in the hills, you may see the changing white lines of the distant sea. And nearer home, just at the foot of the hill upon which this tiny fir-guarded lodge stands, you will gain a brief glimpse of the river—the little Oikel, where the salmon are, or rather where they will be when the first decent fresh gives them water enough to get up from the lower reaches. Furthermore, you have merely to go down that little mountain track through the stiff squares of potatoes and wheat, to find yourself on the best pool on the whole river—the Devil's Punch-bowl of the sporting guide-books, but spoken of by the gillies hereabouts by a name much less easy to be pronounced.

Now we must perforce rest awhile. Longing for action we yet lie—"with half-shut eyes, hearing the downward stream." But the time is coming. The weather has already broken. At last, after a long dry spell, the flood-gates are opened. When I look from the little porch late at night the rain is still descending steadily, and there is every sign of its continuance. There will be plenty of water to-morrow.

* * * * *

Daybreak. The higher peaks are hidden in a cloud and stray wisps drift across the lower slopes. The volume of the waterfall has visibly increased. The rocky ravine through which the Oikel takes its course is lost beneath a level bed of mist. It is still raining a little, but as I take my early tub I hear the short corn-crake-like cries of the reel, as Duncan—most silent and worthy of gillies—draws the line through the successive rings. Clearly he is satisfied with the outlook. From the tiny window I can just catch a glimpse of his checked cap—a legacy from some departed sportsman—and of his grey beard moving in the wind. Now for a scone or two and a cup of the hot coffee which Duncan can make to a marvel, and we are ready for work.

Duncan is the most charming companion whom a recluse or anchorite could desire. He never vouchsafes a remark on his own initiative. One may brood for hours in silence without the

slightest fear that he will consider himself neglected. But his wits are always at hand. Like the hackneyed Bourbon, he forgets nothing, but he is always ready to learn. As I take my way down the little mountain road I know that nothing has been left behind. Now, through the mirk and mist, we reach the low-lying rocks at the tail of the great pool. The water has very perceptibly risen. Even if newly-run fish have not yet ascended, the fresh will have awakened to life those which already lie in the erst-languid deeps. A few preliminary casts give me the right length of line. A little higher, near the opposite shore, is a holt in the submerged rocks, where a good fish usually lies. Why this should be so I have never been able to determine—there are many lurking-places which seem equally promising—but the fact remains as a matter of experience. It is borne out to-day. No sooner has the fly alighted on the swirl beneath the little ledge than a great rush comes and the torrent is torn across by a swiftly-moving force. The silvery mass turns and descends, but there is no answering pull on the line. Yet before the great spade-like tail lashes the water into foam, I have seen the fish fairly. Near its head is a curious mark—a whitish patch, triangular in shape. I turn eagerly to Duncan. Has he too noticed the vast bulk of the lost one? He has. Usually cynical in regard to the weight of fish which refuse to be tested by the spring-balance, he is now plainly impressed. He even grows enthusiastic. Never before have his eyes beheld such a salmon in the Oikel River, and he has seen it fished, man and boy, for a span which is well-nigh patriarchal. With this I am content. We will leave this place for a little time. Then we will come back and catch this fish of fish—this giant with the white triangle.

So, in a very brief space, we return. I cast carefully, expecting every moment to see the mighty rush. Then with shortened line I try all the likely water at hand. But nothing comes.

Possibly I have pricked him: in any case I appear to have put him down effectually. After many changes of fly, I leave him with a saddened heart.

After-events are in the nature of an anti-climax. I land two freshly-run fish, clean and silvery, with the sea-lice still adhering to their sides—7 and 8 lb. respectively. At any other time these would have more than fulfilled my usually modest hope. But all the way from the river, through the squares of potatoes and wheat, the vision of the White Triangle still haunts me. I even turn a little impatiently into the house without waiting the announcement of the weight of our captures. In the evening, when the blazing sun descends behind the western crests, I will try my luck again.

There is something in isolation—in the sense of having a world

entirely to oneself—which appeals to me. Duncan is well able to attend to my simple wants. He has sown the scanty crops below us with his own hand, and no alien form lingers about the place. He understands my moods, and never obtrudes himself, though where, in the narrow limits of this house on the hill, he contrives to hide all day when we are not fishing, I have never yet been able to determine. His household duties performed, he weaves fishing nets, I believe, in a dark rat-hole which is also the kitchen; but the main thing is that he never disturbs me. So it comes that I may smoke on this green summit and survey the valley from the rocky escarpment on the west, to the east, where the sea dances between the hills, with little fear that the solitude will be broken by anything worse than a raven or a hawk. For I have things to think of—to arrange slowly and carefully in my mind—memories which seemed to be forgotten to collect; dreams to examine in the cold light of reason, and to fit into their place. And all this needs solitude and tobacco. The presence of what is called a companionable man would spell madness. But all sublimity has been knocked clean out of me to-day by that confounded fish with the white triangle.

Forgetting my work, which in town I had persuaded myself was far more important than salmon-fishing, I essay the river in the evening. The sky has clouded over. The air is cooler, and the level reaches of the stream are curled by a gentle breeze. The conditions are ideal. But now a cruel disappointment awaits me. What has become of my vaunted solitude—my sole kingship of this happy valley? On the opposite shore, over against my cherished pool, a man is standing. He is fishing carefully. I recognise at once the practised hand as his fly goes straight out slightly against the wind, to fall light as thistle-down, on the swirl just beneath the rocky ledge. He too has marked my friend with the white triangle. Why else does he shorten his line and fish so persistently every eddy and back-water at this particular spot? Black hate arises in my heart, modified a little by the fact that, time after time, his fly comes back fruitlessly. From a hidden recess in the rocks I watch him at work, and my prism glasses bring him almost to my side. Not an ill-favoured fellow, I am bound reluctantly to admit, were he seen in less prejudicial circumstances. He is an old man, surely; yet his calmly gentle face bears little sign of the fret and turmoil of years. It is the kind of face one sees so often in monastery and convent, and so rarely in town, especially in the vicinity of the Stock Exchange. On the whole, I am compelled to like him, and this gives a new and unwholesome turn to my annoyance, for Hate, like any other active force, is the more satisfactory when it has a strong and definite objective.

Still the fact remains with me as I gloomily lash the lower reaches. Even on this distant acquaintance I find myself summing him up in the brief and only speech of a friend who was suddenly called upon to toast the health of a brother sportsman:—"He's a good sort and a real good fisherman."

But how does he come here? I examine my friend Duncan McQuat upon this point. The answer is so common-place that I am ashamed to have made even a temporary mystery of the matter. Away in the hills at the other side of the river is a shooting lodge with some fishing rights on the Oikel, concurrent with mine. I have heard of them, but have never known them to be exercised, for the distance is great and the lodge itself stands on the banks of a river of far greater repute. It is strange, therefore, that my friend and enemy should have ventured so far, but his right is indisputable. It appears that he is "a learned man" of some kind, seeking solitude, perhaps—a man of cranks and dreams, a little after my own kidney, it may be, barring the "learning," which is a thing I can never be righteously accused of. If so, this may account for the curiously well-defined sense of sympathy which I felt when I first saw him, notwithstanding his unholy occupation. But be this as it may, the glory of the White Triangle must never be his. To-morrow, long before the first sun-rays touch the eastern peaks, I will be down at the river trying that swirl by the ledge.

* * * * *

Faint dawn. The mist lies sea-like in the ravine, and there is no sign of the Interloper. With slow care, holding my impatience by the throat, I get out the requisite length of line, and my little Jock Scott drops just where I would have it. And this time the great salmon comes. As the torrent lifts, I see his whole shining bulk. This time surely he means business! No: he has missed it . . . the fly comes slackly back, and I curse him for his carelessness with an inconsistency which would be disgraceful even in a schoolboy. All my after-efforts are unavailing. No glimpse of silvery sheen, bearing about it the radiance of the unattainable, greets my vision. One consolation alone the gods vouchsafe to me. The man from the distant lodge—the poor chap must have walked miles—suddenly presents himself on the opposite bank. He draws back instantly, but I am glad to note the malediction in his eyes. Thank heaven, he is mortal after all. But how swiftly the evil leaves him; vanishing from his face like breath from a mirror. Just as he draws back, he smiles a little and slightly raises his cap. The gesture is an infinitely small thing, but I find myself pausing to calculate how much it embraces. A recognition of rivalry, with a

full expression of a desire to play the game. Some natural disappointment, of course, but how much real good-will and good sportsmanship! He certainly *is* a good chap. If it were not for the torrent I would cross, and together we would compare notes on the nature of this thrice accursed and illusive Triangle.

So I go back to the white house on the hill. Something in the stranger's face has certainly impressed me. I am an indifferent recluse after all, for I am conscious of a deep desire to see him more nearly. Questions rise in my mind to which I think, unreasonably enough, that this calm-faced man would find pertinent replies. But this I set aside as mere idle fancy. One thing, however, is clear. He is a sportsman and a gentleman, and I also will play the game. For this day at least he shall have the river to himself. We will fight for the White Triangle fairly: or at least as fairly as circumstances will permit. For, after all, his chance is not so good as mine. From my platform of low rocks I can reach the salmon's resting-place without an effort. On his side, the cast is most difficult. The sheer declivity makes a straight approach impossible. He can only command the pool by wading up-stream through a chaos of huge submerged stones, and this is an arduous, and, in view of the coloured water, even a dangerous task. As I smoke my pipe, after my frugal lunch, I wonder how he will fare.

* * * * *

Midnight. Here, as in Norway, one never keeps very regular hours; day and night are too much alike. Personally, as a rule, I sleep when the sun is hottest or when I have nothing better to do. To-night I have been working and trying at the same time to get rid of a trivial sense of irritation. For earlier in the night I have had an altercation with my sole retainer—Duncan McQuat—a difference ending in bitter words on my part, and in a respectful but mulishly obstinate resistance on his. The matter is still inexplicable to me, and there is nothing much to tell. In the earlier part of the evening Duncan had been down to the river, possibly to observe the movements of the stranger, and later he had come to me, as I thought, for his usual instructions. These instructions were briefly that we should fish the stream early on the following morning. Then, to my surprise, he definitely and flatly refused to accompany me. I asked him why; and, looking back, I saw that the old man was strangely moved. *There was something abroad in the glen: something that moved silently and that the eye saw not.* It was not lawful—(I am trying to give a rough translation of his words, for they were partly in Gaelic)—that he “should go doon tae the feshin’ while yet a speerit wass seekin’ its rest.” And so on indefinitely.

Much of my work happens to lie in the direction of popular superstitions and of the so-called occult, so I pressed for further information. As usual I could get nothing concrete; no fact that the scientific mind could rest upon. The Highland ghost-seer is always an unsatisfactory personage. Just when he becomes interesting, he drifts into intangibility, and ekes out his story with the vaguest references, mostly biblical, and obviously borrowed from the nearest conventicle. Yet on one point the old man had something definite to offer. He had seen the salmon with the White Triangle: it was moving in the pool in eccentric circles; swimming as no right-minded salmon should. "Oppressed by some speerit influence," I had suggested, but Duncan had fallen back into a solemn silence. Still, the incident has given me food for thought. I am sorry that I spoke so sneeringly. There is always the off-chance that there may be something in the Universe outside the limits of my intelligence. I will take a few hours' sleep, and in the early morning I will go down to the river by myself.

Before I turn in, however, I go to the little porch to look at the weather.

* * * *

I take up my pen to record a strange experience. I shall set down the facts as simply and as briefly as I can. I have said that at about midnight I went to the door of the little porch. In these latitudes, in late summer, it never grows really dark, and in the wan light the mountains and glen and river were clearly visible. Then suddenly I saw my friend of the water-side, ascending the hill. He was walking easily, taking the rise without any apparent effort. Soon he came near. On reflection I see that his manner was peculiar, but at the time it occasioned me no surprise. He came near, but he offered no greeting. I was conscious at once of the sympathetic feeling which exists between old and familiar friends, and which dispenses so easily with all the smaller formalities. It seemed to be the most natural thing in the world that I should be leaning against the little whitewashed porch, smoking a reflective pipe, and glancing from time to time at the pleasant, kindly face of my uninvited guest. Yet we had, at this time, exchanged no word. Something in the outlook, in the spectral mountains and the vale sleeping in the pallid light, gave a cause for conversation. I touched upon a matter of common observation: the unfamiliarity of familiar things when seen at night.

He smiled slightly.

"Yet the mountains are the same," he said quietly. "Science will tell you that their chemical constituents are unaltered. Any

apparent difference must arise from some imperfection of the senses, which forbids a man to see things as they are."

I assented; the remark was of course a platitude.

He paused for a little time. "Have you ever been conscious," he went on at length, "when looking on the ordinary phenomena of Nature—the setting of the sun, for example—of a keen sense of disappointment?"

"Many, many times," I replied.

"You have felt, I take it, that there must be something—something wonderful—which you just fail to see."

I shook my head. "My disappointment goes deeper, I fear. The setting sun suggests unimagined glories just beyond my ken; but reflection, and a rudimentary knowledge of atmospheric conditions, warn me that no such glories exist. Hence, I think, arises the depth of the disappointment."

He listened thoughtfully, resting his arm on the little ledge. The day was breaking. In the east, the broken crests of the mountains lay like golden islands in a sea of rose. The pale, delicate face of my unbidden guest seemed almost transparent as he turned, with eager expectancy, to the new light. The thought struck me that his æsthetic perceptions must be abnormally developed; his whole form seemed to be transfigured. A dreamer might well have thought him a fitting inhabitant of these realms of azure and of pearl, so soon, alas! to resolve themselves into common rock and cloud. At length he turned. There was nothing patronising in his manner, yet I felt he was trying to mould unusual thoughts into words suited to my comprehension.

"Has it ever occurred to you," he said, "that you have only five senses? Why five? An arbitrary number, surely?"

I relighted my pipe in silence. I knew instinctively that the mere commonplaces of dialogue were unnecessary.

"You have noted, too, that one sense may corroborate another in some particular. For instance, a blind man may know that an object is round, and sight would merely confirm this impression. But other senses stand entirely alone. No inkling of music can reach you through the channel of the eye. The most exquisite touch fails to reveal the fragrance of the rose."

I acquiesced in silence.

"Imagine, then, a sixth sense—any number of additional senses. Why chain yourself down to this purely arbitrary five? Ah, you cannot! To think of a new sense and of what it might reveal—a sense as distinct from the known five as hearing, let us say, is from seeing, is an impossible feat. Well, well! (He spoke tolerantly as though to a child.) Let us fall back upon the known. If you cannot imagine a sixth sense, you can at least picture the condition

of mankind, if they had been deprived of any one of the familiar five. We will cheat the human race of hearing, for example, leaving this channel open to the lower animals, including, if you like, your dull-witted gillie, Duncan McQuat. Now, at least, we shall get a clear view of what your philosophers call the occult. You are out with your dog and suddenly you see that the animal's attention is arrested. His ears prick, his whole attitude is strained. 'That dog *sees* something!' you exclaim. Yet your own eyes survey the long stretch of road, which is clearly void. Soon a wagon turns the distant corner. Now, you ask yourself, how came that dull brute thus to peer into the future? to foreknow this coming event? What mystery is here? No mystery at all, my friend. The dog merely *heard* the rumbling of the distant wheels."

I smoked on quietly. The stranger, as before, seemed to reply to my thoughts.

"But the fact remains that you have no sixth sense. You still live in a world of vague conjecture. Well? Piece together, at any rate, the hints of the unseen which have already reached you—

The sunset touch,
The fancy from a flower bell: some one's death,
A chorus ending from Euripides.

and assure yourself that here at least you have a problem, the solution of which cannot be far away."

He spoke gravely; then quickly he gave a gay little gesture as though he were throwing something aside.

"But I am boring you," he said. "We will abandon abstract philosophy for a while. I want you to catch the salmon with the White Triangle. *You will only need a gaff.*"

I passed with him down the hillside. I felt that I was on the edge of a discovery.

"This is merely a whim of mine," he said. "You will, of course, make no unnecessary fuss about what you will see. It is merely an everyday incident. Try that shallow flat."

We had now reached the side of the Devil's Punch-bowl, where the dark torrent raged beneath the rocks. He did not descend the steep. When I saw him last, he was standing on the upper bank, with a genial, half-whimsical smile playing on his lips.

Armed with the gaff alone, I descended to the flat at the tail of the pool. Soon I saw the salmon, moving in eccentric rings, as Duncan had described. I gaffed it, and found it to be hooked. When I traced the line to its source, I found, held by the weedy rocks, the dead body of the man, still grasping his submerged rod. He must have been already dead when Duncan first saw the strangely moving fish.



WARE FERRET

EARLY SUMMER IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS

BY MAJOR ARTHUR HUGHES-ONSLOW

To the lover of the beautiful in nature nothing can be more delightful than to spend May and June amongst the mountains, streams, and lochs of the West of Scotland, and if he be a sportsman and a fisherman the pleasure is doubly great. Every day brings a change and a new beauty. At first all the highest peaks will be under snow, and only the larches and some of the earliest of the hard-wood trees will be beginning to burst into leaf; but the rest will soon follow suit, and the oak, the beech, the gorse, the broom, the rhododendron, and many more, all exquisitely lovely, will gradually unfold their beauties to his delighted eye. Most Scotch woods have a fine variety of trees, and many are planted along steep hillsides, which show them off to great advantage. From the other side of the valley every tree can be seen and the daily changes noted. Running down the valley there is sure to be a clear and rocky stream—the home of the game and toothsome troutie. The weather, too, is infinitely better than in the more popular months of July, August, and September. To make up for the heavy rainfall of the other ten months it is nearly always fine in May and June in the West of Scotland; moreover, there are no midges and no tourists. In my part of the country there is a saying that “there is never a drought after the longest day,” and it is extraordinary how often after a long spell of fine weather heavy rain falls about the beginning of July.

Last year I had an extra long time in these delightful regions, beginning in the middle of April among the hills of South Ayrshire and gradually making my way north till the end of June found me on the Atlantic coast of the north-west of the island of Lewis, which is the most northern of the islands of the Outer Hebrides.

South Ayrshire and the adjoining county of Kirkcudbright contain as wild and mountainous a district as any in Scotland. In each of the three big ranges, Kells, Minniegaff, and Merrick, there are peaks of 2,500 ft. The valleys of the Girvan, Stinchar, and Cree are well wooded, and the coast-line from Ayr to Stranraer is very fine and commands a lovely view of Arran, Ailsa Craig, and the Mull of Cantyre. On a fine day the north-east coast of Ireland can be plainly seen, and on an extra clear one I have made out the Isle of Man far to the southward. On the whole South Ayrshire can hold its own for charm of scenery with any district of Scotland, or of the whole wide world.

It is also a first-class game country, especially as regards variety, and I have myself in the month of October, on an estate of less than 10,000 acres, shot grouse, black game, pheasants, partridges, woodcock, snipe, wild duck, both kinds of hares, green and golden plover, and of course rabbits.

Though one does not shoot game birds in the early summer, I think one can get a great deal of amusement and interest out of watching their ways and studying their habits. Grouse are splendid parents—it takes a great deal to make a hen grouse forsake her nest—and both cock and hen take the greatest care of their chicks and show much courage in protecting them from any foe. A shepherd once told me that his collie dog had come right on top of a sitting hen. She got up with a flutter close under his nose, and he made a grab at her and tore out most of her tail feathers, but within an hour she was back on her eggs as if nothing had happened. It would have been 1,000 to 1 against a hen pheasant coming back under similar circumstances.

Grouse were very early last year. My dog put up a covey on May 28 which flew strongly for about fifty yards, and there was a splendid show of birds in South Ayrshire on August 12, but unfortunately a month of horrible weather greatly interfered with the sport.

It is curious how close to roads and paths birds often make their nests. Last year a hen pheasant successfully hatched her brood on a wooded bank within three yards of a well-frequented main road along which at least twenty school-children passed twice every day. There was no fence or bush between her and the road, and you could easily have touched her with a walking-stick. I watched her at

intervals for over a fortnight, but I fancy very few others knew of her, for she was extraordinarily difficult to see, although in no way covered, so well did her colouring harmonise with the dead sticks, grass, etc., which surrounded her. It is little incidents such as these that make the joy of country life for those that have eyes to see.

A waterhen, too, had chosen a queer place for her nest, quite twenty feet up in a fir tree which was one of a thick plantation, the tree being some twenty yards from the stream. I have asked several authorities on birds, and they all tell me they have never known one so high up and so far from the water. We watched this bird very carefully, as we wanted to see how she would bring her chicks down, for young waterhens swim long before they can fly. She dodged us, however. Early one morning only a few days after



ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST: "LOOK OUT, A WAVE'S COMING!"

they were hatched, she got them safely down and we saw them swimming on the stream. My boy got up the tree and fetched the nest down; it was much better and more neatly made than waterhens' usually are, and had a coil of rope worked all round the edge. Curiously enough, while we were poking about we came on what must have been the same bird's nest of the year before; it was considerably nearer to the stream in a bush about five feet from the ground, and there was an identically similar coil of rope round the inside edge. We found, too, where the rope had come from—a heap of rubbish which had been thrown under the trees from the farmhouse close by. We thought perhaps that this bird had originally nested close down by the water, as waterhens usually do, and that the rats, of which there were plenty, had robbed her nest, and so

driven her to try the bush, and that finding that successful she had gone one better and soared to the fir tree.

I was out in the wood one moonlight night and was much amused by the courtship of a pair of owls—they kept flying backwards and forwards between two or three oak trees and lighting on the branches, where they made the queerest little bows and gestures, but never got within five or six feet of each other. I am very fond of owls, and love to hear their melancholy hoots and the short yapping sort of bark they sometimes make when in hot pursuit of their prey. I believe them to be most useful birds, for they kill a great many rats, mice, and other small vermin. There were a terrible number of rats about last year; it is curious how their number varies from year to year: sometimes they are quite scarce and at other times they swarm. Ferreting them is great fun. One must have two or three small game ferrets—big ones are no use, for they cannot follow the rats through the little places into which they can squeeze themselves—and a few good dogs who will wait patiently at the mouth of the holes and pounce on the rat the moment he shows himself. Young and inexperienced dogs rush wildly about and are always at the wrong place, but they soon settle down, and learn that the stiller they keep the better chance they have. A gun is very useful, too, and one gets some lightning shots as a rat pops in and out of a hole, but it must be in the hands of someone who knows what he is about and will keep his head, or a dog or ferret may come to grief. A 20-bore or a little collector's gun is a capital weapon for this sort of work.

Let no one think that the rat is an ignoble or unworthy object of pursuit. I know no animal who is so interesting a quarry. He is extremely plucky, most resourceful, and never loses his head even in the most desperate circumstances. Give a rat a 1,000 to 1 chance of escape and he will avail himself of it. He makes the most skilful use of any covert or inequality in the ground to hide himself or escape a blow, and never gives himself away; and the desperate courage with which he will turn round and nip the largest dog through the nose is worthy of the highest praise and has saved the life of many a rat: the dog draws back for an instant, and Master Rat is safe down a hole. A dog is no use for ratting who does not grip his rat well forward. Rats are the worst enemies to both game and farmers; the amount of damage they do by sucking eggs, eating chicks, devouring corn, potatoes, and other farm produce, is well-nigh incredible. Young ducks fall a very easy prey, and it is impossible to rear wild ducks where there are many rats.

As has been often demonstrated in practice, there is no reason why there should not be any quantity of game and plenty of foxes

on a well-managed estate, but there is no room for swarms of rats and other vermin as well, and lazy, idle keepers find it much easier to blame the foxes than to exterminate the vermin.

A most interesting day can be spent in following an intelligent keeper on his rounds when he goes to look at his traps. Now is the time that the stoats leave the coverts in the valleys and make for the open moors; they keep along the bottom of the stone walls, and where two walls cross each other is a sure place for a trap.

Now is also the time to try to thin mischievous birds such as carrion-crows, magpies, etc. The number of eggs which a pair of the former suck is something wonderful. I have seen the ground near one of their nests literally covered with the broken shells of plovers', grouses', curlews', and other eggs. I am certain that the amount of damage done by the egg-sucking birds, not omitting the common



IT COMES!

rook, who is often a most confirmed egg-stealer, especially in dry seasons when grubs, etc., are hard to get, is infinitely greater than that done by hawks. I feel convinced that there are far too many rooks in most districts of England and Scotland, and that if two-thirds of them could be destroyed it would be greatly to the advantage of both game and the farmer. You have only got to see the plover mobbing a rook on the hillside to know what the gentleman in black is after.

The carrion crow is a most wily bird and very hard to get a shot at; they generally build their nest on a lonely tree where it is difficult to lie in ambush anywhere near. Even if the keeper cannot get the old birds he should on no account allow them to rear their brood, for that is when they do most mischief.

It is a lovely day in the middle of May, a blue sky with a few passing clouds gently driven by a mild west wind, so let us try the Hill Loch some three miles off among the moors. The trout are not big, but plenty of them run about three to the pound, and they will now be in the best of condition, game fighters, and splendid eating. We cross the river, close by the house, sparkling in the sun; it would be too bright and clear to do any good in it to-day, but later on when we get a spate and the sea trout are running we shall have great fun with them.

The first mile of our journey is all up hill through some rough green fields where the plover are wheeling and the curlews' shrill whistle is heard on every side. The peewit and the whaup, as we call them, are perhaps the most typical birds of the south-west of Scotland; there must be many thousands of them. The shepherds always took curlews' eggs for their own eating, but never bothered about the plovers', though I daresay now a good many of the latter are also taken. Just before we get into the open moor a pair of redshanks get up close to a reedy tarn. We scramble over a loose stone wall and miles and miles of moor and mountain lie before us. For another mile we are steadily though slowly rising, and we then reach the top of a long ridge. There has been plenty to amuse us on the way: the jolly little black-faced lambs are full of life and at the prettiest stage of their existence; we have seen a few cock grouse, the hens are sitting hard or busy with their newly-hatched broods; two or three mountain hares have lobbed across our path, and sat up to look at us in their inquisitive way; while above us the larks have been gaily singing all the time.

Let us rest a moment and look back, for to the westward there is a view which I have never seen beaten and seldom equalled. At our feet the well-wooded valley of the Stinchar, with the fine hills of Auchensoul and Muljoan on the other side. In the middle distance lies the Firth of Clyde as blue as the heaven above, with Ailsa Craig, that magnificent rock which rises 1,000 ft. sheer out of the sea, some twelve miles from us, while the picture is bounded by the island of Arran, with the glorious range of Goatfell 3,000 ft. high, the Mull of Cantyre, and the limitless Atlantic. It is a panorama to which no pen or pencil can do justice, but when once seen will never fade from memory. Ailsa Craig is the nesting place of myriads of sea-birds—gannets, gulls, terns, guillemots, etc.

We must get on, however, for a steep valley separates us from our destination, the further slope of which is stiff enough to try the best of lungs and legs. Twenty minutes' sharp walking and we are there, a triangular sheet of water rather more than a mile round lying

in a hollow among the hills at a height of 1,000 feet above the sea. Two good fishermen are there before us. As we show ourselves a stately heron rises slowly from the shallows, and we see a cormorant sitting on the stones of a rough pier which juts out into the loch. He does not delay, but sticking out his great neck rises in the air and shapes a course southward for the sea.

It does not take long to put up the rods and get the boat afloat, and with one at the bow and the other in the stern we try a drift along the north shore of the loch. The fish are rising pretty well, and by the time we have fished round the shores a dozen nice trout are in the bottom of the boat and it is time to knock off for lunch.

Often as I have fished this loch I should not like to say what are the best flies—some days the trout fancy one and some days another, but the Zulu, March Brown, grouse and claret, teal and green, and



FERRETING RATS BY THE ROADSIDE

the Heckham, form a nice variety. If the fish don't take them I don't think they will take anything else.

If the trout are coming badly the best thing to do is to give them a rest for half an hour; they never rise equally well all day, but no man can say when they will rise best. It is as difficult to prophesy about fishing as it is about scent. I have had good sport on Scotch lochs in all sorts of weather, even with a brilliant sun and almost a dead calm—though I admit that is pretty hopeless, when not a fish was showing and when the water was fairly boiling with their rises at the natural fly—and I have had rank bad sport in exactly similar conditions. Some of the best fun I have known has been when the wind was blowing half a gale and it was almost impossible to navigate the boat. It is marvellous the way the trout will dash out of the

waves to seize the fly. You get no short rises then, for the fish has no time to reconnoitre the fly and spit it out if it is not to his liking.

After lunch we can take a stroll and have a look at the eastern view—nothing but moor, mountain, and loch meets the eye; the picture is framed by the three great ranges of Shalloch on Minnoch, Kells, and Minniegaff. Loch Moan, with its islands on which thousands of black-headed gulls make their nests, sparkles brightly in the sun three miles away.

Back again to the boat and we will try the edge of the reeds which lie in the southern apex of the triangle; the water is deeper here, but there are always some good trout, and a little later on when the Mayfly are hatching off it is the best place in the whole loch.



THE BURN IN SPATE, SKYE

We are in luck; a few fly are coming out and the trout are waiting for them; a couple of drifts, and we have accounted for eight beauties. A little rustling in the reeds attracts our attention, and peering in carefully we see a wild duck and her brood, and also a couple of coots' nests; these latter are late nesters and will hardly hatch out before June. I have seen the fly hatched out from these reeds in countless thousands and blown across the surface of the loch; hardly one has reached the other end—a striking testimony to the number and appetite of the trout. Another round of the shore and then a cup of tea. We always take up a pony on the first day of the season with a store of tea, sugar, jam, methylated spirits, lamp, etc., to leave in the boat-house. Nowhere else does tea taste so well

as on the hill; and, if you want a trout cooked to perfection, wrap one up in some moss and pop him under a fire made of heather and any odds and ends you can collect.

And so for home. The fall of 600 ft. is in our favour; the view to seaward is even more lovely than in the morning, with the sun setting behind the Mull of Cantyre, and if the bag of two and a half dozen trout is not a very heavy one it has at any rate given an excuse for spending a day in the finest air and among the most lovely scenery.

About 150 miles to the north lies the island of Skye, and many a happy day have I spent on it and on its waters both fresh and salt. The journey from Glasgow by the West Highland line, *via* Crianlarich and Rannock to Fort William, and on by Loch Eil to Mallaig, lies through a splendid country of deer forests and grouse moors



A CAST FROM THE PIER

with exquisite views all the way, the pick being perhaps when running close alongside the rushing and rocky Spean with Ben Nevis right in front.

The black basalt cliffs of Skye are very fine; a few miles north of Portree they rise sheer from the sea to a height of 600 ft., and the variety and colouring of the rocks all along the shore is most remarkable. There are sea birds, too, in countless numbers—four varieties of gulls, cormorants, guillemots, terns, puffins, razorbills, etc., and any amount of waders, such as oyster-catchers, sandpipers, etc., with sheldrakes and other ducks, and blue-rock pigeons in the many caves among the rocks. It is impossible to have a dull moment on the journey. The steamer has a good many points of call, at some of which there are piers and at others only a good strong boat with

a couple of sturdy Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, into which passengers and luggage have to be bundled. I have seen some exciting times when there has been a good sea running and the little boat is almost level with the bridge of the steamer at one moment and the keel the next. It is often pretty rough off both Armadale and Raasay; of course, when it is very bad it is impossible to land except at the places where there are piers.

There are some first-class lochs in Skye where the trout are not only very numerous but run up to $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in weight, and I have had some grand sport on them. Perhaps the best I ever found was one evening about three years ago. About five o'clock I determined to try a favourite place where by wading along a shallow spit which runs out into the loch one can fish some first-rate water on both sides of the shallow. In less than an hour I had eight beauties all weighing over a pound, and I don't suppose I had moved forty yards.

Where one can reach the fish I'm sure one can do better wading than in a boat, for one can fish the water much more carefully and completely and there is no noise or splashing. Wade in as quietly as possible and carry a fish basket, so that there is no need to come ashore after catching a fish, for if the day is at all calm the less the water is disturbed the better.

On Derby Day last year I was at Loch Leetham. I had pretty good sport in the morning, but after lunch the light clouds rolled away, the wind dropped, and the sun shone from a sky of the most brilliant blue. It was no use fishing, so I lay among the heather and looked up at the clear vault of heaven, in which two eagles soaring high above me seemed like little specks, and at the great rock of Storr, a sheer precipice of black basalt towering 1,800 ft. above me, in which the eagles had their eyrie.

My thoughts wandered hundreds of miles southward to Epsom Downs. Would Lord Rosebery score his third Derby by the aid of Cicero, or would Jardy tread in the steps of Gladiateur and give the French their second win?

I closed my eyes, and every detail of that wonderful scene passed before them—the paddock, the post, the cry “They're off!” the dead silence that ensues; the extraordinary effect of the thousands of heads on the hill being suddenly turned when the horses round Tattenham Corner and face for home; the first few cries of eager backers trying to shout their fancies home, which gradually become a deafening roar as they near the winning-post, and the triumphant return of the winner to weigh in. It is a marvellous scene. What impresses me most is the absolute silence which reigns during the early part of a big race, and I wonder what will break it—will it

be the glad yell of triumph of countless backers, or will it be the fierce roar from the ring of "The favourite's beat!" which we all know so well?

Refreshed by these memories and a half-hour's doze I felt full of energy, and as successful fishing was out of the question I determined to get to the top of the Storr Rock and try to find the eagle's eyrie. Although absolutely perpendicular on the side nearest me it is not a difficult climb from the south-west, and in due course I got close to the summit. I had kept a look-out for the eagles, and as I could only see one soaring about I hoped to find the other on her nest, so I crawled carefully to the edge of the precipice, and there, not 100 ft. from me on a projecting buttress of rock, stood one of the magnificent birds; so clear was the atmosphere that I could almost count the feathers. Whether she saw me I do not know, but



STARTING AGAIN AFTER LUNCH

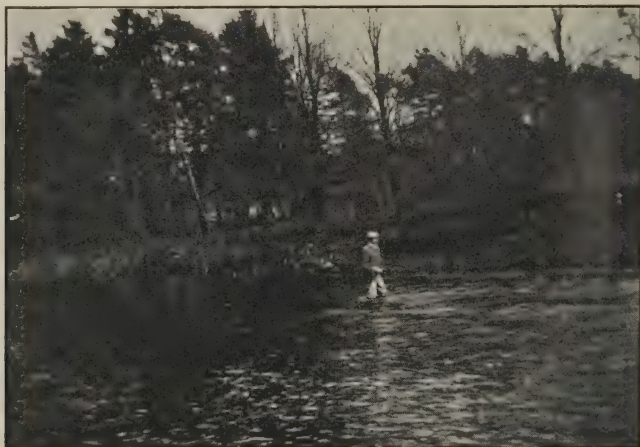
for some minutes she let me watch her and then sailed off to join her mate high up in the cloudless sky.

I rose to my feet, and oh! what a wondrous sight met my delighted eyes in every direction. The Storr Rock is 2,300 ft. high, and is considerably the highest point within a radius of at least ten miles, so the view is uninterrupted on all sides. To the eastward the Sound of Raasay seemed almost at one's feet, and one looked over the islands of Raasay and Rhona to the deer forests of Ross, Inverness, and Argyllshire, with their countless splendid peaks. To the south the beautiful Red Hills and Coolins of the Isle of Skye, and beyond them the islands of Rum and Egg and the Atlantic. To the west and north the blue waters of the Minch and the many islands which make up the chain of the Outer Hebrides. How far I could see I do

not know, but seventy miles would be a moderate estimate, and the clearness of the atmosphere in those northern solitudes cannot be realised by those who only know the smoke-laden air of England.

I could not find the eyrie. It may have been under the rock on which I saw the eagle or it may have been on the mainland twenty miles away, for that distance would be nothing to these birds; but the view rewarded me a hundred times for my climb, and it was long before I could tear myself away. As I clambered down a pair of ravens croaked hoarsely as they flapped past me, and a kestrel sailed in a delightful curve from a ledge in a rock where she doubtless had her nest.

From about June 15 the sea-fishing in the Skye waters is very good, and great sport is to be had with whiting, haddock,



THE RIVER IN GOOD ORDER

flounders, etc., when anchored over a bank; but you require to be a pretty good sailor to enjoy it, for a small boat tugging at its anchor when there is a nice roll on is too much for many people's pleasure. I have had some very good days and caught some whacking big cod and skate in addition to the above-mentioned fish. Herring is by far the best bait when you can get it, and then mussels, but they are very awkward to put on the hooks and apt to come off when in the water.

Trailing for lythe, or pollock, as they are called in England, is capital fun. An artificial sand-eel is the bait, and from eight to eleven o'clock at night the best time. You row along close into the shore above the rocks with the lines trailing behind, and immediately

a fish is hooked you haul him in for all you are worth, for the lythe's invariable plan is to dive down into the tangle, and once there he is sure to break you. As they run up to 10 lb. weight it is no light pull that they give, and it is most exciting sport. One glorious evening I shall never forget. We put out from Portree in a little motor launch and crossed the sound to the Island of Raasay; the sun was setting in the Atlantic, and all the western sky was gold, purple, and rose colour, against which the great Storr Rock and the Red Hills of Skye stood up in bold relief.

Hardly had these tints vanished when the full moon rose above the hills of Raasay and flooded the sea and mountains with her silver light. We coasted along Raasay as far as Rhona and got a nice lot of lythe, but to me the sport was as nothing in comparison with the glories of the night and the surroundings. Both were absolutely perfect. Yachtsmen are very fond of these waters, and hardly a day passes in summer without several smart yachts being in Portree Bay, and often as many as a dozen are there together.

I have said a great deal about the beauties of the Western Highlands in fine weather, but they have also a great charm when the wind is blowing and the rain coming down in sheets—when great clouds rush past the hilltops and every little burn and river is a foaming torrent leaping down the mountain side. Long before these lines appear in print I hope to be again among them, in that glorious land where the hills are high and the waters clear, where the eye may roam over miles and miles of moor and mountain, loch and sea, unaltered by the hand of man, a land where it is good to be alone with nature and to reflect that God is great and life worth living.





NERVE IN CRICKET

BY HOME GORDON

To excel in cricket more is needed than mere ability to handle bat and ball cleverly. The moral side of the game has furnished an admirable theme for the exponents of muscular Christianity, and the value of this has permeated to every village in which the parson actively interests himself in the local club. The *mens sana in corpore sano* forms undoubtedly the backbone of any prolonged success in the game, for most of those who enjoyed a merely meteoric flash of triumph at the wicket have failed to maintain it because they were unable to exercise sufficient self-control.

By a wise exercise of authority which has served to win respect as well as victories, Lord Hawke always sees that the men he has taken on a tour to any part of the globe are in bed by eleven o'clock each night during the progress of a match, for the hearty hospitality of many colonial clubs furnishes a cheery temptation which in sundry other tours has resulted in languid cricket on the morrow. To-day, however, so thoroughly is the justice of the reticent policy realised that the last Australian team were debarred from attending any public dinners, except those at Lord's and the Oval. Even the most persistent croaker inveighing against "the growing business of cricket" will appreciate the wisdom of such policy.

The fact is that a man has to keep himself in the best possible condition if he is to play satisfactory cricket. Physically, some have better prospects of success at the game than others, and mentally it is exactly the same. Nerves are the antithesis to nerve, and there is no quality of such value in cricket as the latter. Mere skill, however technically excellent, becomes inefficient in a crisis if a player does not possess that calm courage which is commonly known as nerve.

Pluck is the attribute most generally associated with the British, but it is not an invariable attribute of first-class cricket. The obvious illustration, and one which is capable of no denial, is that against the early Australian teams half the sides which went in to bat were

morally bowled before they received a ball. The reputation of Mr. Spofforth—thoroughly deserved, needless to say—undoubtedly won him many of his easier wickets. Batsmen felt they would not be able to stand up against him, and they did not. Messrs. Turner and Ferris achieved a similar result by equally legitimate bowling, but when once the moral hazard was absolutely in their favour they assisted it by a semi-superhuman capacity for hard work.

Nerve tells for such a tremendous lot in cricket that it may be pronounced the x of the equation, and its presence or absence has much to do with the proverbial uncertainty of the game. Everybody has felt that in the majority of cases the Australians are never beaten until the last man is dismissed. The dogged determined batting of Mr. Blackham at a pinch—happily emulated by the similar form of Mr. Kelly, a true Elisha to a greater Elijah—told for much, and the prowess of the wicket-keepers with the bat in a crisis has heaps of counterparts in the records of Colonial cricketers in the country. An English instance on the same lines was the form of that fine Yorkshire professional, Edward Wainwright, as a run-getter. He might or might not come off when things were going well with his side, but there was a general expectation that he would always do something with the bat when the team were badly in need of assistance; and he rarely disappointed at such times. Wainwright was a fairly high-strung man according to the average of first-class professionals, but he possessed the half-indefinable but quite comprehensible quality of nerve, and that made him so doughty.

How far the *vox populi* is right in cricket is not the subject for present consideration, though personally I think it is positively wonderful how often the judgment of the crowd is right, considering that they never learn the mechanism of the wheels within wheels, the personal antipathies and the happily rare jealousies which with other causes ultimately affect the foremost cricketers of to-day or yesterday, and no doubt of to-morrow—for cricketers, like "Cabinet Ministers, are very human after all," as the motto of one of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays ran. Well, the public—apart from the crowd at the Oval of course—have always been convinced that "Surrey never could play an up-hill game" and abundant proof of this was forthcoming even in the palmiest days of the metropolitan county. The side has always been all right when winning the toss and going in to bat on a fine Oval wicket, but except George Lohmann in the big team and Tom Hayward in his calmer way to-day, few of the Surrey men have been great exponents of nerve. They have played magnificent cricket, imperishable in the records of the game, but just once or twice a season in their best years, when thoroughly tackled, they collapsed with unaccountable tameness. I am not going to take

up that absolutely unproved impeachment that Abel could never play fast bowling, because the facts are in favour of that great little bat, and I recall Mr. D. L. A. Jephson writing "time after time have I seen fast bowlers brought up to the Oval to bowl out Robert Abel neck and crop, but at the end of a tiring day I have seen those bowlers crawling limp and footsore back to the pavilion, whilst the posters showed 'Bobby scores another century.'" But it is no disparagement of the fame of Mr. W. W. Read, of Maurice Read, and of Diver to affirm that nerve was not the invariable characteristic of these distinctly courageous batsmen. Whole county teams before now have appeared absolutely nerveless and back-boneless, yet have been subsequently built up to become rattling sides. The tide of cricket ebbs and flows in a fashion which, if unaccountable, is yet partially accountable by the greater or less predominance of nerve.

I asked one of the most experienced pavilion spectators what he considered the greatest exhibition of nerve he had ever seen in the cricket field, and he promptly replied: "One which turned out to have no effect on the game. It was in the Eton *v.* Harrow Match of 1885, and you know the tremendous tension there always is in that encounter. That was the year in which Eustace Crawley and A. K. Watson made such a stand. Harrow at the end were put in to get 96 against the clock. Bromley Martin was bowling well, and wickets were going down like ninepins, only E. M. Butler, the captain, defying the attack. Half an hour before time, with the total at about 50 for six, A. D. Ramsey hit a terrific ballooner, and Lord George Scott had to wait for it just in front of Block D. It was one of those long, high drives which positively seem to hang in the air, and there was time for nearly all the inmates of the pavilion to rise in order to see better the fate of the ball, whilst from the whole crowd came a sort of audible murmur of suspense. Scott judged it perfectly, and stood waiting, waiting, waiting for the ball, and at last it came plump into his hands and stuck there. I think, considering he was only eighteen, that was the most admirable exhibition of nerve I recollect. This was the last wicket that fell, for Young stuck with Butler, and Harrow won by three wickets."

Personally, I have always regarded the incident in Tate's benefit match as one of the most remarkable exhibitions of calm nerve in a crisis. Yorkshire had been having a wonderful season in 1901, and at the end of August they went to Brighton. On the first day Mr. C. B. Fry and Killick each scored over two hundred, and after Sussex had declared with 560 on the board for five wickets, the champions were out for 92. Almost an entire day's cricket remained, and the whole country expected to see the Northerners worsted. Instead, poor J. T. Brown and Tunnicliffe composedly took nearly

three hours to compile 77 runs from the bat, before stumps were prematurely pulled up. It may have been dull from the spectator's point of view, but it was one of the most intrepid achievements in justifiable stonewalling that has ever been witnessed.

With the Test Matches fresh in our memory, it is needless to do much more than allude to Mr. G. L. Jessop's great display at the Oval in 1902. England had lost the rubber, and it was a curious coincidence that the two who literally made history in that final match—the Gloucestershire captain and George Hirst—had been left out in the preceding fixture at Manchester, which we lost by 3 runs. The Beccles amateur gave what may truthfully be regarded as the most astonishing innings ever seen on a cricket field; but after his departure the excitement seemed only to increase, and Hirst went on imperturbably scoring again and again by cleverly-placed singles after Rhodes had come in as last man with 15 runs needed to win. How coolly the sturdy fellow played may be gauged by the fact that earlier he had driven half a dozen fours, but at the crisis thirteen of his last fourteen hits were singles.

The present captain of England once observed that the most trying instance affecting his own nerves was also at the Oval in a Test Match. He had made 99, and was naturally anxious to obtain his first three-figure score in such a fixture—to-day he is the only Englishman who has three times obtained this distinction. Mold was at the other end morally bowled at every delivery, for each ball came popping within a hair's breadth of his wicket, and all the time Mr. Jackson thought he would never obtain the coveted distinction. The strain on even such composure as his was considerable, as he showed by being in sad difficulties over several balls from Mr. George Giffen before he lifted one on to the covered seats amid a shout of triumph which proved how sympathetically the enormous crowd had watched his great effort.

The thing which has had no parallel in our time was the courageous manner in which Mr. H. F. Boyle used to field at what became known as silly mid-off. He would creep in to a batsman he was hampering by his approach until he almost took the ball off the bat. Of course it meant implicit confidence in the absolute accuracy of Mr. Spofforth's splendid deliveries, but all the same such repeated exhibitions of nerve on the part of this daring fieldsman always left the spectator convinced that he must sooner or later be seriously injured by some batsman opening his shoulders at a ball which would come straight at him; whereas I never remember that he was hurt when in that position. The quickness of the eye of the fieldsman unquestionably deceived the hand of the batsman and made him horribly uncomfortable. Mr. W. G. Grace never liked it; and on

the first occasion that he ever met him, Henry Phillips, who was a very powerful hitter, solemnly advised Mr. Boyle to get further off. Instead, the Victorian deliberately came a couple of yards nearer and caught him out the very first ball. Phillips retired looking more mystified than disconsolate. It was not the only revelation Australians were to afford English cricketers, but it was a portentous example of nerve.

Judgment in stealing runs is another method by which nerve is displayed, and perhaps the finest example of this was when the two Colonial midgets, Messrs. S. E. Gregory and H. Graham, enjoyed their brilliant partnership at Lord's, and adventurously ran strokes which their stalwart opponents merely imagined would be watched by the batsmen as the fielders returned the ball to the wicket-keeper. The Colonials have generally been admirable judges of running, and the present team are excellent in this respect; so much so that it is a reasonable computation that they make some thirty to fifty more runs per innings than would English batsmen under precisely the same circumstances. Mr. Darling is a consummate master at this work, and you never hear the murmured "that was a long run," which is often ejaculated in involuntary disappointment in our own cricket. Professionals are as a rule bad judges of runs, and to-day no harm can be done by instancing Chatterton, an excellent batsman, as one of the worst in this respect. The opening display in May 1905 by the Gentlemen of England at the Crystal Palace furnished two lamentable errors which Australians would never have perpetrated.

There is a stage at which nerve in cricket lapses into foolhardiness, and sometimes this is perilously approached by fine batsmen, who deliberately have a go before they have had time to play themselves in. Mr. Reginald Duff provided us with some instances during the last tour, and other batsmen who sometimes fail to do themselves justice are Mr. H. Martyn and Mr. G. L. Jessop. "There's no use, la'ad, in knocking the stoofing out of the ball afore you get a sight of it. Ample time after it looks as big as a blooming balloon to you," was the excellent advice of a Yorkshire coach. Without advocating slow cricket, or deliberate batting, it is sometimes provoking to watch the best batsmen getting to work, without imperative reason, directly they come to the wicket, for events too often prove that it would have been better had they waited for a couple of overs.

In the matter of nerves, men of decidedly high-strung temperament exhibit as much coolness at a crisis as the most hard-headed rough-and-tumble type, and of course are capable of bringing much finer judgment to bear. Mr. C. P. Foley is a case in point.

Batting in the typical Eton style, playing well forward with a pretty cut, he gives the impression of being an attractive player rather than one likely to dominate a crisis. Yet on three occasions at least at Lord's he has given quite remarkable illustrations of nerve. The first was as an Eton boy in 1886, the year he obtained his colours. Harrow had made 133 and, as often has happened, the wicket at Lord's was none too easy. Mr. Foley led off the Eton batting, and showed the most polished cricket, scoring a fine 114 out of a total of 202, which in conjunction with the bowling of Messrs. Bromley Davenport and Brand gave the Light Blues an easy victory. The second and more notable feat was in the University Match of 1891. A tremendously strong Cambridge side, going in to get only 90 runs, simply went down like ninepins before the excellent bowling of Mr. G. F. H. Berkeley. Mr. Foley—who had only been chosen on the morning of the match—displayed the utmost coolness, and his invaluable 41 unquestionably decided the result in favour of his side. However, the eighth wicket fell with one run needed to win. Mr. S. M. J. Woods literally ran in, bat in hand, banged the first ball to the boundary, and ran back to the pavilion—and to this day people argue hotly as to whether he had troubled to put on pads or not; most decidedly he wore no gloves. The third instance in Mr. Foley's career was at Lord's last year. Middlesex, who had been champions in 1903, were unbeaten when they met Yorkshire. So difficult were runs to get that seven batsmen were dismissed for 76, out of which Mr. P. F. Warner had made 45. Then Mr. C. P. Foley with Mr. MacGregor played a great game, and in two hours increased the score to 183. Mr. Foley was missed, but he rightly took risks as he settled down, and it was this critical stand which was the cause of Yorkshire being defeated by 77 runs, their first defeat in that summer.

Allusion has just been made to Mr. MacGregor and Mr. S. M. J. Woods, and possibly no better examples of nerve in cricket could be cited than this famous pair, who have again and again done superb work at a crisis. Never in the history of University cricket was finer work seen than when Mr. MacGregor used to take the bowling of Mr. Woods. It is the sort of achievement with which their contemporaries will weary our grandchildren, and tell them nothing subsequently has been better. I know little of football, but it seems to me that cricketers who have won distinction at the winter game are usually those who display nerve. This is not a point which can be carried out to a hard and fast conclusion without exception, but as a general rule it is worth suggesting.

Of course the improvement in modern wickets makes it no longer a matter of brute courage to stand up to bumpy fast bowlers on

wickets such as Lord's used to possess at the end of the seventies. I have heard it said that on certain occasions Mr. James Robertson and the late William Mycroft gave more bruises than they took wickets; yet neither could be classified as a ferocious bowler. An instance of what may be called protective cautiousness was noticeable when Mr. G. J. V. Weigall took off Trott for M.C.C. v. Cambridge University in 1903 because he appeared to be bumping dangerously. Probably the most formidable bowling of the last decade at headquarters in a big match was that of Mr. C. J. Kortright for Gentlemen v. Players; and the stumping off one of his fastest deliveries, superbly gathered by Mr. MacGregor, is in the opinion of some of the ground-staff the best thing of the kind within living memory. No article on nerve in cricket could be adequate which did not pay high tribute to the way in which Mr. A. O. Jones faced the crisis in the same match in 1904. Arnold was bowling his fastest with a regular semi-circle of fieldsmen in the slips, and the Notts captain alone could defy him. With Mr. McDonnell injured, Mr. Hesketh-Prichard wound up the rear, a dozen runs still being needed. A frightfully flukey stroke for four failed to inspire confidence in the defensive powers of the Hampshire novelist, but Mr. Jones finished off the match with a couple of splendid drives to the off and on—"right and left barrel," as someone said in the pavilion—and achieved a notable victory. The cool, collected way in which he confidently played was a superb instance of nerve.

Another instance came at a crisis in the Test Match at Lord's in 1902. Starting on a bad wicket at a quarter to three, Mr. C. B. Fry was caught from a wretched stroke, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji bowled off his pads without a run on the board; and then a pour-down gave the spectators leisure grimly to contemplate the disastrous record displayed. On resumption, Mr. A. C. MacLaren and Hon. F. S. Jackson batted with consummate skill, in defective light and amid several stoppages, due to rain. Cricket ought to have been adjudged impossible, but the Old Harrovians deserved the more credit for a wonderful demonstration, the Lancashire captain's back-play and the way in which he scored off rising balls being as fine as his more prolific display for the Gentlemen on the same ground in 1903.

To write on nerve and not to mention "W. G." would be impossible. It is he more than any other living man who experienced the old-time bad wickets at Lord's, when a score of thirty was worth a modern century, and his triumphs then and since are too numerous to instance. But no fast bowler, whether it were Freeman, Mr. Spofforth, or Richardson, ever possessed terror for Dr. W. G.

Grace, whose placing of dangerous bowling has never been surpassed. Few things looked more courageous than to see his elder brother, Dr. E. M. Grace, stand up in his peculiar characteristic position and play hard on every ball, while his fielding at point is the nearest English counterpart to the work of Mr. H. F. Boyle, to which allusion has already been made. It was he who was given in when he was palpably out leg-before at his first appearance in the Canterbury week before he had scored. There was a vigorous remonstrance to the umpire, old Fuller Pilch, who retorted:—"Well, I had heerd a good deal of this 'ere Mister Grace, and I warnted to see if he could bat." And he did, which is a notable example of nerve wrongly exhibited by an umpire in a first-class match. This recalls the local story of the time when "E. M." ruled Thornbury cricket with dictatorial autocracy. Once in a momentary fit of aberration, or with an unexpected influx of courage, an umpire did venture upon a decision adverse to the "Crownner."

"What!" shouted the Doctor, and in his most stentorian tones, "*What* did you say?"

"Not out," replied the umpire. "Not out. Doctor knows best."

Nerve in cricket is never more displayed than when an umpire deliberately and repeatedly no-balls a professional for throwing. It is all very well to say it is his duty, but it needs considerable courage to penalise a man whose delivery has escaped official impeachment for years, and whose living may depend on its toleration, so for that reason in this article a tribute of admiration must be paid to several, in particular to Phillips and to Titchmarsh. As the commendable result of their efforts in conjunction with the sportsmanlike good feeling that now animates county committees, there is to-day in first-class cricket probably less throwing than was ever previously the case, and none of the prominent bowlers of the hour appear to deserve the imputation. Considering what has disfigured the fairness of deliveries in times by no means so long past, this is a most gratifying feature of contemporary cricket, due in no small measure to the nerve of a few umpires.

Nerve is most tested in a Test Match, and it has been said that the Australians do not know what nerves mean. They have shown us that stern stolid cricket is what tells, for they have no heel of Achilles when playing England. If beaten they lose on the merits of the superiority of their opponents, not from lack of nerve nor from unduly running risks. The bigger the match the less can be left to chance; but in a crisis the man of nerve is the one who pulls off victory.



MRS. MANVILLE ON HER 35 H.P. DAIMLER

THE RACE FOR THE HERKOMER TROPHY

BY KATE D'ESTERRE-HUGHES

Secretary of the Ladies' Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland

MR. AND MRS. MANVILLE had long decided to spend their last year's holiday on a car in Southern Germany and the Austrian Tyrol. When they heard that the Herkomer Trophy was to be run for in the province of their intended visit they thought it would be great fun to enter and, if possible, bring home the prize. Mrs. Manville said that if her husband entered she ought to do likewise, so they straightway took their two 35 h.p. Daimlers to Germany. She was the only woman competitor, and says that from the day she entered her home was inundated with long German epistles addressed to "Hoch wohl geboren Herr Maud Manville." It was some time before her Continental correspondents were able to realise that "Herr Maud" was a "Frau."

When Mr. and Mrs. Manville told their friends of their plans for a novel holiday, three other motorists declared their willingness to compete also, and five cars, curiously enough all Daimlers, had a

pleasant run through France to Munich, the centre from which the competition was organised. The trip many times partook of the nature of a race, and excited considerable interest among the inhabitants of the many small villages, who eagerly cheered on the car that might be running last.

Once on the way the cars left the direct road in order to try a stiff climb over one of the most beautiful roads in the Black Forest. When the travellers reached the top they were very happy—for all the cars had done well—and very hungry, for they had started without breakfast at six, and reached the top as the watches showed ten. The hostess of the one solitary little inn was somewhat disconcerted when fifteen people, all eager for breakfast, appeared at her



THE FIVE DAIMLERS WHICH TOOK PART IN THE HERKOMER TROPHY
COMPETITION—MRS. MANVILLE FIRST

door. She was only able to give them a decidedly German breakfast of sausages and eggs, and, as her utensils only enabled her to cook two of these latter at the same time, it was long before the hunger was appeased and the road taken once more.

Munich was reached two or three days before the competition began, and this left just time for them to have the cars cleaned and examined before the exhibition. Professor von Herkomer and the representatives of the Bavarian Club met the English visitors and did their best to explain the tremendous number of rules of the competition. They learnt that each car had to carry a

controller, that only one person would be allowed to touch the engine during the three days of the reliability trial, and that a second man might be carried for tyres, making, with the driver, four in all.

Mrs. Manville found that the cars were to be kept in the exhibition until six o'clock on the Friday evening, and that then they had to go forty miles to the scene of the hill-climb. This was rather a nasty knock, because it meant that they would have no chance of trying the hill, and they had heard that several of the professionals had been practising on it for weeks. However, she says, "We had to trust to luck. We did not get to Kochel, the village at the foot of the hill, till nine that night, when it was raining cats and dogs, and therefore useless to try a strange hill. We heard, however, that we might do so between six and seven the next morning. We all turned out early, but we found it impossible really to get up any speed on the hill, because all the other seventy-nine competitors were trying it too, and there seemed to be an unending stream of wagons with German beer, and char-a-bancs with people who were going to drink the beer, proceeding to take their positions for the day. Of course we saw what it was like; found that the gradient was really nothing, but the bends appalling and very frequent; and, seeing that it was still pouring with rain, or rather a sort of wet mist, which makes the roads worse than anything else, the going was likely to be as bad and as skiddy as it possibly could be.

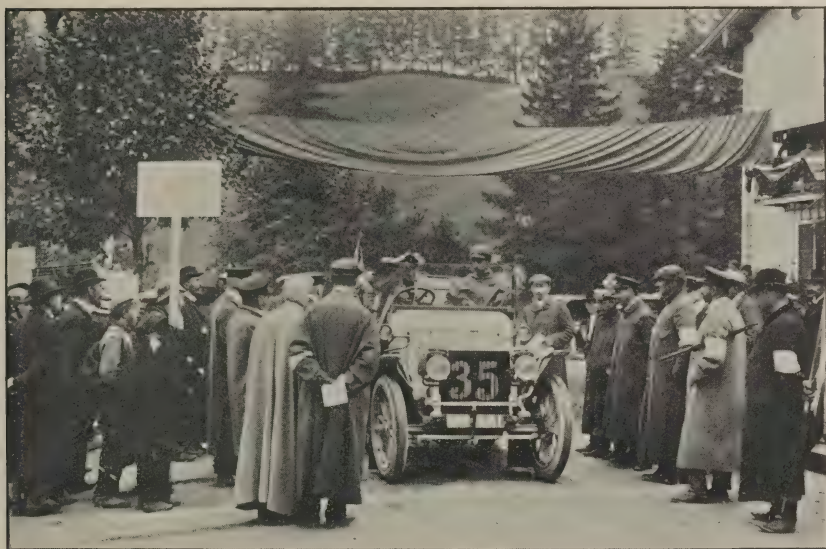
"Everyone was searching for non-skids; the racing cars had one on each wheel. The men of our party all took upon themselves to warn me most seriously about not taking any risks. There was no necessity to go fast or to tear round the corners, as, after all, the hill-climb meant very little. But I was wild when I found that they did not act on their own good advice at all, with the result that two of my party beat my time.

"When, flying a Union Jack, I took up my position to start the hill-climb, I got a tremendous reception, and I realised then for the first time the sort of reception I was going to get right through the competition, and I may say that that reception has been going on ever since. Only the other day, when in Cairo, my husband and I noticed that the waiter at our table was particularly attentive and impressive in his attentions. It struck me that I had seen the man before. One day I asked him if he had ever waited upon us elsewhere, and he answered with a sweeping bow, 'Madame, did I not see you drive into Baden-Baden?'

"I was rather afraid that I should not get a good start. The language was different, and I did not know what the method would be; but it was perfect. It seemed ages going up the hill. I felt that I had been driving up it for years, although it was but three

and a half miles long, and only took just over seven minutes. The first thing that cheered me up was that just in the last straight piece I caught up a car that had started two minutes ahead of me. I think that the warmest greeting I received was from the Royal party, who sat all day in the rain watching the cars. The German Emperor's sister, the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, was there all the time, and was, she told me afterwards, deeply interested.

"After our climb we had to run down the hill the other side to where the cars were all collected by the Walchensee, and we had lunch at the inn there. From that moment we started on a career of veal which lasted for four days. The German idea of supporting the inner man in times of stress is, evidently, veal!"



MRS. MANVILLE READY TO START THE HILL-CLIMB

The next day—that of the flat race—was gloriously fine. The race took place in a semi-private park, nearly four miles long, with a splendid surface. Mrs. Manville had only driven over the road once in the dark, and felt rather nervous about the bends. But what looked to her like very bad luck turned out to be the very best of that commodity that she could have had. Within the first two miles she caught up with a car that had started two minutes ahead of hers. She could not make the driver hear that she was behind wishing to pass, and, as the people would crowd on to the road, she did not dare to attempt it. Mrs. Manville felt heart-broken. But the good luck came later in the shape of a message that the judges and the royalties present had seen the dilemma and wished her to

have another run. Thus the rehearsal was most opportune, for when Mrs. Manville made her second run she won away over everybody else.

At half-past three on the Monday morning everyone had to be in his or her place for the reliability trial. Until the sun rose it was most dismal, very dark, and dreadfully cold. All went well at first, and Mrs. Manville was beginning to think that a reliability trial was the most delightful thing in the world when she had her first tyre trouble; that meant that she had absolutely no chance of winning the trophy, as the penalty for punctures was exceedingly heavy, and, besides, she knew that there would be many cars that would go through without any, so her loss of marks would be sure to put her out.

The first night was spent at Baden-Baden. Just before they came to the town a big hotel had to be passed. Here any number of people were waiting for the cars, among them three very tall German students—their faces covered with the proper scars—each of whom held a glass. They stopped Mrs. Manville, and said that they had been waiting and watching for her for some time, and had each of them a drink, one wine, one beer, and one milk, to offer her for refreshment. Mrs. Manville found the milk most welcome, while her controller seemed to appreciate the beer.

The cars had to be locked up at night in the presence of the controller, and only half an hour was allowed in the morning—again in front of the controller—to get the cars ready for the day. This was quite hard work. One man oiled the engine and the other filled up with petrol, which was all that he could do, as everybody was scrambling for petrol at the same time, so Mrs. Manville busied herself with filling up the water-tank and dusting the seats.

The next day it was just light when they started, five o'clock, and a beautiful rosy sunrise greeted them as they climbed the hills outside Baden-Baden. As the day wore on it grew very hot, and by lunch time there was such a scorching sun that anything—old bags, straw, overcoats, or waterproofs—was gladly commandeered to cover the tyres.

Mrs. Manville gives a graphic picture of her distress when she heard her husband's tyre go. "After lunch," she says, "I was running in front of my husband, who was then first favourite for the trophy, and was fervently hoping that he would get through all right. You can imagine my distress when I heard his tyre go. I felt absolutely sick, and turned to my controller and said: 'Please, may I stop and cry?' He gave me a severe look, saying: 'No, no; go on,' and then he began turning over the pages of his enormous book of

instructions as fast as he could to see if there were any rule for drivers who wanted to stop and cry—he found none. After about five minutes of meditation I heard a long drawn-out ‘S-o!’ He had grasped my point! He turned to me with: ‘You may go to your husband;’ but then I didn’t want to—there was really nothing to be done.”

Mrs. Manville had an enthusiastic welcome as she ran into the Munich control. The place was crowded; the band played the English National Anthem, and the Bavarian Club presented her with a magnificent laurel wreath about six feet in diameter tied with the Bavarian ribbons.

The next day all were invited to the palace of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, when Mrs. Manville was presented to him and to his princess. A banquet was given that night to the owners and drivers of the cars, and, as Prince Ludwig made a great point of it, Mrs. Manville consented to attend, though she said it was necessary to take her courage in both hands when she realised that she was to be the only woman among 270 men.

The lady much amused her audience at the Ladies’ Automobile Club, to the members of which she gave an account of her adventures, by a short description of a German public dinner: “I wonder if any of you have ever been to a German banquet; it is so funny! The speeches come between the courses, so that it takes a very long time to get along with the dinner, and, as a matter of fact, lobster salad was handed at ten, while at a quarter past eleven, when I left, the parts I am interested in—sweets and dessert—had not yet made their appearance.

“It was *hors d’œuvres*, then a toast to the German Emperor, soup, Prince Henry of Prussia, fish, and, to my horror, Mrs. Manville! I wondered what I was to do to acknowledge it; my husband was ever so far away, but Prince Ludwig himself solved my difficulty by ‘prostiting’ with me—that is clinking glasses—immediately after my health had been drunk. Then I think every man in the room did likewise!”

After the competition was over Mr. and Mrs. Manville went through Switzerland, and when crossing from this country into Germany Mr. Manville drove his car so that two wheels were in Germany and two in Switzerland. The customs officer would have nothing to say to them until the car had been backed entirely into Switzerland—he himself measuring the proper distance, a quaint instance of Swiss punctiliousness.



SPORT IN THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS

BY HERBERT H. NELSON

Now that the Donegal Highlands have become so easily accessible by additional railway facilities, and the new route *via* Heysham has considerably shortened the journey to Belfast or Londonderry, it will not be surprising if the attractions of Northern Ireland do not soon rob Scotland of a large proportion of the great army of sportsmen who annually journey north to pursue the pleasures of the gun and rod, and enjoy the grand scenery which mountain and loch provide. In comparison with its Scottish neighbour the "Green Isle" is little known to the sportsman. Yet it has the advantage—a great one to many of us—of being out of the beaten track. Twelve or thirteen hours of easy and commodious travelling will bring the traveller from London to Belfast, whence he may reach, in another few hours, any spot in Donegal he may have selected as the headquarters of his tour. In this charming and salubrious district he may wander for miles over mountain, moor, and glen, with a wealth of scenery around him worthy to compare with any in the British Isles. Here, provided with a licence costing but twenty shillings, he may enjoy many golden hours of good salmon and trout fishing, or take up his gun for a try at the wildfowl, without constantly meeting with boards to "warn him off" or inform him that "all fishing and shooting rights are reserved."

The country presents other attractions also. The sea-fishing along the coast is usually excellent, pollock being found in profusion at many places; ideal golf-links exist in several parts of the district, and the roads are good for both cycling and driving. To add to the further pleasures of a holiday in Northern Ireland, the sea-bathing is perfect, and the chief hotel accommodation may now compete with the best; even if in more out-of-the-way places it cannot be called luxurious, it may always be relied on, and it is well to note this important point if one is apt to judge Ireland by a visit in days gone by.

In nearly all parts of Ireland salmon, trout, and wildfowl may be found, and for fly-fishing for trout both in stream and lake no country possesses better natural qualifications. Perhaps the most common fish is the brook trout, which may be seen in

almost every pool and brook one comes to; but other varieties abound, and in every water in Donegal more brown trout disport themselves than are needed to afford the angler an exciting day, a heavy bag, and a good tale. Salmon or sea-trout, the gillaroo and pollen, are all plentiful, and good specimens of the bull-trout have also been captured. In fact, the advantage offered by Irish loughs and rivers to the salmon and trout angler are hard to beat, for



THE VALLEY AND FALLS OF GLENARIFF

the extent of good fishing water is far greater in proportion than either England or Scotland possesses.

To meet with success in fishing Irish waters it is important to use good and suitable rods and tackle. The salmon do not run usually to a large size, and therefore heavy lines and long rods are not needed. Wading will be found seldom necessary. For salmon-fishing a Shannon or Scotch pattern rod, or split cane rod of the American or Alnwick pattern, has been recommended, in

length about 16 ft. or rather more. For trout a single-hand Shannon rod from 11 to 13 ft. will be found as good as any.

If one intends to visit Ireland for the shooting, all necessary inquiries regarding that to be had in the district can be made by letter to the hotel where it is intended to put up, and it is better to employ this method than to depend entirely on chance for what is wanted.

Wildfowl is plentiful in the north, and the wild duck is common not only to Donegal but to all parts of Ireland. The mallard, widgeon, teal, garganey, pintail, and sheldrake, and many kinds of the surface-feeding wildfowl, spend much of their time on the freshwater rivers, marshes, lakes, and quiet pools; while the pochard, tufted duck, scoter, and other species of diving ducks frequent the harbours and estuaries where the water is brackish.



THE HOME OF PRESIDENT M^CKINLEY'S ANCESTORS

Snipe and woodcock are plentiful, and in the caves and on the rocks along the coast seals occasionally congregate, and provide capital sport for those who enjoy early rising and the excitement of a long shot.

Lough Swilly—the “Lake of Shadows” as it has been called—and the peninsula of Innishowen offer many attractions to cause them to be visited by the sportsman. Buncrana is a good centre for the district, and its capital hotel has done much to make the place deservedly popular. The Crana River, and its tributary the Owenboy, are within a walk, and both provide good salmon; while a good day with the brown trout, or “breac” in the native Irish, may always be reckoned on in the Mill River, also close by. For sea trout, “breac-fin,” the Owenerk River, seven miles north of

Buncrana, is an ideal spot for a quiet day with the rod. To the west of the lough at Churchill the angler is well placed for the upper reaches of the Lennon River, which discharges into Lough Swilly at Rathmelton. Excellent salmon-fishing may be had for miles along the banks of the Lennon, and many of its pools have become noted for the catches made on their banks. No better country for wildfowl of all kinds will be found in Ireland or Scotland than the picturesque shores of Lough Swilly and the other loughs on the north coast, and the expansive area of their waters also provides a good field for sea-fishing.

Kilmacrenan, to the north of Churchill, is a capital fishing centre, being close to Irvine's Lough and the chain of mountain lakes, all famous for trout. Up in the mountains, four miles or so to the north,



THE GIANT'S ORGAN AND CAUSEWAY

situated amongst wild and beautiful scenery, are Lough Salt and Lough Reelan, where good sport can always be had. Mulroy Bay and Lough Doo, including several other small lakes or tarns, are also likely places for salmon and trout, and may be reached from Milford. Portsalon stands on the western shore of Lough Swilly near the estuary, which opens out to the Atlantic,

and possesses some of the best golf links in Ireland. All this district is marked by a rugged wildness and solitude which renders it a grand field for the sportsman, for fish and fowl are plentiful and undisturbed. Ballyhiernan Cottage, five or six miles north of Portsalon, is a convenient centre, but reserved for visitors to the hotel at Rosapenna, and it is necessary to make arrangements before accommodation can be secured. Kindrum and Shannagh Loughs are both good for brown trout, and there are several smaller loughs in the vicinity worth the angler's attention.

So many are the rivers and loughs in the north of Ireland where those in search of sport will have their expectations amply rewarded, that it would be difficult to point out one district as being preferable to another; but, besides Lough Swilly and surrounding district, special notice may be made of Rosapenna to the west of Kindrum, Cresslough further west across the lough, Dunfanaghy and Gweedore with the Rivers Clady and Stranacorkagh and Lough Nacung, which provide some of the best salmon and trout fishing in Ireland. Further west we come to the great Rosses fishery, which consists of over a hundred lakes and many miles of good river-fishing. Sea-trout anglers will fare as well here as anywhere. Dungloe is the best centre for the district, and the most popular spots with sea-trout anglers will be found, perhaps, in the series of lakes known as the Dungloe Chain. These waters are all well stocked. Still further west is Glenties and Ardara, near which run the River Owenca, with its fine enticing pools, and the Owentocker. About fifteen miles to the south-east of the town of Donegal, the little town of Pettigoe is handily placed for Lough Derg, with its islet containing the cave known as St. Patrick's Purgatory, and several small tarns, where fine-sized trout may often be taken. The Ballintra River has white trout in August, and brown trout throughout the season. Killibegs is the headquarters for the Glen River and Inner River and Glencolumkille, where are some wild lakelets described as being simply stuffed with fish.



ANTRIM ROUND TOWER

By the time we reach Donegal town we have traversed a country which, with its many facilities for the sportsman, it would be hard to beat. As before mentioned, one of the great advantages of Irish sporting grounds is that the large majority of them are free, and where restrictions exist a small charge is all that is demanded to obtain the necessary permission. A short purse will therefore go a long way in Ireland, and at small cost a holiday may be rendered in every way delightful to the sportsman. "I love the land of mountain and of flood!" was the exclamation of one who, leaving Ireland after his first visit, looked back with fond memories upon a stay devoted to that gentle art which, like poetry, "men are born to." Many, we feel sure, who go on a similar errand, and are blessed by not meeting with disappointment, will re-echo that sentiment.





THE SIKH QUOIT AND HOW TO USE IT

BY F. R. LEE

MANY of our sports and pastimes are recognised as survivals of the days when men practised them in war and hunting, and depended on them for some of the necessities of life; but probably few persons are aware that the quoit is or was a most deadly weapon of war and also an implement of the chase.

The use of the bow, of sword and spear, of fishing apparatus, horsemanship, the mastery of the waters with limbs, paddles, oars, and sails, are practically universal. Skill in old-world weapons and elemental pursuits survives not from necessity, but from habit engrained by a thousand ties of history, tradition, and chivalrous custom. So strong is this clinging to the past that it is difficult to imagine the time when the practice of archery, fencing, and the rest, will entirely give place to the playing of artificial games, many of which lack the element of personal risk and the spice of personal combat which to some of us constitute a real and enticing charm. To some such affection for the old order that changeth we may ascribe the survival among the Sikhs of the weapon that is the subject of this paper. Religion and clannishness supply a further motive. With the head knot, the steel bracelet, and the linen drawers, the chakra forms the kakka or fourfold symbol of Sikhism. Although the method of Sikh quoit-throwing has been set forth in no "Library" or "Encyclopædia of Sport" it is the warlike sport of a martial race; and in these days, when so many somewhat effeminate games find a following, there is room, I think,

for the introduction of a pastime requiring considerable practice for its successful pursuit.

India with Australia worked out the problem of the boomerang, for weapons which were undoubtedly boomerangs were used by the Koles of Guzerat and other aboriginal tribes of India; in conjunction also with Europe she invented the quoit. The diskos of ancient Greece was a flat, circular plate of metal about an inch thick and nearly a foot in diameter. The casting of it required strength and a certain knack. In Northern Europe quoit-throwing is a well-known sport. Through the Middle Ages it shared popularity with football, cock-fighting, bowls, badger-baiting, and other almost obsolete sports. To-day quoiting rather languishes, although the alley is still a cherished spot at many a country inn and secluded village green. But both the diskos and the clumsy English quoit fall far short of the Sikh chakra in the skill required to employ them effectively. Nor can the heavy course of either implement be compared with the swift, graceful, skimming flight of the chakra, which, when cast by a master hand, seems almost endowed with life and volition of its own.

Etymologically the word "chakra" is connected with the English slang word "chuck" and the Hindustani "phenkna," to throw, by the same rule that connects "quinque" and "pente."

The chakra is a missile weapon of great antiquity in India. At the present time it is exclusively confined to the Sikhs, and the history of its origin is entirely lost even among them. All they can say is that it was originally a Hindu weapon, and this tradition is supported by the scanty references to it which can be culled from the sacred books, from sculptures and wall-paintings, and from the casual notes of travellers in India. Professor Monier Williams, in "Brahmanism and Hinduism," p. 104, wrote: "Vishnu has four



SIKH HOLDING CHAKRA

arms and holds a symbol in each of his four hands, namely, a wheel, or circular weapon (çakra) called sudarsana, a conch-shell (sankha) called pancajanya, a club (gada) called kaumodake, and a lotus flower (padma). Of these, the circular symbol may possibly have been borrowed from Buddhism. If so, it was originally significant of the Wheel of the Buddhistic Law, or of the cosmical cycles peculiar to that system. Or, bearing in mind Vishnu's connection with the sun, we may reasonably regard it as emblematical of the sun's circular course in the heavens. In the latter mythology it is supposed to represent a terrible weapon hurled by Vishnu like a quoit at the demons who are ever plotting evil against gods and men, and with whom he is always at war."

In the Mahabharata, which was probably written centuries before the Christian Era, and in which are described the wars of the Kuru and Pandavas for the empire of Hastinapura, Krishna fought as an ally of the latter. The battle lasted eighteen days, and his exploits with his chakra on the field of Kurukshetra are described in the extracts given below, each taken from the Khandava-daha Parva:—

"And that slayer of all foes Krishna also, endued with great energy, made a great slaughter of the Dactya and the Danava hosts with his discus, and many Asuras of immeasurable might, pierced with Krishna's arrows and smitten with the force of his discus, became motionless like waifs and strays stranded on the bank by the violence of the wars."

"Then Keshava of dark hue and mighty arms, for compassing their destruction, hurled at them his large and fierce discus resplendent with its own energy. The dwellers of the forest, including the Danavas and the Rakshas, affected by that weapon were cut into hundreds of pieces and fell into the mouth of Agni. And maybe by Krishna's discus the Asuras were covered with blood and fat and looked like evening clouds. . . . And the discus itself, repeatedly hurled from the hands of Krishna, that slayer of all foes, came back to his hands after slaughtering numberless creatures."

"And Hari slew with his discus those Rakshasis and Danavas and Nagas that were rushing at him in bands of huge bodies; their heads and trunks were cut off by the swift motion of the discus, and deprived of life they fell down in the blazing sun."

The author of "Indo-Aryans" writes: "Unlike the Sikh weapon of the present day, which is a simple ring with a sharp cutting edge, it had cross bars in the middle, and sometimes flamelike or pointed projections round the periphery. Its ancient name is chakra, or 'the wheel,' but one of the commentators on Amara identified it with the prasa. It occurs both in sculpture and also (formed of iron and mounted on spires of Vaishnavite temples) as a

sectarial mark, like the cross of Christian churches. Formerly certain classes of Vaishnavas had a figure of it branded on the arms or the breast of devotees. The Sevites replaced it by the trident."

Between these early references there is little to bridge over many centuries, except a few wall frescoes in the Buddhist temples at Badámi and elsewhere. The next mention of the chakra is dated 1516.

"In the kingdom of Dely they have some steel wheels which they call chacarani, two fingers broad, sharp outside like knives and without edge inside, and the surface of these is the size of a small plate. And they carry seven or eight of these each, put on the left arm, and they take one and put it on the finger of the right hand and make it spin round many times, and so they hurl it at their enemies." Barbosa, 100-101.

1630. "In her right hand she bore a chuckery, which is an instrument of a round form and sharp-edged in the superficies thereof; and slung off, in the quickness of his motion, it is able to deliver or convey death to a farre remote enemy." Low, "Disc. of the Bania Religion," 12, quoted in Yule's "Hobson Jobson."

In the reigns of Shah Jehan and Aurungzib, Tavernier, the famous French jeweller, met a party of Fakirs or Mahomedan Dervishes at Sidhpur. He says: "They were all well armed, the majority with bows and arrows, some with muskets, and the remainder with short pikes, and a kind of weapon which we have not got in Europe. It is a sharp iron made like the border of a plate, which has no centre, and they pass eight or ten over the head, carrying them on the neck like a ruff. They withdraw these circles as they require to use them, and when they throw them with force at a man, as we make a plate to fly, they almost cut him in two." "Tavernier's Travels in India," ed. by V. Ball, Vol. I., p. 82.

Lieut.-Col. Lewin says in his book, "A Fly on the Wheel":



ONE OF THE AVATARS OF VISHNU

The arms on the right side hold the sword, the chakra, the arrow, and the club; those on the left the conch shell, the bow, and the shield

"On the march, 13th January 1859, we met a Sikh regiment which was going to our late quarters at Futtehpore, and I was most kindly entertained by the officers after the hospitable custom of the country. The Sikhs were extremely fine-bodied, and handsome even. Many of them wore polished circlets of steel, sharp-edged, around which their many-folded turbans were twisted; and when at sundown the men were amusing themselves with games in the cool of the evening, I learnt how they were used. The sharp-edged disc was thrown quoit-fashion, skimming through the air, and at a

distance of two hundred yards these men planted their discs very accurately in a tree trunk. The missile in its flight took first a slight upward curve and then swooped down with a slant upon the object aimed at, a deadly weapon indeed to descend upon an unwary head."

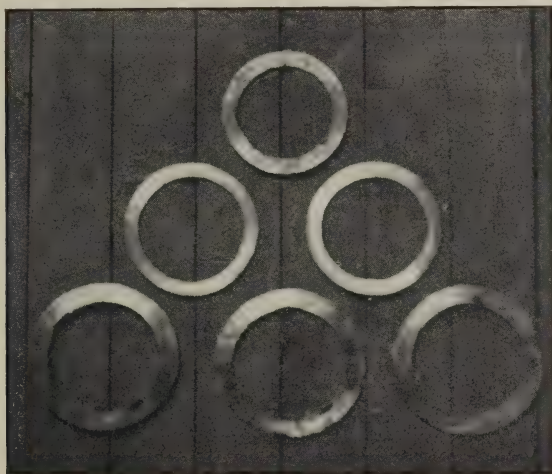
Lord Egerton of Tatton, in his handbook "Indian and Oriental Armour," a book which is invaluable to the collector, gives a sketch of a Sikh throwing the quoit (to which I shall again refer), and a drawing of a decorated quoit from Lahore now in the British Museum, and partly quoting from Captain Mundy, who was in India in 1827, says: "The Sikh soldiers dressed in tunics of quilted cotton and silk with a peculiar-shaped red turban and cummerband of the same colour. Their legs were bare below the knee, and they were all armed with a spear or sword



and black shields of buffalo hide studded with brass. But the arm that is exclusively peculiar to this sect is the quoit. It is made of beautiful thin steel sometimes inlaid with gold; in using it the warrior twirls it swiftly round the forefinger, and raising his hand over his head, launches it with such deadly aim as, according to their own account, to be sure of their man at eighty paces. The quoit is worn only by the Akalis, who are armed to the teeth. They wear, in obedience to their founder, the tenth

Guru Govind, nothing but steel and blue cotton cloth, steel bow, sword, shield, brace of horse pistols, or collection of daggers, and sometimes as many as six war quoits round the arm and on the top of their high conical turban."

The chakras now held by the Sikhs are of various sizes. Those for sport or war range from five inches to a foot in diameter. Part of the uniform of several of the Sikh regiments and of Military Police recruited in the Punjab requires a chakra to be worn upon the head-dress. The Gurus on their high conical turbans wear a series of these weapons, from the tiny one of three inches diameter at the apex to the largest of eighteen inches at the base of the pagri. The most ancient type of chakra was after the model of a wheel including the spokes. The simple ring,



CHAKRAS OF VARIOUS SIZES

being found to be more handy to sling over the arm or wear on the turban, ultimately displaced the spoke pattern, though the latter survived at least the tenth century of our era. The various dimensions of chakras seem quite arbitrary, and have been evolved empirically according to the taste and observation of the user. It would be interesting if someone acquainted with the scientific theories governing the flight of inclined planes of bodies floating and skimming in the air would undertake experiments with a view to discover the best shape for the chakra: whether a disc or ring with surface concave or convex best suits the idiosyncrasy of this strange weapon. For practice a chakra of the following pattern will be found convenient: Total diameter eight inches, width of

ring one inch; the inner edge of the quoit from $\frac{1}{12}$ to $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch thick, tapering off to a razor edge round the circumference. One surface of the ring should be flat and the opposite side very slightly convex. The finest sword steel is required for the making of the chakra. The process of tempering must not leave the steel too brittle, or it will break, nor too soft, or it will bend, and a bent quoit will not fly accurately.

At Amritsa, Lahore, and Ferozepur, chakras are still made to order, and workmen may yet be found who can inlay the blued steel with gold wire beaten into flowing patterns cut with a graving tool into the metal. The work is known as "koftgari." I know



GURUS OR SIKH PRIESTS WEARING CHAKRAS IN THEIR TURBANS

of nothing more effective in the whole range of metal-working than old specimens of koftgari except old bidri ware, which is silver wire similarly hammered into patterns cut into soft black iron.

In order to avoid cutting his own hand and other people's heads the thrower at first should use quoits with blunted edges. These earliest experiments are best made in a large empty field free from stones with a clear hundred yards on all sides. The chakra in the hands of a novice is apt to describe the most eccentric gyrations, and it is quite impossible to guess where the missile will fall. In India the usual mark for practice is a plantain tree stuck upright in

the ground fifty yards from the thrower. In competitions three plantain trees are erected at the same distance two feet apart, and interlaced so as to show six divisions; higher points are generally given for striking the central stem than for those on either side. In England, where there are no plantain trees, a thin pole standing six feet out of the ground, swathed thickly with white paper, will provide a good substitute for the real thing. A file and hammer are useful in case the edge of the quoit be bent or blunted by contact with a stone.

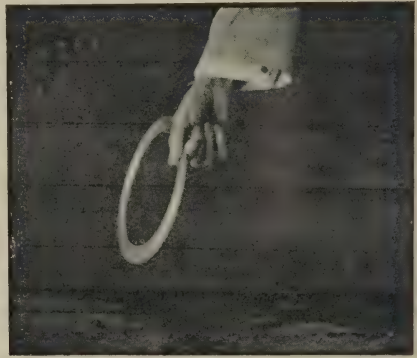
In wet weather quoit-throwing may be indulged in if a dry cloth be kept with which to wipe the quoits after picking them up. A slippery wet quoit can neither be firmly gripped nor accurately thrown. The Sikhs keep their quoits spotlessly bright, but I much prefer to use them slightly rusted, as in this state they do not prematurely slip from the hand in the act of throwing.

Batting when performed by a Grace or a Hayward seems a very simple process. All the motions are done so easily, the ball is timed almost instinctively, and so rarely is the batsman deceived by pace and pitch that the uninitiated onlooker may be pardoned for thinking that with a very little practice he could do almost as well. But cricketers know that good batting is a matter of long-continued practice and aptitude for the game; so it is, though in a lesser degree, with Indian quoit-throwing. The motions seem so simple, and away flies the quoit so easily to the mark, that the casual onlooker picks up one and throws it, probably to the endangering of the lives of the bystanders. The writer remembers a case in which the quoit thrown by a novice suddenly swerved and stuck deep in the side of a passing bullock-cart fifty yards to the right of the thrower, to the great surprise of the driver, whom it narrowly missed. The two methods of holding the chakra will be best seen from the accompanying illustration. If we may credit the description given by Barbosa and by Captain Mundy quoted above, another method was formerly practised. Centrifugal force was imparted to the quoit by twirling it round the first finger. The accounts given by these two writers are so circumstantial that it is difficult to disbelieve them. All I can say is that a trial of this method of throwing resulted in a sore finger, and I have never seen a Sikh attempt to use the weapon after this fashion.

The thrower, if right-handed, should stand facing half right in reference to the mark. Swinging on the hips, let him bring his hand well behind his head, the edge of the quoit leading. Then fling the quoit with a free motion of the arm from the shoulder, ending up with a kind of wrist flick which is impossible to be

described on paper, but which adds impetus and imparts a rotary motion to the weapon in its flight; additional impetus is given first by slightly raising the left foot when leaning back to begin the throw, and also by swinging the whole body from the hips towards the mark at the instant the quoit leaves the hand. Just as a bowler carries through the swing of his arm and his run well after the ball is on its way, so likewise should the quoit thrower, body, arm, wrist, and hand all perfectly combining to impart the maximum of impetus at the moment of throwing.

Skilled throwers seem to use very little effort, and yet the quoit sometimes travels for a hundred yards or more. On the other hand, the beginner is apt to hurl furiously, and often only succeeds in burying the quoit in the ground a few yards in front of him. The direction taken by the weapon depends first on the inclination of the



edge of the quoit to the plane of its flight; secondly, on the force and direction of the wind; thirdly, on the rotary motion imparted to it by the thrower; and, lastly, on the force of gravity. It is difficult to give written directions for throwing the chakra. Nothing but practice and observation will bring the desired skill and mastery over its flight.

The power of directing the edge of the quoit so as to overcome wind resistance, and the knack of enlisting the assistance of the wind in hitting the mark, cannot be conveyed in words. A following wind beats down the quoit, so that to hit the mark its edge must be inclined upwards at the start, and a good deal of force is required to enable it to reach the target. Contrary to what might be expected, a head wind renders throwing very easy, and it is in such a wind that the most effective low skimming shots are made. The beginner is advised to choose a calm day for his first experiments, throwing

up and down at the mark. Having attained a fair degree of skill, practice in winds of varying strength and direction will afford further opportunities of studying the vagaries of this weapon and of learning its latent powers under changing conditions.

Like many another martial exercise, quoit-throwing is dying out among the Sikhs themselves. To what degree of perfection they reached in the days of Ranjit Singh and Guru Govind it is now impossible to say. Perfection with a weapon of this kind is relative, and a man who can consistently hit a plantain tree fifty yards away twice out of every five shots is now very rare in India. The writer has seen fairly good quoit-throwing both in the Punjab and among the military police in Burma, but it is probable that active Englishmen accustomed to the free use of their arms in cricket would soon produce better quoit-throwers than India ever did.



BOOKS ON SPORT

WILD LIFE IN EAST ANGLIA. By W. A. Dutt. With Sixteen Illustrations in Colours. London: Methuen. 1906.

MR. DUTT's reputation as a keen observer of "wild life" and a graphic writer on its phenomena was made some years since—he contributed to these pages a long time ago—and he has gradually been earning the appreciation he so well deserves. A resident in East Anglia—his preface is issued from Lowestoft—he has devoted himself to that most interesting corner of England, has read much about it, and has passed his days and nights, afloat and ashore, investigating the peculiarities of its furred and feathered inhabitants; the result being the publication of a volume which has the value generally attaching to such labours of love.

We are glad that Mr. Dutt did not live ages ago, because at the time we are thinking of, writing was not invented, and we should not have had the benefit of reading his descriptions; but if he *had* been born when Great Britain was connected by land with the continent of Europe, what subjects he would have found to describe by whatever might have been the methods of the period! The "sabre-toothed tiger (*Machærodus cultridens*) was one of the creatures he might have come across, the gigantic cave bear (*Ursus spelæus*), hippopotamus, rhinoceros, all kinds of creatures dwelt in what are now Norfolk and Suffolk, as their fossilised remains show, but this was at an epoch prior to the mammoth, a comparatively modern beast that would surely have given Mr. Dutt many pages. His ancestors perhaps pursued, or were pursued by, these fearsome creatures; but the early Dutts left no records, unless perchance they scratched out pictorial illustrations on the walls of their caves. Every man was his own publisher then, and—may we not lament it as a melancholy loss?—there were no critics to review the publication.

Times have gone on changing, are indeed changing continually, and not a few creatures which were bred and lived in East Anglia within living recollection are now extinct. What will follow? Which are doomed? A century or so hence will the partridge survive? Will our descendants ever see a pheasant out of a natural history museum? What will be the fate of the hare? Game has many enemies, chiefly because it furnishes sport and entertainment for the well-to-do classes, whom the town-bred proletariat hate; and being town-bred, Demos does not understand what benefits and advantages his country-bred brethren, of all classes, including the poorest, derive from sport. Civilisation and cultivation tend greatly

to reduce bags of wildfowl. At Breydon sixty or seventy years ago "the flats were often white with fowl," and more recently they were amazingly plentiful. In the Harwich decoy, where the water is only an acre in extent, 16,800 fowl were taken in one season—we fancy this was about a quarter of a century since, as it is noted in conjunction with the statement that in the winter of 1879-80 no fewer than 2,218 ducks, 123 teal, and 70 widgeon were captured at Fritton, 1,613 in the month of December. Earlier, in the days of Defoe, 3,000 couple of fowl a week were generally taken in a decoy near Ely. They were sent twice a week to London in wagons drawn by ten or twelve horses, "they were laden so heavily."

The chapter on "Lost Breeding Birds" is a particularly interesting one. It is doubtful, however, whether the pelican can properly be included. In 1663 one was shot at Horsey Fen, but about the same period one of the King's pelicans was lost at St. James's, and this may have been the bird? Cranes were known in the neighbourhood—using the last term in a liberal sense. We are grateful to old chroniclers who kept accounts which nowadays prove full of enlightenment. At Hunstanton Hall some careful steward who made notes between 1519 and 1533 has five comments referring to cranes, one shot with a cross-bow, and again "a Cranne Kylyd wt the Gun." When the bittern finally disappeared we do not know. In 1853 a Feltwell thatcher whose father and grandfather had been keepers told an inquirer that bitterns were "not long before" extremely plentiful. His grandfather used to have one roasted every Sunday for dinner. The last eggs were taken as recently as 1868, and "there is a possibility that a pair of bitterns succeeded in breeding in the neighbourhood of Sutton Broad in the spring of 1886, for the once familiar booming was heard there frequently during that season." Ruffs bred up to 1889 "and perhaps 1897." Mr. J. H. Gurney, to whom all lovers of birds are deeply indebted for his untiring labours, says that in the Broads district there were in 1858 about fourteen ruffs' nests, in 1868 about five, ten years later two, in 1888 one. Kites have not been known in Norfolk for sixty years, yet a pair nested in Lincolnshire in 1870. The last British bustard was killed near Swaffham in 1838, and there is an account of the way in which a brute of a keeper named Turner massacred seven, by feeding the birds for a time and then arranging a battery of three large duck-guns to bear upon the place when the food was placed on the snow.

Rabbits used to be taken by an elaborate device called a "tipe." A circular pit was dug, eight or nine feet deep, on it was carefully balanced an iron door which turned on a swivel, the weight of the rabbit being sufficient to swing it over and drop the captive into the pit, the door then returning to the horizontal. By this means it is

said 2,000 rabbits were sometimes caught in a night on Thetford Warren alone. A good story is told of a sporting parson in the district. He was so skilled in imitating the call note of the dotterel that when King James visited the neighbourhood he had excellent sport, and promised the old vicar preferment at the first opportunity that arose. Time passed, the Dean that was to have been heard nothing, and at length determined to go to London and jog the Royal memory if a way to do so could be found. Soon after his arrival he heard that the King was coming to the city. He waited on the road, and as the *cortège* approached whistled the bird's call. "Why, there's our old dotterel parson!" His Majesty said, sent for him, and fulfilled his promise.

We must confess never to have heard the little bearded titmouse called the "reed pheasant," which is the tiny creature's name in East Anglia. They are the most affectionate of birds. If the hen dies the cock is inconsolable and refuses to eat. This was the case with a pair kept by a chronicler, who to divert the bird's attention let him out to fly about the room and noticed that he was greatly attracted and delighted by his reflection in the looking-glass. A small mirror was placed in his cage and afforded him great comfort. We have done the same thing with a canary, but it did not interest itself, though a most companionable bird whose great joy it is to talk to the sparrows when put out on the window-sill.

Is the reader aware of the fact that trees sometimes grow smaller? The Salcey Oak affords an example. In 1797 the circumference at the bottom was 46 ft. 10 in.; in 1881 it was exactly 42 ft., and its height to the top branch had diminished from 39 ft. 3 in. to 30 ft. Loss of bark and the sinking of the tree into the earth are the explanations.

The illustrations are good, and the book cannot fail to give great pleasure to all lovers of country life.

PRACTICAL ROWING WITH SCULL AND SWEEP, by Arthur W. Stevens; and THE EFFECTS OF TRAINING, by Eugene A. Darling, M.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

This American book is well worth the attention of English oarsmen and scullers. There can be no question as to the author's competence, and though we do not call an "oar" a "sweep" in this country, neither does Mr. Stevens do so in the pages which follow his title. Most of the "Rowing Terms," the chapter on which occupies the first twenty-seven pages, are those employed here, and what is said about them may be studied with advantage. In the second chapter, "Oars and a Boat," and in those which follow on, "The Coxswain," "Outboard Work," and "All Eight," Mr. Stevens puts

himself into the position of a coach who has a rather troublesome crew to deal with. "Eight, you are rowing your oar into your lap"; "Seven, you are slow in getting hold of the water"; "Six, don't chop your oar in at the full reach; drop it in"; "Three, take your oar out of the water before you feather it; you are feathering under water, and dragging it up under your oar"; "Bow, clear the water on the recovery, take your blade clean out at the finish and carry it well off the water until you are ready for another stroke"; "Get a little more life in that catch, everybody." This is the sort of thing the novice will find, and there are photographs to illustrate the text.

Dr. Darling's contribution on the effects of training with all sorts of diagrams, weight charts, temperature charts, heart measurements, etc., is extraordinarily complete. There have been many discussions as to the after effects of training, and the conclusion Dr. Darling arrives at is that "on the heart and kidneys in particular they may approach unpleasantly near to pathological conditions, and that there should be some competent supervision to ensure that the safe limits, when those are determined, shall not be passed."

MOTING HANDBOOKS: THE CAR ROAD-BOOK AND GUIDE.

Edited and Revised by Lord Montagu. The Car Office, Shaftesbury Avenue. 1906.

Lord Montagu is before all else a practical man, and this is just the sort of encyclopædia that might have been expected from him. By means of it the motorist may easily find his way about Great Britain. Thus, supposing he wishes to go from Southampton to Liverpool, knowing nothing of the road. A map runs down one side of the page, the names of the towns and villages he should pass are given, with details, including mileage. When he has travelled $12\frac{1}{4}$ miles, for example, he will find himself at Winchester, and is told to "proceed by Jewry Street and turn left at Market Hotel, along City Road, and turn to the right at Eagle," and so on. It is impossible to go wrong. There is a large folding road map in addition, and innumerable useful hints.

USEFUL HINTS AND TIPS FOR AUTOMOBILISTS. From the *Auto-car*. Second Edition. London: Iliffe & Sons. 1906.

We reviewed this little book not long since, and now merely draw attention to the issue of a second edition, which of course is a strong recommendation. There are in all 521 "hints and tips," with an index which is, perhaps, as useful as it can be made; only when the little-experienced motorist's car goes wrong he is frequently at a loss to know what is the matter, and so cannot turn at once to the index to find out how to set things right.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

THE man who can do anything towards the extermination of rats is a public benefactor for whom no reward can well be too great. That these peculiarly loathsome vermin carry plague and other infectious diseases is only one charge against them, and feeling a peculiar horror of the brutes we have the strongest satisfaction in drawing attention to "Ratin," a preparation which there can be no doubt—testimonials from the most unimpeachable quarters have been gladly given—does what it professes to do cheaply and effectually, that is annihilates colonies of rats in from one to three weeks and of mice in from two to nine days. Particulars may be obtained at 17 Gracechurch Street, E.C.

* * * * *

Another valuable preparation which is rapidly making its way is "Radiol," which it is declared "doubles the life of a horse's legs." To prove this precisely is a difficult matter, but *The Field* is only one of many authorities which can be quoted to justify the assertion that it is a really excellent preparation for the treatment of joint troubles and sprains. The laboratory is at St. George's Mansions, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

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It is a natural ambition for the owner of a motor to desire to drive it himself, and a thoroughly efficient instructor may be found in Mr. D. Doyle, inventor of the "Doyle" valve. The preliminary course occupies two or three weeks, involving attendance for an hour a day, and this should be sufficient to enable the student to drive with ease and safety. An extended course includes a thorough teaching of the construction and principles of practically all the best cars. Mr. Doyle's address is Palace Motor Works, West Street, Cambridge Circus, W.C.

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Scotland will for some time continue to be the goal of innumerable travellers, and the Caledonian Railway desires it to be known that tourist literature, giving all possible particulars, can be obtained from the General Superintendent, Caledonian Railway, Glasgow.

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Though the time for white boots is coming to an end, the season for buckskin breeches is still in advance, and for these and all white military and sporting gear Mitchell's Snow White is recommended, as it is easily applied and does not rub off. New Century Works, Usk Road, London.

“HUNTING IN LONDON.”

WE give the fifth instalment of this new competition which began in May. Two photographs of well-known buildings or localities are given : all the competitor has to do is to write underneath each the name of the structure or place, tear out the leaf, and either send it, addressed “Hunting in London” Competition, *Badminton Magazine*, to 8, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, at once, or keep it till six months have elapsed and send the whole dozen together.

To the successful hunter who has named the entire twelve

A PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

will be awarded, together with further prizes of

FIVE GUINEAS FOR SECOND,

and

TWO GUINEAS FOR THIRD.

In the event of several competitors gaining an equal number of marks, the money will have to be divided. Should no one name the whole twelve, the first prize will be awarded to whoever comes nearest.

The photographs for

“HUNTING IN LONDON,”

we may perhaps as well repeat, will each represent some conspicuous View, House, or Object within four miles of Charing Cross.

It is not our intention to be unduly puzzling by selecting out-of-the-way scenes. Each picture will be of some place which thousands of people pass daily—how many of them really see what they pass the competition will help to show.

* * Copies for May, June, July, and August containing the first eight pictures of this new competition can be obtained from the “Badminton Magazine” Publishing Office, 6, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

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A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the September competition will be announced in the November issue.

THE JULY COMPETITION

The Prize in the July competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. G. P. Lathbury, R.M.L.I., H.M.S. *King Edward VII*, Atlantic Fleet; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down; Mr. D. A. Forbes, R.F.A. Camp, Kilkullen, County Kildare; Mr. Bernard Grant, Leytonstone; Mr. A. St. John Wright, 2nd Essex Regiment, Malta (two guineas); Mr. Robert Whitbread, Coldstream Guards, Victoria Barracks, Windsor; Mr. J. R. Aitchison, Granton, Edinburgh; Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town; and Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea.



SPORT AT SEA—ON THE HORIZONTAL BAR

*Photograph by Mr. G. P. Lathbury, R.M.L.I., H.M.S. "King Edward VII,"
Atlantic Fleet*



FINAL, NOVICES' CUP AT RANELAGH, ASHBY ST. LEDGERS V. MAGPIES—THE
DUKE OF WESTMINSTER ON THE LEFT

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down



MOLESEY LOCK ON REGATTA DAY

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



DANCE AT A ZULU WEDDING—BRIDE IS HOLDING UMBRELLA

Photograph by Mr. D. A. Forbes, R.F.A. Camp, Kilcullen, County Kildare



THE MEDITERRANEAN SKIFF CLUB—THE FIRST BATCH CROSSING THE LINE
IN ONE OF THEIR WEEKLY RACES AT SLIEMA HARBOUR, MALTA

Photograph by Mr. E. J. Mowlam, H.M.S. "Stag," Malta



LIEUTENANT W. HALSWELL (EDINBURGH HARRIERS) WINNING THE QUARTER-MILE
RACE AT AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE

Photograph by Mr. Bernard Grant, Leytonstone



COKE'S HARTEBEEST—FOOT OF THE ABERDARE MOUNTAINS, BRITISH
EAST AFRICA

Photograph by Mr. C. V. A. Peel, Oxford



MALTESE BOYS BATHING IN THE HARBOUR, MALTA

Photograph by Mr. A. St. John Wright, 2nd Essex Regiment, Malta



POLO AT FEZ—MAJOR OGILVY, D.S.O., AND HIS TEAM OF MOORISH KAIDS

Photograph by Mr. Ernest Bristow, British Legation, Tangier



PADDING A PANTHER—MAHOUT HELPING TO TIE IT ON THE ELEPHANT'S PAD

*Photograph by Mr. J. L. Sleeman, Lieutenant 1st Royal Sussex Regiment,
Solon, Punjab*



REGIMENTAL SPORTS AT KARACHI—FINAL OF THE BAYONET FIGHTING COMPETITION

*Photograph by Mr. G. T. Raikes, 24th Regiment, South Wales
Borderers, Karachi*



"SAFE" ?

Photograph by Mr. Robert Whitbread, Coldstream Guards, Victoria Barracks, Windsor



CURIOUS POSITION OF HORSE IN JUMPING, ONE FORE-LEG EACH SIDE OF JUMP

Photograph by Mr. A. St. John Wright, 2nd Essex Regiment, Malta



MR. MYLES B. KENNEDY'S "WHITE HEATHER" ARRIVING IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER
FLYING TWELVE RACING FLAGS (EIGHT FIRSTS AND FOUR SECONDS) AS THE RESULT
OF THIS SEASON'S RACING IN THE NORTH

Photograph by Mr. C. H. Eden, Bournemouth



OFFICERS AMUSING THEMSELVES ON THE QUARTER-DECK

*Photograph by Mr. Gordon F. Markwick, Sub-Lieutenant R.N., H.M.S. "Illustrious,"
Channel Fleet*



A SPORTING ELEPHANT

*Photograph by Mr. L. G. Fenzi, Lieutenant 93rd Sutherland Highlanders,
Poona*



POLE VAULT, CRIEFF HIGHLAND GATHERING

Photograph by Mr. J. R. Aitchison, Granton, Edinburgh



SALMON-FISHING WITH FLOATING BAG NETS ON THE DEE NEAR ABERDEEN

Photograph by Mr. W. W. Angus, Newcastle-on-Tyne



A GOAT THAT RECOVERED AFTER HAVING A PANTHER ON ITS BACK—THE
PANTHER WAS SHOT AT FROM A MACHAN

Photograph by Mr. A. J. Boger, Hurlingham Court Mansions, S.W.



VULTURE SHOT AT SINGARH, NEAR POONA

*Photograph by Mr. G. H. Russell, Lieutenant 126th Baluchistan Infantry,
Baluchistan, India*



JUMPING AT ROSEBANK, CAPE COLONY

Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town



WATER POLO—A STRUGGLE FOR THE BALL

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea



LOWTHER, SOUTH FRONT

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

XII.—THE EARL OF LONSDALE

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THE term "all-round sportsman" of necessity occurs frequently in these memoirs, for it is of accounts of such men that the sketches consist, and surely no one more thoroughly deserves the title than Hugh Cecil Lowther, fifth Earl of Lonsdale. Lord Lonsdale is one of those men who cannot be put wrong on land or sea—not forgetting the ice, of which, as will presently appear, he has had experience given to few Englishmen—on horse or afoot. The Lowthers have always been notable sportsmen, and in 1831 the head of the house won the Derby with a colt called Spaniel. It is to be hoped that he backed it also, for it started at the nice price of 50 to 1, though one wonders why it was not better backed, as a chronicler of the period expressed his warm admiration of the "bright, light, airy, little Spaniel with his silky coat and pert expression, who trod the turf as though he disdained the earth." He must have been a stayer, for his jockey declared that though he

somewhat lacked speed "he could have gone on at one pace the whole way to London"; and "lacking speed" is, of course, a relative term, seeing that the son of Whalebone was fast enough to beat twenty-two opponents. This Earl was something more than a sportsman: he was a politician of such eminence that he twice refused the Premiership, and influenced the history of England by enabling William Pitt to rise to eminence. Pitt was his secretary, the Earl saw his capacity and put him into the House of Commons, with results that are not germane to the subject now occupying us. The old Lord Lonsdale was also a great friend of Napoleon. In Carlton House



THE COUNTESS'S GARDEN

Terrace at the present time is a service of priceless blue Sèvres, a present from the Emperor, and there is also a quantity of invaluable furniture with the Imperial "bees" which mark its origin.

It may be that the present Earl is best known as a hunting man, for the family have been connected with the Cottesmore at any rate since the eighteenth century; and it was in the field, when between five and six years old, that the youthful Hugh had his first glimmerings of sport. When he was nine he was considered so well able to take care of himself that he went out alone as he pleased; indeed, it was on his ninth birthday that, mounted on a little thoroughbred, he found himself in for a good thing from Thorpe Thrusell to Welby Fishpond. From one very big fence most of the



THE EARL OF LONSDALE

hard-riding field turned away, Captain "Doggy" Smith and one other man only kept on, but the boy did not know that it was practically too big to be jumped, he went at it, got over somehow, and was up when the hounds ran into their fox, the only other three being the late Mr. Stirling Crawford, Lord Wilton, and the best of all sporting novelists, poor Whyte-Melville. They were delighted with the way Hugh had gone, and partly out of appreciation, partly as a birthday present, all three presented him with a crisp fiver. That with such a beginning he should afterwards become famous as a Master of Hounds and as a huntsman seems almost a matter of course.



LORD LONSDALE AND HIS PONIES

A fair amount of cricket occupied his summers, and though he never gave enough time to the game to do great things at it he was above the average. A certain amount of shooting varied his sport in the winter; but the hounds were first in his affection. An M.F.H. who thoroughly looks after his duties has a great deal to do out of the hunting season, and Hugh Lowther was always ready to act for his father and brother when the Cottesmore required his services. At this time, indeed, looking about for a career, he was much divided between two widely different callings; sometimes his ambition was to be a professional huntsman, at others he fancied that his strength would lie in the detective department of Scotland Yard! How such a

quaint desire arose he is unable to say, but there may possibly have been lost in the present Earl of Lonsdale a prototype of Sherlock Holmes. It was, however, to the horse and the hound that he devoted himself. In '77 and '78 he lived much at Badminton; and as a visitor there, to the pleasantest of houses and the kindest



THE JAPANESE GARDEN

host that ever lived, I well remember the keen attention he used to give to all matters connected with stable and kennel, and the eagerness with which he sought information and discussed all manner of questions with the late Duke of Beaufort and the then Marquis of Worcester, who were delighted with the aptitude of so promising a pupil. That he was an admirable horseman need scarcely be said, for his reputation in this respect is world-wide. It was not only

the fact that he went straight which provoked admiration, but the happy knack he had of making any horse go kindly with him and do what he wanted.

A good many followers of the Duke's hounds were by no means thrusters; those who did go were therefore the more prominent, and I have often watched the ease and certainty with which Hugh Lowther made his way over the stone walls and other obstacles of the Duke's country. Owing to physical disability the Duke did not ride over jumps for several years before his lamented death. It was his habit to sit on his horse in some convenient



LOWTHER, NORTH FRONT

position and watch the hunt, his marvellous perception of the fox's run and his intimate acquaintance with the country, enabling him to turn aside and nick in with the hounds when I had often lost all hope of seeing them again that day; but when the hunt reappeared—how their line was guessed I never could imagine—Hugh Lowther was certain to be to the fore. He rode a little, too, between the flags, and would doubtless have done more in this way had not his weight prevented him, for he could never scale under 11 st. 10 lb. On Whitehaven—it is astonishing how many horses have borne this name—Sunbeam, Red Gauntlet, and others, he won a good many races; as also on The Querk. On this last he took the Great Eastern Welter Drag Hunt Cup at the Newmarket Hunt

Meeting of 1879, a race which required exceptional staying power in horse and rider, for the conditions were "catch weights above 13 st., about six miles." I cannot recall another race over such a distance. A horse named Foxhound, ridden by Joseph Cannon, was favourite at 2 to 1; Cossack, Jewitt up, was at fours; Meteor was the only other really backed, 20 to 1 being the price of the remaining dozen.

Charles Archer, Ryan, Fred Webb, Lord Charles Ker, and other well-known men had mounts in this sporting event, but The Querk won in a canter by ten lengths. Mr. Hugh Lowther had another go on him at Melton in the Leicestershire Hunt Steeplechase, but the three miles were perhaps not far enough; at any rate he was nowhere, the race falling to Captain "Bay" Middleton on the 6 to 4 favourite, Minotaur. Mr. Arthur Coventry, Mr. Hugh Owen, and others who have made great names for them-

selves in the saddle, took part in this contest, and I find the four who have been mentioned riding also in the previous event.

Great as were the attractions of sport in England, in the late eighties Lord Lonsdale made up his mind to undertake an expedition which will always give him rank among notable explorers. He wished to ascertain how far bird and animal life approached the extreme north, and in February 1888 he left England bent on shooting musk ox, white bear, and learning what he could about



THE EARL OF LONSDALE IN YACHTING COSTUME

the natural history of the remotest regions. To the great majority of readers the names of the places he visited during his memorable journey would convey so little impression that the route is not traced here in detail. It was with great difficulty that he was persuaded not to attempt a 271-mile "trip" on the river ice to Fort Chipewyan, it being pointed out to him that the chances were the ice would break, and he would neither be able to cross the river nor to camp on its right bank where the swamp which does duty for land would then be flooded. Later in the year, however, he essayed the expedition, and arrived after under-



THE YEW WALK

going great peril and hardships. He visited several lakes and streams then unknown—probably unknown still—except to a few Hudson Bay traders and natives. What sort of travelling had to be undertaken is shown by the fact that on one day, working hard from three in the morning to twelve at night, they did not make three miles. The following is an extract from Lord Lonsdale's diary:—"On Friday, June 8th, while trying to cross what is known as Sulphur Bay, we were caught by the drift ice from the shore, while the main ice of the lake was rapidly closing on us. We happened to get behind a huge granite rock, and in this spot we remained for twenty-eight days without moving, every moment expecting that our boat would be crushed, and that we should lose

everything in it. We could, however, ourselves pass with our snow-shoes on the ice to the shore. I was thus enabled to traverse miles of the surrounding country in search of game, far from where our boat was. On Saturday, July 7th, I got tired of waiting, and as there was an open creek right up to the lake, and a breeze off shore, I set a square sheet and sailed out. We encountered a severe storm, and the poor natives I had with me were so frightened that they lay down in the bottom of the boat absolutely useless. On the following morning we made our way on to Hay River, thirty-five miles north of Buffalo River, and here we found that the Hudson Bay Company's



THE ROCK GARDEN

steamer *Wrigley* had just arrived. The ice had broken her cable chains, so she had had to do exactly the same as we had done, and had run through the ice. I was very glad I arrived at the moment, for there were many hands on board—I believe some seventy—and they had only one sack of flour left; but I had brought with me from Fort Resolution three sacks which I was able to give them. Later on, near the lake of Zizialuck, the cold was so intense that some of the dogs were frozen to death." The diary teems with adventure; why it has never been published I do not know. Intrepid and resourceful, no expedition could have had a leader more certain to achieve success.

Reaching Klondyke Lord Lonsdale found gold long before the Klondyke boom, and an extraordinary discovery was that of Franklin's boat and compasses at Point Separation, where the immortal explorer parted from his men. Here they came across a large Esquimaux lake, which like many other things was not marked on any map. This seems almost the extent which animal life reaches, though it is a curious fact that humming-birds are found just inside the edge of the Arctic Circle. Lord Lonsdale believes that some of the moose and wapiti heads he got are probably the finest in the world. In Alaska one day, when walking his dogs,



IN THE PARK

someone approached him unseen, and he was vastly surprised to be suddenly greeted with the exclamation "Hullo, Hughie!" by a friend whom he had not expected to find in that hemisphere.

Returning to England Lord Lonsdale devoted himself once more to hunting, and in 1883 began a memorable mastership of the Quorn. In early days his father had made him and his brother personally perform every detail of a huntsman's duties, even to washing the kennels—which the modern huntsman, at any rate, would never dream of doing; and during the years of his mastership he only missed feeding the hounds on eight days. On the whole he is not particularly well satisfied with the present aspect of hunting; so

many of the old families have given up hounds, and the control of the sport is often in the hands of men who are not brought up to it. Huntsmen of the type of George Carter, old Brown, Smith of the Bramham Moor, are not to be found, and hounds, he thinks, are degenerating.

It will always be a matter of regret that the match made with Lord Shrewsbury early in the nineties never came to a head. It appears that one day Lord Shrewsbury was driving a horse at a gallop; Lord Lonsdale chaffingly remarked that the ground could be got over better at a trot, and this resulted in a challenge to a twenty-mile match. The first five miles were to be done with a single horse, the next five with a pair, the third division was to be driven four-in-hand, and for the last five miles a pair again, one to be ridden postilion fashion. The idea was to bring it off at Newmarket, and it is not easy to understand why



THE EARL OF LONSDALE IN ARCTIC COSTUME

the Stewards of the period objected to so sporting a contest taking place on the heath; though as Lord Durham was one of them, there is no doubt that what seemed a sufficient reason had become apparent. New ground had therefore to be sought, and Mr. Arthur Coventry, who was chosen as referee, finally decided on the road between Reigate and Crawley. March the 10th was fixed; but the frost was so severe and the snow-drifts so deep that Lord Shrewsbury, hearing the condition of affairs, imagined that it would be useless to attempt to drive over



THE ROSE GARDEN

the wintry roads, and telegraphed to say that he should not be at the time and place appointed. It was the greater pity because the horses were, of course, ready for the essay; and just to show what could be done Lord Lonsdale backed himself against time to go through the programme. Next day he accomplished the four journeys in 56 min. 55 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.—that is at the rate of just under 2 min. 51 sec. a mile, rather more under than at first sight appears, as some time was, of course, lost in changing from one carriage to another.

Lowther is an absolutely ideal home of sport. Here is one of the only deer forests in England—deer indeed come within little

more than a mile of the house. Partridges are not very plentiful, sixty or seventy brace being considered a fair bag, but the grouse are as good as anywhere in Great Britain. The park is probably the largest in the country, consisting in all of about 6,700 acres; the



THE BEECH WALK

size of Windsor I cannot obtain, but am tolerably certain that it does not nearly approach this. Lowther is all laid out for shooting, and in this respect is everything the heart of a sportsman can desire. A river running between two hills affords a perfect rise. A copy of the card for four remarkable days is appended. His

Majesty was to have been present on this occasion, but something unfortunately occurred to prevent the Royal visit :

JANUARY 1892.

	1st day.	2nd day.	3rd day.	4th day.	Total.
Pheasants -	- 1,691	2,877	932	1,930	7,430
Hares -	- 20	426	308	599	1,353
Partridges -	- —	7	20	15	42
Woodcock -	- —	6	6	10	22
Rabbits -	- 240	67	18	67	392
Various -	- 2	2	2	7	13
	—	—	—	—	—
Total -	- 1,953	3,385	1,286	2,628	9,252

Park Beats and Melkinthorpe.

A famous guest at Lowther, and always a peculiarly welcome one, is the German Emperor—welcome, not because of the honour accorded by the presence of such a visitor, but for the reason that His Imperial Majesty is the most agreeable and amusing of all possible companions. He knows every good story, tells them all with the fullest point and appreciation, and is not to be touched for wit and for seeing the comic side of things. At Lowther when the Emperor is in the vein there is laughter from early in the morning until the lights are out. It was at Wemmergill that His Majesty had his earliest experience at driven grouse. For the first few minutes, the birds coming rather faster than they seemed to do to anyone not familiar with the sport, he was a little behind them, but in a very short time more than held his own with the best of the good men who were out, and Lord Lonsdale declares him to be the finest ground-game shot he ever saw. This is the more wonderful for the reason that the Emperor is of course obliged to shoot with only one hand.

A feature of the park is the training ground where Armstrong looks after bearers of the white, yellow seams, red cap. Lord Lonsdale has always been keen to breed a good horse, but has never succeeded so far in his ambition. He usually wins a few races, for the most part in the North, but they are few and small: last year four worth £417 were all he had to his credit, three of them falling to A. Skipper. The yellow carriages which Lord Lonsdale specially affects are usually seen at Goodwood and on some other courses, but animals who seem worthy of carrying the Lonsdale jacket are not forthcoming. One can only hope that a few good ones will presently appear, and that the colours which were carried first past the post at Epsom in 1831 will again be prominent in a Derby.

Lord Lonsdale's name first appears in the list of the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1894, the year of his election, *Verena*, a schooner of 297 tons, having been his boat; but his name was most to the fore in 1896 when he raced the second *Meteor*—the cutter, 236—for her owner, the German Emperor. She had a brilliant season, winning no fewer than seventeen of the twenty-two races in which she took part. She started scratch in the Queen's Cup, and finished a minute and fifteen seconds ahead of the King's *Britannia*, to whom



A REST

she allowed fifteen minutes, but the cup went to *Mohawk*, a 65 ft. boat, in receipt of 80 minutes from the scratch vessel.

There are few more popular men in England and on the Continent, in Germany particularly, for the reason that he is there best known, than Lord Lonsdale, whose innumerable friends cordially appreciate his unfailing cheeriness of manner and kindness of heart. When he can gratify the wishes of friends or dependants it is his delight to do so, if possible, before he is asked, and the smile with which he deprecates acknowledgment shows the genuine pleasure that his action has afforded. In him the best traditions of a great name are in all respects most worthily maintained.



PARTRIDGE-DRIVING AT THE GRANGE

BY "GAMEKEEPER"

By all partridge-driving enthusiasts The Grange, Alresford, Hants, is recognised as one of the finest partridge estates in the British Isles. What cannot be done at The Grange in partridge matters is not likely to be done anywhere else. It is scarcely necessary to mention that this magnificent shooting estate is owned by Lord Ashburton, one of the very finest of all-round game-shots.

It was not until comparatively recent years that the possibility of making Hampshire rival Norfolk and Suffolk as a game-producing county was considered seriously. In October, 1887, seven guns, including the late Duke of Cambridge and the Hon. F. Baring (the present Lord Ashburton) bagged over 4,000 partridges in four consecutive days, beating all records for this country. The best of the four days yielded a bag of 1,337 birds. There was no special effort in the direction of record-making. The first shot was not fired till half-past ten on the first and best day, yet no fewer than 700 partridges were bagged before lunch-time. In 1897, ten years later, a much heavier bag was made in one day. But on this occasion a record was aimed at, and a record was made, which has taken a great deal of beating, having been exceeded only, I believe, at Holkham last year.

On The Grange estate one of the principal features is the pure wildness of the partridges, every bird being reared in an entirely natural state. Partridges are put before all other game; at the same time bags of pheasants are made which would do credit to any estate, though some two thousand only are reared. These, with an excellent stock of wild birds, kept as free as possible from the attention of vermin of any sort, produce a particularly sporting day in the park, resulting in a bag of about 1,500 birds. There are also large numbers of hares.

By the wonderful results achieved with partridges at The Grange the contention of many authorities that partridges pay much better than pheasants for care and attention bestowed is borne out amply. The greater portion of the land is in hand so far as farming is concerned; and when farming is properly managed with a view to game, as it undoubtedly is on The Grange estate, everyone knows what a great advantage the birds have to start with. But it does not follow necessarily that because you farm your own land the shooting is bound to benefit. So much depends on the management and—the bailiff. On a few of the outlying beats the shooting of all game other than the precious partridges is left in the hands of the tenants of the farms; and I believe some of them take nearly as much interest in the bags of partridges made on their land as in the sacks of corn each acre yields. This arrangement works very well, and makes for a very strong alliance between the tenants and gamekeepers. When there is an invasion of rats or gipsies the farmer does his level best to get rid of either with all speed. He fears lest the rats spoil the partridge nests and—his corn. There is indeed a happy family on such farms. What can be more favourable to the well-being of the game than farmers, keepers, partridges, pheasants, hares, and even a few rabbits dwelling together in peace and unity! On the day appointed for partridge-driving you do not see farm-hands dotted about all over the fields. The farm horses are sent either to plough in some out-of-the-way corner or on a journey to the town; and the sheep are penned where they are least in the way. The only thing that is not arranged for is the weather.

As I wended my way to the meeting-place my sole thought was how the day would turn out. It was yet early; the weather frowned in doubtful mood; a sullen, drizzling mist hung over all in a hesitating way. Anything was better than that this mist should develop into a veil of genuine fog—wind, rain, anything rather than fog. For there is no condition of weather that wrecks more completely a day's driving. A thin mist or haze is rather favourable than otherwise for the sport; and many fine shots rejoice in the soft grey light beloved also by portrait photographers. The beaters cannot see each other; the guns are in the same plight, or worse, for they cannot see the approaching beaters or the birds. The birds know not whither they are flying, and scatter in all directions, a proceeding exactly opposite to that desired. Apart from the physical impossibility of successful driving in a fog, there is every probability of bagging men instead of birds.

When at length I reached my destination, the weather, in true English fashion, looked as if it could not make up its mind what to

do. But now there is a sound of wheels, and round the corner swings a cart. It brings up Charles Marlow, prince of partridge-drivers. Mark those keen eyes that detect instantly a beater out of line or rebellious bird! He drives his horse with the same long hunting-crop that he cracks to drive the partridges to their doom. But what is the weather going to do? The little knot of anxious speculators prays fervently that the morning's heaviness may turn into a joyous, smiling day. Meanwhile the white horse is taken from the cart, and the harness exchanged for saddle and bridle. He is, for this day, the charger of General Marlow, commander-in-chief of the brigade of beaters, who have arrived in a wagon drawn by a pair of magnificent cart-horses. Most of the men are veterans at partridge-driving—regular estate hands; but there are a few raw recruits to be sandwiched between the old ones. There are two sets of drivers, and each is told off to its position in charge of a divisional commander.

The time draws near for the guns to arrive. In a few minutes a wagonette and pair sweeps round the bend. Its occupants are the loaders, with the engines of death, and the retrievers. The fog symptoms are now abating. The loaders, keepers, and dogs make a goodly throng; men and dogs have an important share in the coming day's work—each an allotted task, and a not unpleasant one by any means. But the whimsical weather—what does it really mean to do? See, the filmy fog is clearing on the higher ground. There is hardly a breath of wind. Is it to be out with the fog and in with the rain? The general hope, now almost the general opinion, is that the day will smile after all. No fog, no wind, no rain, and no glaring sun—the day may be perfect for driving. The valet-loaders take the guns from their covers, and with loving care examine the gleaming interiors for any lurking dust-specks, while they wipe the outsides almost caressingly, much as a domesticated mother does her infant after its bath. The toot-toot of a motor strikes upon our ears, followed quickly by the car itself; in its wake a carriage and pair with the six chosen guns. No time is wasted, and soon the column is wending its way diagonally across the brown fields. First the firing line crunches the clay-clods with business-like steps, followed closely by the loaders.

The first drive is over a hazel hedgerow of fair height. Each shooter stops as he comes to the ticket bearing his number, and takes a gun from his loader. At any moment now a vanguard covey may be expected. Subdued excitement shows itself in many little ways. While one opens his gun two or three times in as many minutes just to see if the cartridges are really there, another toys with the tilt of his hat to regulate to absolute perfection his field of view.

Suddenly, as one man, all rise from their shooting-stick seats, all are keenly alert. All have heard a sound as of muffled thunder—the rising of a mighty partridge pack. Then that magic burr—urr—rrr. They are coming! Where will they top the hedge? Look at the faces of the retrievers; no one feels the excitement, almost suspense, more than they who know so well what it all means. In the twinkling of an eye the leading birds are upon us. Gid!—from the heroic old cock. Bang, bang—bang, bang, bang—bang, bang—bang—all up the line. But the brown clouds of birds are fresh and strong, and the guns—to borrow from the phraseology of cricket—are not yet set. The distance too at which we are standing from the fence renders it most difficult to take properly birds in front. Though the fence is high enough to permit of standing back another score yards, the idea is to insure against any possibility of these splendid packs turning round; they are needed in the drives to come, of which this one is only the prelude. Several times great hordes of birds hurl themselves over the line of guns. Some fall by the way—thud. A few, shot at long range behind the line, carry on for a hundred yards or so, then give an upward twist and collapse.

As the field is bare the fallen birds are soon found, and on we go. The next drive is back towards the last, but lower down, so as to concentrate the birds more towards the middle of the farm, where the cream of the shooting is to take place. The drive is over a low fence, about the height of an average man, and the guns stand right up to it; on the opposite side there is a fair patch of swedes. The birds soon begin to skim along in front of the crescent of beaters, and congregate in the roots. The guns sound like a spirited tune from a mighty piccolo. There is a double dose of birds, though unfortunately some good packs break back right over the heads of the beaters. These were doubtless birds that had run on in the roots till they found themselves headed by the line of guns. No doubt some of the older birds know from bitter experience, in the shape of family bereavements and broken toes, what it means to face a team of Grange guns.

In partridge-driving you may often see through the fence a covey alight just in front of your stand. You feel certain that when they are flushed you must get a fair chance at them. But partridges are not so foolish as to fly into the very jaws of death, when they know what is in front of them. And in this particular drive No. 1 gun was emptied many times at birds skimming over the heads of others crouching in the roots. One bird was shot, at quite thirty yards range, as he was crossing the rear of the line. He fell apparently dead. And well he might be, for the shot had balled,

and had carried away the greater part of his breast, even his beautiful chestnut waistcoat.

At the finish of this drive there are as many partridges to pick up as would be thought a capital bag for a whole day on ordinary shoots (with ordinary guns). A thorough search is made for every bird down, but while there is no hurry, there is no time wasted. There is no fear lest the next drive begins before the guns are in their places, or lest the guns line the wrong fence, or of the many disastrous incidents not unknown to shooting men.

Each gun knows the number of birds he has down exclusive of horizon possibilities. So soon as they are found the birds are put in a heap by the ticketed stick by which each gun was standing. A trusty man, in charge of the game van, walks down the line of tickets, and gathers the little heaps of slain into a sack—rather an insult to the most popular bird in the country.

The next four drives are to and fro over the road, and over the same double hedges; the guns simply move twice from one side to the other. Both hedges are of fair height, so that the birds come at a nice killing angle. The only drawback is the thick row of telegraph wires, which at times baulks both birds and guns. The bulk of the birds are concentrated by this time; the packs are split up, and as these four drives progress, the partridge ranks—a few hours ago so orderly and compact—become a straggling, leaderless throng. The second of the four drives swelled the bag tremendously. The three guns nearest me picked up $22\frac{1}{2}$ brace. One got eighteen birds, and, if I recollect rightly, he did not miss a bird within any sort of range. When he took some wide crossing shots, and hit the bird heavily, but perhaps not quite forward enough to bring it down immediately, it was good to watch how this master of the art of dealing with driven partridges, placed his second shot exactly on the right spot.

The seventh and last drive before lunch is over the low hedge, and from the swedes, as was the second drive of the day. We are within a few yards of the farm where we are to have lunch. The beaters are ready for the preliminary glass of beer they have so well earned. But the bag—we all put it at a good hundred brace—pans out well, totalling 130 brace.

It is a curious thing, though I have noticed it again and again, that with good guns the bag generally works out higher than the estimate; while with indifferent guns, even after making due allowance, the result is always disappointing.

There are three luncheon parties—the guns', the keepers' and loaders', and the beaters'. After a hearty lunch and hasty smoke a move is made to fresh ground, a somewhat isolated part of the beat. There are two useful pieces of cover—thick leafy turnips—with a

rather indifferent hedge between them, in the middle of the fields, to be driven. The birds being chiefly fresh do not come in a killing way, and no great execution is done. Till now the gathering of the slain has been easy, but the guns have now to stand in the roots for four drives; and the density of the turnips reeking of partridges alive and dead taxes the retrievers severely. There is however a welcome scarcity of runners during the whole day.

The last three drives of the day are over the road as before lunch. The last one of all produces some pretty shooting. Early on a luckless belated cock pheasant, who has wandered not wisely but too well, thinks fit to wing his way to his roost in the distant wood—to run he is not ashamed, but the guns bar his way. On he sails high and fast over the second gun on our left. Bang!—a heavy hit, but a little too far back. Bang! again, and down he comes as if struck by lightning. And yet some people call the crumpling up of high pheasants butchery! It was Lord Ashburton himself, if I remember rightly, who wrote that the best test of the truth of their assertions these ignorant scribes could have was to go dinnerless till they succeeded in hitting a tall pheasant.

The gun on our left is standing in a hollow, and does as pretty a bit of shooting as anyone could wish to see, perfect in accuracy and perfect in style. All his birds are good ones, and in the brief space of time during which they are coming over he is anything but idle. Here was seen to perfection the scoring power of that quick forward stroke, if I may borrow again from cricket. (A stroke is now called in a certain dialect of the cricketing tongue, a shot; so exchange is no robbery.) He has seventeen down, without, I believe, missing a shot; and almost everyone of them was killed in front.

A beautiful day is over. The total bag is 455 partridges, made on an outside beat.

But where is the keeper in the whole breadth of the land who can say with Charles Marlow: "Seven thousand seven hundred partridges in my seven best days!"





CHENONCEAUX

A RACE AND SOME CHÂTEAUX

BY H. B. MONEY-COUTTS

WE were delighted to get away, no doubt about it. A French watering-place is dull enough in all conscience in the season; but before there is anyone there, while the depressing table d'hôte room where you eat *régime* food is only half open, while the casino and most of the shops are still closed, while the arrangements for keeping in the smell which arises from the little river (used as a main drain) are still imperfect—it was being boarded over—while the weather is true Vosges weather, wet and cold; then the place is a very purgatory of dead-aliveness.

Ah, the good feeling of being on the trek once more! The car rejoiced with her driver that it was no longer two miles out and two miles back, but a hundred miles of sweet-running French road to cover before sundown.

She is quite a venerable old lady now is Clementina, travel-hardened and staunch, tonneau-bodied and short wheelbased. "How can you go touring in that old thing?" someone said, to which we made reply: "She has taken us over many roads in all weathers through England, France, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. She has carried voters to the poll ten at a time without a murmur;

for three frenzied weeks she bore a candidate to two, three, or four nightly meetings without halt or failure. In 30,000 miles of road she has never failed to get us to our destination. She has her faults and weaknesses doubtless; men and machines are alike imperfect; we do not deny the comfort of a side entrance and a long wheel-base, but a fig for many of your so-called improvements, your magnetos, your push pedals, your metal clutches! 'Get there' is the only dog we care about."

Quickly we slid down into the plain country, out of the clouds into the sun, the landing-net waving gaily in the wind. Someone had said there were trout to be caught in the Vosges. There may be, but we could not catch them. Diligently and almost daily for



LA ROCHELLE HARBOUR

three weeks had the neighbouring waters been flogged; every fly in a capacious book was tried, all to no purpose.

One was at liberty to fish anywhere; one stream in particular, La Lanterne by name, looks like a trout stream all over; but not a fish could be moved. The Vosgiens, we were told, had no sporting instincts, and if they knew of a fish they quietly limed the water or blew the poor thing up with a cartridge! At least, so said another exile at the spa who professed to know all about it.

Our first night out we slept at Dijon, which lies in the only district in France I know of where the roads are thoroughly bad. Within thirty miles of the town in every direction you get a horrible jolting—north, south, east, and west. The roads are not "pavées,"

but look as if they had been paved till quite recently. Perhaps the heavy wagons used in getting in the harvest have something to do with it. Next morning we ran down the long, straight, but very bumpy road to Beaune; then on through Pommard and Volnay. The map looks like a wine list hereabouts, and there are vineyards everywhere.

Lunch at Autun, where the pleasing discovery is made that one of the front wheel tyres has an enormous gash in it, through which the red tube is trying to escape; the canvas being cut right through for inches, and the tyre being an old one, we decide to make jettison of it. Leaving Frederick to put on another, we walked about the town for an hour or so; a quaint old place, well worth seeing. Coming back we found Frederick almost in tears—the joint of the pump had broken. Now, whatever else one may dispense with, a pump is indispensable, so a *mécanicien* had to be sought. *Mécanicien* proved terribly slow, but finally succeeded in making a fitment over which the rubber-tube consented to stay when bound with copper-wire—a plan only to be recommended as a makeshift, for the wire is certain to cut into the rubber in a short time.

We were not in luck that day, for just after passing the little village of Avord the car suddenly began to sway about in a way that could only mean a flat-back tyre; in fact, both back tyres were as flat as pancakes.

It began to rain moreover, and was pitch dark by the time we had two new tubes in. Two long and ugly nails were the *fons et origo mali*. To crown our griefs, the inn at Bourges on which we had set our hearts was full; the one we tried next appeared most unattractive; and Frederick discovered that the stay under the differential gear case (Clementina has a live axle) was snapped in half, as a result no doubt of the Dijon roads. And so to bed.

Next morning things seemed a little less dismal. The hotel, though gloomy, possessed a passable cook; we found a properly fitted garage where the stay could be renewed, and the live axle did not seem to have suffered in any way. This stay had been fitted in Nancy two years before, when we were on our way home from the Taunus Gordon-Bennett. The original had snapped in Germany, and we ran a couple of hundred miles without one, I remember, but the axle has never shown the smallest signs of sagging. It is difficult to understand how the stay can snap if the axle is rigid; probably it is not quite rigid—metal is very elastic—and the stay gets a tremendous tug now and again. Very likely, however, it saves the axle before it is constrained to break.

The car had come out from England in rather a hurry, and the tyres were getting very shabby; they should have been changed

and re-treaded perhaps some time sooner, though I am not at all sure that the best policy is not to run a tyre to death and then get a new one; in my experience a re-treaded cover can never be relied on, and at most ought only to be used on a front wheel.

A wire was dispatched to Monsieur Michelin for a brace of his non-skids to be sent to Poitiers to await us at an hotel there, and we spent the rest of the day sight-seeing.

Bourges is, on the whole, a dull town; but, like some people's faces, it is saved from the commonplace by two beautiful features. One is the glass in the cathedral, which is of an unimaginable



BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE

quality and richness, a feast of colour; the other is the house of Jacques Cœur, Charles the Seventh's banker. Most houses bear the stamp of someone's individuality, and from these old walls you can reconstruct Monsieur Cœur with a fascinating certainty. Vulgar he was, conceited, ostentatious, a parvenu—why else should he smother his walls, even his chapel walls, with his ridiculous motto, *A vaillants cœurs rien impossible*; why else build a reception-room fit for a monarch, and two "cosy-corner" stalls, each with a little fireplace hard by, at either end of the altar in the chapel, for himself and his wife? No wonder he had enemies; no wonder the King ended by hating him; his money had saved France; Guienne

was at last clear of those accursed English ; but—Cœur had become intolerable. It would almost seem as if this palatial house was the last straw. He had hardly built it, had been living in it a few months only, when he was arrested, tried on some perfectly ridiculous and trumpery charge, suffered the confiscation of his property and exile from France. Exchanging the counter for the sword, he took service with the Pope, who apparently believed that as war is a business, a business man could wage it, and was killed fighting against the Turks. A strange, eventful history.

Next morning in lovely sunshine we set forth for Poitiers. At Châteauroux, where we stopped for *déjeuner*, a large luncheon party was in progress, which we could observe through an open door from where we sat. There was no mistaking its object; the fixed ingratiating smile of the gentleman who was evidently the hero of the hour, the omnium-gatherum style of the company, the whole atmosphere of the proceedings, bore an almost laughable resemblance to meals of the same character in our own country. It was political; yes, the waiter said, it was Monsieur Tel who had been elected the other day; they were very pleased in Châteauroux, and were giving him a complimentary *déjeuner*. He looked immensely relieved when it was over, poor man.

The election notices were still fresh on walls and hoardings all over the country, and afforded us much interest and amusement. They differed entirely from our own mural adornments at election time, being very much longer—some were almost like printed speeches or addresses, and took at least five minutes to read through. Nearly all contained a personal attack on the other candidate or candidates, which would certainly be called libellous in this country. "Assassin," "voleur," and other terms of endearment were freely used. We saw nothing pictorial; one badly missed the big and little loaf, and the other designs which warmed our hearts over here not long ago.

Our road in the afternoon took us along the beautiful river Creuse to Le Blanc; then through Chauvigny into Poitiers—quaint, delightful old Poitiers. The hotel was very full, as there was a local "concours hippique" in full swing, for which it seemed that a good many stragglers from "le monde où on s'ennuie" had come to the town. Several gay and distinctly noisy parties took life cheerfully at dinner; one liked that, but one could have wished that some of the younger men had found time to change out of riding breeches and boots and to brush their hair. But, no doubt, it's only a matter of taste.

People go into raptures about churches with a wonderful facility; but the most hardened hunter after ecclesiastical archi-

ecture cannot avoid a superlative or two at sight of the little Nôtre-Dame-la-Grande; most beautiful, delicately chiselled, sculpture encrusted, perfectly proportioned, it is like some rich and rare enamelled casket of gold or ivory, on which the skilful hands of the artist have spent years of love's labour. Do not go inside if you wish to carry away a sweet memory of a perfect work of art. Some impious hand has daubed the walls and columns, which else would be well-nigh as beautiful as the rest, with horrid streaks and smears of crude raw colours; an appalling nightmare of bad taste, bad enough to wring even from the eminently colourless Baedeker the



ANGERS CASTLE, BBEA BBEA 1770

admission that "the interior is disfigured by modern paintings of coarse tone." Strong language that for Baedeker!

Next day, after an hour or two of sight-seeing, we proceeded to the station to retrieve our Michelin tyres, which we expected had arrived from Paris. They were a most uncivil, disobliging lot of officials, who took no trouble to find out if the tyres had come or not, but curtly said they hadn't. However, I spotted a pair of "pneus" amongst a pile of luggage, and climbing a barrier amidst the shrieks and shouts of outraged officialdom discovered that they were addressed to me. High functionaries in parti-coloured attire

now arrived on the scene and threatened me with gaol. I assumed a look of innocence, and pretended that I could not understand—generally a good move if you are in trouble in a strange land—and was allowed to depart in peace with my tyres. The officials solaced their outraged souls with shoulder shruggings and protestations that I was mad.

The Michelin non-skids were put on, and we started for La Rochelle. They seemed to stop the car less than any kind of non-skid tyres I have ever tried, and have so far stood their work over about nine hundred miles of varying roads without a murmur. Our trusty but much worn heavy Dunlops were shifted from rear to front wheels, and we felt that once more we were comparatively proof against nail and flint.

Lunch at Niort, where there did not seem to be anything of particular interest, and on in the teeth of the fresh sea-breeze to La Rochelle—beautiful, heroic city.

We passed slowly into the town through Vauban's fortifications, and were greeted at our excellent hotel by a landlady who spoke English very badly and brokenly, but with a perfect, an unmistakable English accent—a most strange sounding form of speech. Yes, she was an Englishwoman she said, but had not been in England for thirty years, as she had married a Frenchman and lived in France ever since.

La Rochelle fascinated us so much that we stayed there a night longer than we had intended. Or was it that our inn was better than most we have found in old French towns? Anyhow, we were sorry to leave the picturesque old place, with its harbour and its ramparts, its bright colours and blue sea. The custodian of one of the towers at the harbour mouth was an old Crimean veteran, who showed us with great pride his English medal, which Lord Raglan himself had presented to him; he had an Algerian medal too, and had seen much service. The harbour is a beautiful spot, alive with gay colour; on our way along the quay there suddenly appeared to us a bright blue poodle dog, emerging from a yellow-painted boat with a crimson sail, whose decks and fittings were also blue. Her cargo and crew were of the same colour; she was laden with what looked like blue powdered chalk.

We trundled out of the town by the Porte Dauphine and sped along the flat country, which in this part of La Vendée looks very like Holland, cut up as it is by innumerable dykes and waterways. It was all under the sea not so many hundreds of years ago. The road suddenly came to a full stop on the banks of the Sèvre Nior-taise River, and we nearly hurled ourselves into the flood. The map did not mention that there was no bridge, only an antique ferry boat

It was low tide, and we had to descend into the boat over a steep expanse of rocks and mud. That was comparatively easy, but getting up the other side was the reverse. Our wheels spun round in the slush, sending stones flying, but refused to bite. However, Clementina is not easily daunted, and, lightened of her load, succeeded in scrambling to the top.

We lunched by the wayside that day, in the shade that is never wanting to a French high road. La Roche-sur-Yon did not attract



CHINON CASTLE

one much, in spite of the fact that it was a town which enjoyed peculiar and especial patronage from Napoléon. He wished no doubt to kill the old Vendean hostility to the new order of things by kindness; but, as has happened elsewhere, the process was not a successful one, and the rebellion in La Vendée during the hundred days had a greater importance than is generally recognized. The division which Napoleon had to detach from his sufficiently scanty forces in order to put down the rising might quite possibly have made all the difference at Waterloo.

The eighteenth-century houses on the quays at Nantes are perhaps the most striking feature of this not very interesting town. From their windows, had you lived a little over a hundred years ago, you would have seen enacted one of the most appalling tragedies of that grisly Reign of Terror. The guillotine, it would seem, grew blunt in Nantes from overwork, so water was exchanged for steel, and several thousands of hapless victims were drowned in the river. They were taken out in flat-bottomed barges, tied two and two together, and pushed overboard. The gaolers were saved a good deal of trouble, and it was just as effective as the other way. The very houses seem to have shuddered at the horror; at any rate, they are all as crooked as can be, fine upstanding buildings though they are.

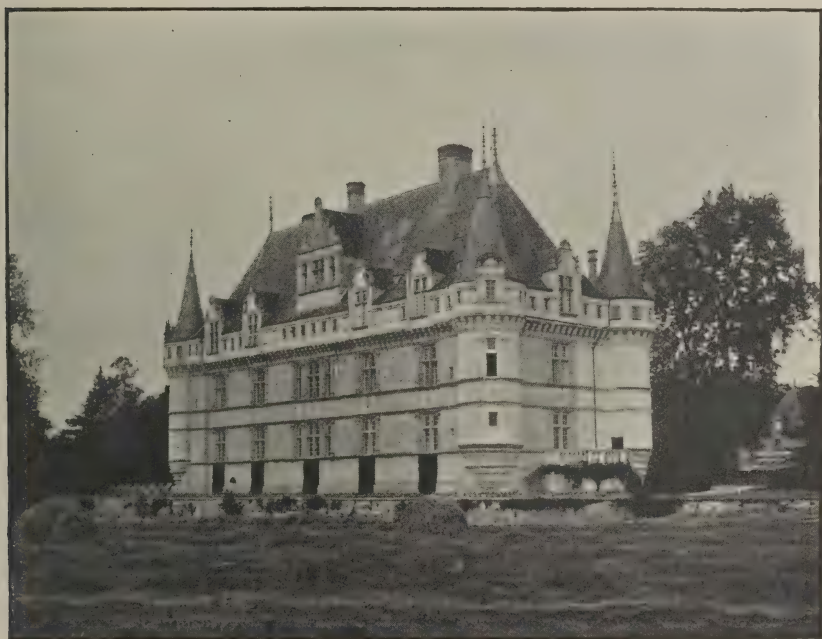
We are now drawing near to the famous "châteaux" country; the number of them seemed appalling, and we knew not how to make the most of what time was left to us. A night at Tours and four or five nights at Blois seemed to be a ridiculously short time in which to see anything, but was all we could manage.

Leaving Nantes by the great Paris road we went on through Ancenis and Varades, stopping at Champtocé for a look at the fine old ruins of "Bluebeard's" Castle, where once dwelt the monster Gilles de Laval. The nursery story of Bluebeard probably comes from the east I am told, but there is a curious resemblance between it and the story of Gilles, Seigneur de Retz, executed for his crimes at Nantes in 1440, and nicknamed Barbe Bleue.

At Angers we stopped several hours to avoid the mid-day heat, which was very great. Angers Castle is certainly one of the most extraordinary buildings in the world. Huge, grim, fantastic, you could imagine it to be the work of some cyclopean race, who had raised it as a defence for themselves against an outraged world. Inside, like a pearl in an oyster, is a charming little château where royalty, in the persons of the Ducs d'Anjou sometimes used to dwell. The good lady who showed us round was a very robust Republican, and pointed out to us with great glee the marks of bullets in a wall against which some unfortunate Vendean prisoners had once been shot by a Republican firing party. History for her began and ended with the Revolution.

In the afternoon we ran through Saumur to Chinon. One becomes sated with the beauty of the centuries in Old Touraine, oppressed with antiquity, cloyed with romance. The loves and the hates, the hopes and the fears, the ambitions and the foibles of long dead kings and saints, villains, heroes, and potentates are carved in stately stone along by the sunny Loire. The country can have changed but little since the inspired Joan sought out her king at

Chinon and persuaded him all reluctant to march to the relief of Orléans. The old town still contains many houses from which men must have gazed at the Maid as she passed up the hill into the castle; stared and mocked very likely, who later looked and trembled. Here is the hall, roofless but not incomplete, where Charles the Seventh and the Maid first met; here the tower where she dwelt, the room where she slept. Is there any stranger story in all history than that of Joan of Arc; any hypothesis, save one only, by which her character and her mission can be explained?



AZAY-LE-RIDEAUX

It was late when we got in to Tours; to our dismay the walls of the *salle à manger* where we supped were covered with paintings of innumerable châteaux of which we had never heard! Let no one go to Touraine who has not ample leisure, unless he or she can be content with seeing only a tithe of all the sights.

Next day I got up early to superintend the taking down of one of the back wheel ball races, which had got a bit hot the day before, and shed a quantity of its grease over the tyre. It seemed likely that a ball was broken, but such was not the case, and finally I put the trouble down simply to Anno Domini. The path over which the balls travelled was a good deal worn, and though the trouble was alleviated by screwing up the containing cover as much as

possible, it was not cured, and a new race, balls, cover and all, had to be put in when we got back to England. It is wonderful how little trouble these ball races give, on the whole, considering the weight they have to bear; and owners of new cars tell me that the new kind of race, in which each ball is separated from its neighbours, gives even less trouble than the old kind.

We left Tours in the afternoon, spending much of the morning in the beautiful cathedral. First we ran back for a dozen miles or so over our road of the day before to see Langeais Castle, which has been restored, admirably furnished, and is inhabited. One felt it was more than kind of the owner to allow the tourist to see it all, even the family bedrooms. It stood a strict siege in Huguenot times, when it was held for the League, and there are still many marks of bullets in the wall round about the windows.

Then moated Azay-le-Rideaux claimed our attention. Here the fortress has disappeared into the country house; and what a perfect place to live in it could be made. We sat in a hayfield near the moat and amused ourselves by thinking how moat, garden, and house could be vivified and adorned, for all is now bare and desolate.

The evening of our third day at Blois, which we duly reached, we came home late after a round of sight-seeing, and to our astonishment found the courtyard of the hotel so packed with cars that we could hardly find a vacant corner for Clementina. We remarked on the subject after dinner to our hostess, who said with a pleased expression that she expected many cars the next night also, as the day after that the Grand Prix, the great *course d'automobiles* was to be run.

Of course; how stupid of us to forget! We had at one time debated on the plan of making an expedition specially to see the race, but had decided that it was not the sporting event the Gordon-Bennett used to be, and was not deserving of our patronage. Yet here we were by chance only fifty miles away from the course, so we naturally decided to go, if it could be done fairly comfortably. A look at the "Carte Taride"—best of road maps—showed several lanes abutting on the course near St. Calais. We thought if we followed one of them we should be able to see what was going on without the trouble and expense of taking seats in a stand.

The next day, therefore, the day before the race, we decided to run over and make certain of being able to execute this plan. But we got no further than Vendôme, between which town and Blois the road was full of cars; one I remember in particular, travelling really fast, at perhaps sixty miles an hour, which nearly took the paint off our near-side wheels.

The steep-streeted old town was fuller than ever of cars that

night; a constant stream kept coming over the bridge and up the street, tooting away for all their horns were worth. Conspicuous in the courtyard after dinner was a long, rakish-looking Thornycroft with a two-seated racing body, the possession of two English boys, who looked like undergraduates. Their only visible luggage was a Panama hat and two spare tyres! Berliets, made in Lyons, were conspicuous; there were four in a row at one time. Blois we supposed was the most convenient halting-place for folk coming



TOO QUICK FOR THE CAMERA

from the south, and the presumption is that the people of Lyons like to support a local industry.

Sleep was almost out of the question that night. Every five minutes or so a car arrived and departed, and only about one in ten thought fit to close the cut-out to their silencers. We were rejoiced when four o'clock came and the boots brought us some coffee and eggs. It was a beautiful morning, and early though it was we were about the last people to leave for the race. A good many did not go to bed at all. Others got up at one, two, or three o'clock. But we had seen a big motor race before, and were not so desperately enthusiastic.

The mists were hanging over the cornland as we left the town behind, and a red sun winked at us amicably from the east, as one

who should say: "You just wait a bit!" We passed two parties in the throes of tyre trouble, between Blois and Vendôme, anguish on their faces and tyre levers in their hands, but our offers of assistance were civilly refused.

At Vendôme we swung left-handed, making for Montoire, then right again up the hills past Troo, down into Bessé, into a narrow lane which bisected the course near the little Ecorpain. Just beyond the village a well-remembered noise smote on our ears, a thunderous roar which went rolling away over the flat country in a tornado of sound. A soldier stopped us, but being assured that we had no dangerous intentions, allowed us to proceed, and in another minute we were arrived at the barrier across the end of the lane where it débouched on to the high road. A warning bugle, and again a rush and a roar, and this time we caught a glimpse of the great racing machine as it hurled itself by.

There was a little wayside inn at the cross roads, and for ten francs we saw Clementina safely locked up in an outhouse, and were given leave to sit in the garden of the place, where a few rough benches had been hastily put together. There was no crowd, the place was shady—a great consideration, for although it was now only something after six, the sun was already hot—and we congratulated ourselves on having avoided the crush and the discomforts of the regular "tribunes." We had missed the first half-dozen or so of the competitors on their first round, but as they had to make six circuits in the course of the morning that did not matter much.

We began assiduously to jot down the times at which the remainder went by. As there were no "controls" on the course—i.e. no neutralized portions of road over which racing was not allowed—one could tell by careful timing exactly how each car stood. This was much more satisfactory for the spectators than the plan followed at the 1904 Gordon-Bennett in the Taunus Hills, where there were a good many "controls"; and "clocked" you never so carefully it was impossible to tell exactly how long each car took to get round the circuit, inasmuch as you could not know how much time each had spent in the neutralized places. The time so spent had of course to be deducted from the gross time before a conclusion could be arrived at.

The morning passed by without much incident. We ate a frugal meal and devoted ourselves to our time tables, occasionally trying to snapshot one of the racers. We could not get them far enough off, however for this; you want an extra fast shutter for a racing car going seventy miles an hour unless you can catch it some distance away coming towards you. We admired the elaborate precautions which had been taken to keep everyone off the course, and chatted

with one of the soldiers who was looking after us. An abattis of thick stakes stretched for thirty yards on either side of the lane's mouth, and beyond that, as far as one could see, a regular zariba of prickly hedge trimmings had been piled up on both banks of the road. It would have been a difficult matter, physically speaking, to get on to the course at all, and there were soldiers at regular and not very long intervals into the bargain. It is true that they most of them went comfortably to sleep after the first hour or two!



SISZ AND HIS RENAULT

The one drawback to our position was that we could only command a very limited extent of road, as there was a slight hill each way hiding both approach and retreat, and the country was wooded right down to the wayside. But over the whole flat course there was no commanding eminence like the Saalburg Hill in 1904, from which you could see the cars miles away in the distance, and I do not suppose anyone saw much better.

By nine o'clock it was obvious that Clément, Sisz on his Renault, Baras on his Brasier, and one or two of the Italians were doing the quickest rounds and running the most regularly. "Gobbling Billy" ran round steadily, but was not fast enough; the Panhards and Mercédès seemed out of it from quite early in the proceedings. We were very sorry not to see more of Gabriel, pluckiest of drivers, winner of that murderous scurry from Paris to

Bordeaux, and of de Caters, whose courteous conduct in stopping to give good news of a damaged English driver in the 1903 Gordon-Bennett is not forgotten.

It is a matter of history how the scorching sun and the broken roads played the mischief with everybody's tyres, and how the "movable rim" scored a great triumph. In future no doubt all racing cars will be fitted with *jantes amovibles*, and possibly all touring cars too, though that is a matter of some considerable doubt. The movable rim depends for its success on complete accuracy and perfection of adjustment, and it remains to be seen if it will stand the buffeting of, say, a long Continental tour. That it is a strong fitting the Grand Prix has proved once and for all; no doubt can now be felt on that score; but a race is one thing, and a long tour is another. On the one hand perhaps a dozen skilled workmen engaged for days in making certain that everything is as nicely adjusted as human foresight can ensure; on the other, one possibly inexperienced driver, with many things to do, and not much time to do it in, a crowded garage perhaps, and the car in an awkward corner. Bump goes the *jante amovible* and inflated tyre on the floor, its symmetry is destroyed ever so little, and by and by, perhaps not for days or weeks, when it is wanted to replace a flat cover, it refuses to slip into its place. At least that is what might happen.

At about ten o'clock one of the Renaults, driven by Edmond, pulled up just in front of us. He took his goggles off and buried his head in his hands, evidently in considerable distress. The flying fragments of dusty tar affected all the drivers' eyes more or less severely, Jenatzy and Edmond so badly that they had to give up the race at the end of the first day. The engine of the great Renault seemed to be running very sweetly, and the action of the governor was as regular as could be. In spite of the scorching sun there were no signs whatever of overheating about the radiator, and it cannot be said after this race, run on two of the hottest days I have ever known in France, that the thermo-syphon system of cooling is inefficient. He stopped only a minute or two, then let his clutch in gently and started as easily and quietly (save of course for the noise of the naked exhaust) as if he were driving one of the famous 14-20's, instead of this great hundred horse-power machine.

The road at the end of the first day's racing was in a very bad state where we were; great slabs of dry tar had broken away from the surface crust in places, and there was an appreciable amount of dust. It did not appear to be anything like so smooth a course as the Germans prepared for the Taunus race two years ago. It is only fair to remember, however, that the Sarthe circuit was much smaller,

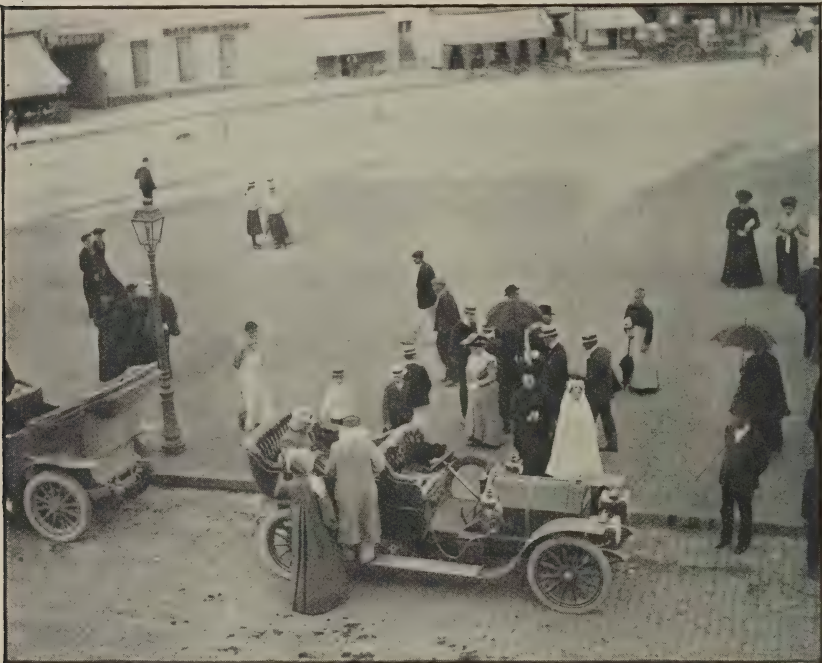
and that there were more than double as many cars in the race; consequently the wear and tear on the road was much greater. We saw Sisz and one or two of the others go by on their sixth and last round, and then departed, taking the road through St. Calais for Vendôme. There were many other cars going the same way, and we had one or two very spirited races all to ourselves. It was a fine, wide, straight road, and passing was easy. We were glad to get back to Blois out of the dust and heat, and that night slept the sleep of the just, having arrived at the conclusion that the second day's racing would go on just as well without us.



CARS AT CHARTRES

We left Blois for good next morning, and lunched at Châteaudun, where we heard the result of the race. Chartres, where we stayed the night, was a noisy place that afternoon and evening. Car after car passed through on its way back to Paris from the race. At one time there were quite thirty of them in the hotel yard and stables, and almost as many outside; and it was the same with every hotel on the square. A confirmation service was being held at the cathedral, and the big bells added their quota to the din of horns, sirens, and unsilenced exhausts. Everyone who had an exhaust cut-out opened it and kept it open, and the cars were few and far between which had not got this abominable device fitted. Even little two-cylinder Panhards and Peugeots were roaring like racers.

The pace at which these Frenchmen drove through the streets made one shudder. Two big cars would come in side by side almost, after a desperate race from Le Mans or St. Calais; their parched and dusty drivers would hurriedly swallow a "bock," then off again at once, beginning to race before they were even out of sight of the hotel. The good folk of Chartres had to skip when they wanted to cross a street that afternoon! One shivers to think what the Paris road was like.



THINGS MUNDANE AND SPIRITUAL (GIRL IN CONFIRMATION KIT)

There is no doubt that the Grand Prix aroused an enormous amount of interest in France, and may certainly be held to have been a success if public excitement is a criterion. That the far more sporting Gordon-Bennett has been killed is none the less a very great pity. The Grand Prix is unashamedly a race merely for advertisement purposes; every maker plays for his own hand only, and the excellent spirit of international competition is dead. One is consoled by thinking that the promoters of the race, who slew the Gordon-Bennett, have really defeated their own object. This country is by far the biggest buyer of motor cars in the world; and people over here took and will take precious little interest in the Grand Prix. They were very interested indeed in the older race,

and the double Richard-Brasier win for France undoubtedly influenced a great many Englishmen in their selection of a car. That the result of the Grand Prix will have any such effect is more than doubtful.

Chartres to Rouen, Rouen to Hâvre, and so home again.

Beyond tyre troubles Clementina had not delayed us a single second during the seventeen days which had passed since we left the Vosges; not bad for a three-year-old!





STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XX.—CANAVAUN

BY M. ALEXANDER

THEY were driving across Kilgurney Bog after an afternoon's fishing—Nugent Sugrue, the Englishman, and old Desmond O'Neill, who, in spite of his seventy odd years, was the keenest sportsman of the three.

He and Sugrue had been talking for the Englishman's benefit, for it was back in the early seventies before Ireland became the hackneyed hunting-ground of the tourist. Moreover, the "Sassenach" had but lately arrived, with his head full of Lever's novels and visionary forty-pounders. The comparative smallness of the salmon and the absence of Leveresque characters inclined him to scepticism about all things Irish. He looked with an eye of suspicion on the "fairy doctor"; he insinuated that Lever exaggerated, that his types were fictitious creations.

"There you're mistaken," said old O'Neill, "he merely caricatured the truth. Pity you didn't know the Antonys of Castle Antony. This place we're crossing now—Kilgurney Bog—always reminds me of 'em. There was never a scrape in the whole of Munster or Connaught but one of them was safe to be in it. They gambled away two big fortunes, and in the year I'm talking of—1827—they were finally and irretrievably broke.

"The family by this time had dwindled down to three—old Morgan Antony, his grandson Jack, and Jack's sister Claire.

"It was the fashion in those days to put children out to nurse. The two young Antonys spent the first four or five years of their

lives with the wife of Phelim Duane, the local 'whisperer'—'Phelim of the Fairies,' the country people called him—a man who possessed extraordinary powers of healing. He was the seventh son of a seventh son and a queer beggar in many ways. I, myself, have seen him stop the blood from a severed artery. How did he do it? That's more than I can tell you, but it was the work of a minute. Ask Sugrue there, he's seen a fairy doctor at work."

Sugrue laughed and shook his head.

"Some secret passed on from father to son, I believe," he answered; "but it beats any vet. to fathom how they do it."

"Just so," said old O'Neill. "Well, Phelim Duane knew things that passed all explaining. He could do just what he pleased with anything that went on four legs: draw rats out of their holes in broad daylight, whistle a fox to him, catch and handle a hill pony that had been running wild and untouched on the mountain since the day he was foaled.

"He wouldn't take money, so people paid him in kind for his services. Many's the goose and boneen my father's sent him in the days when he did all the veterinary work of a big stable for us! He had no children, and for that reason he grew as fond of his foster-son, Jack Antony, as if he had been his own. He taught them both some of his secrets, but neither Claire nor Jack would ever divulge them.

"Now, when Phelim died he had in his possession a black mare which Walter O'Sullivan gave him, half in payment for something he did, but chiefly because she'd the devil's own temper, and the stable-lads were afraid of her. Though she wasn't much to look at, hardly showed her breeding and carried too short a rein, Phelim valued her highly, and when he was dying he left her to Jack Antony.

"You know what an Irish county is; everybody takes the greatest possible interest in the things which concern some other person, and if there's a horse in the matter they are not to have or to hold. As soon as it was definitely known that Jack had got the black mare Canavaun, everybody hastened to tell him how utterly unmanageable she was: how she had run away with Lady O'Sullivan and backed Walter into the big drain at Castle Sullivan, and goodness knows what besides; not that any of us believed these yarns, for we had all seen her carrying old Phelim Duane, but out of a friendly desire to annoy Jack. In this we failed signally. Jack returned, in the coolest manner, that he believed the mare *was* possessed by the devil, and that he would give her to the first man who could ride her over two fences. A nice challenge for the county! The worst of it was that Jack scored so heavily in the long run, for the mare wouldn't let anyone get on her back,

Directly you put your foot in the stirrup the fun began. No one could hold her.

"When John Costello vaulted straight into the saddle, Canavaun bucked herself clear of him and all the tackle as well, inside of two minutes. At his next trial she flung herself down, ironed him out flat, and bolted. They found her the following day near Phelim's old cottage, but after that no one did more than advise Jack to shoot her.

"Jack laughed. 'She carries me and Claire,' he said, 'which is all I want;' and the provoking thing was that he only spoke the truth, for both he and Claire could do what they pleased with her.

"Hands? No, there were several pairs of good hands in the county. Possibly Phelim the Fairy passed on that secret to them among others.

"We had a good season that year, and during November and December Canavaun made many people break the Tenth Commandment. She was as fast as a greyhound and as clever as a cat—a combination I've seen since in just such another weedy little mare. You couldn't throw her down. We all admitted that. The thing we wouldn't admit was her turn of speed. No one denied it more obdurately than I, and no one paid more heavily for being pig-headed.

"It came about in this way. I rode back from hunting one December afternoon with Claire Antony. We had had a blank day, and as my shortest route lay past her hall-door I escorted her home. Castle Antony was one of those houses which some people think are common in Ireland to this day—a great tumble-down barrack of a place, begun forty years earlier by Jack's great-grandfather, and never finished for lack of funds.

"The main staircase was marble. The drawing-room had an acre of parquet floor. The mahogany for the doors had been shipped specially from Honduras, but the third story remained unplastered; the sunset shone straight through its unglazed windows with an extraordinary effect, and the slateless rafters of the roof suggested the skeleton of a dead whale.

"Originally, the building stood in a finely timbered demesne, now, thanks to old Morgan and Jack, every tree had disappeared and 'The Park,' as the country people called it, was bare as the Curragh of Kildare—and grand galloping ground.

"As Claire and I rode into the demesne, through a gap in what had once been a high wall, we were greeted from behind by the shouts of Mr. Antony, who, too delicate to ride, always drove after hounds in a cabriolet.

"'Hullo, O'Neill! What do you think of the mare?' he cried,

“‘She seems a good sort,’ I answered ‘Fine fencer, but not exactly a flyer on the flat.’

“‘Hah! Is that your opinion? Take her up the gallop to the house, Claire; the horses have done nothing to-day. She’d give that bay of yours, O’Neill, two stone, and win as she pleased over any distance.’”

“‘I doubt it,’ I exclaimed, rather nettled.

“‘Try! Try!’ said Mr. Antony, with a wave of his hand. ‘It is over two miles from here to the house, and no finer galloping ground in Ireland!’

“I laughed, for the suggestion seemed to me utterly ridiculous. Foolish as the old man admittedly was, he could hardly suppose that this weedy little cast-off of Walter Sullivan’s could hold her own against Patriot, who was by Waxy, and had won a couple of races in his three-year-old days.

“‘I shouldn’t say Canavaun had a turn of speed, looking at her,’ I returned; ‘but if Miss Antony wants a gallop I’m ready.’

“‘Very well,’ said Claire, and as we brought the two horses into line her grandfather added:—

“‘Don’t let her get too far ahead of you at first, O’Neill; I want to see what sort of show Patriot will make against the mare.’

“I was young, silly, irritated by Mr. Antony’s suggestion, and inclined to look on the whole thing as a piece of tomfoolery; so, just to prove to them what nonsense they were talking, I let Patriot out from the start, intending when he drew away from Canavaun to ease him and finish the performance at a trot.

“Judge then of my surprise and mortification when I found that to shake the mare off was apparently more than Patriot could do. I sent him along as if he’d been going for his life, getting more and more vexed as Canavaun swung beside me, stride for stride.

“After a bit I began to realize that instead of struggling to hold her own and failing, as I had expected, the mare was actually forcing the pace. Presently she passed Patriot without apparent effort.

“‘You wouldn’t say Canavaun had a turn of speed, looking at her, would you?’ quoted Claire, maliciously, when I at last overtook her, pulled up at the end of the two-mile gallop, having beaten me by nearly two furlongs.

“I was too cross to respond amiably. Patriot’s reputation as the fastest horse of his class in the county, a source of great gratification to my youthful pride, must be upheld at all costs, but as the mare had undoubtedly beaten him it was a difficult task.

“‘Look at the difference in the weights,’ I protested feebly, to stop Miss Antony’s gibes.

“‘Oh, a stone isn’t much,’ she responded.

“‘A stone! Why it must be nearer three.’

“‘It isn’t then. You ride twelve stone. I stand nine, and my saddle weighs two. I really doubt if there’s more than eleven pounds between us. There’s grandpapa, triumphant, no doubt.’

“Triumphant, old Antony certainly was; offensively so, I should have said.

“I began to think my various elderly relatives, who had cemented my friendship with Jack Antony by warning me solemnly and repeatedly against the whole family, were nearer right than might have been expected, considering their age.

“When the old man remarked, ‘A stone won’t bring those two together,’ it proved the last straw.

“‘I’ll run my horse against your mare at even weights, over any distance you please, and for any sum you like to name a side, Mr. Antony,’ I said.

“‘Gad, I’ll take you!’ he cried. ‘Once round the Bog of Kilgurney—that’s four miles and a bit—for a thou. a side. Are you on?’

“The Bog of Kilgurney was then the stiffest fenced bit of country in four baronies; reclaimed land, green as an emerald in the hottest summer, and unrideable after heavy rain.

“‘Oh, yes,’ said I, rather taken aback, and remembering reluctantly that Patriot had once or twice refused the big Kilgurney gripes when hounds were running. There were many courses in the county I would have preferred to Kilgurney, but this, I need scarcely say, I had no intention of admitting. All the same, I honestly believed I should win, and though I felt pretty sure that in that case old Antony’s thousand wouldn’t be forthcoming, I didn’t care about the money as long as Patriot made a show of Canavaun.

“So we settled the match. Once round the Bog of Kilgurney for a thousand pounds a side, each horse to carry 12 stone 7.

“I might either ride Patriot myself or find someone else to do it, and Mr. Antony was at liberty to put whom he pleased on the mare. It was to be a case of play or pay, with the usual condition that if either owner died the match would be off.

“I at first inclined to look upon the whole thing as a joke, but the Antonys soon proved that they took it seriously by producing the thousand pounds in hard cash and nominating old Morgan’s nephew—his only respectable relative—stakeholder.

“This surprising feature excited the county nearly as much as the prospective match. Many were the speculations as to where and how old Antony had raised that thou., for even in those days of innumerable extraordinary wagers, when the average Irishman was

ready to fling any money he possessed about like gravel, a thousand commanded respect.

"Of course people began to back me at once, partly on Patriot's reputation, partly on the chance of something happening to Jack, for everyone knew the impossibility of finding a substitute who could ride Canavaun. Well, six weeks or so before the date fixed for the match things took a most unexpected turn.

The O'Dynors of Ballydynor had given a dance, I remember, and the following day the hounds were to meet at Ballydynor cross-roads.

"I was getting into my hunting things about eight o'clock in the morning, when word was brought that Jack Antony wanted to see me in the stable-yard. Down I went, feeling rather cross. Jack, still in his evening clothes, was waiting near the gate on a four-year-old bay colt belonging to Brian O'Dynor.

"'Desmond, I'm in the devil's own mess,' he said, as I came up; 'I've shot George Hicksworth.' I suppose I stared at him open-mouthed, for he went on irritably: 'It was bound to happen sooner or later, no one could have stood the fellow's insolence; but it about settles me. My day's work's done—in this country any way.'

"I understood him then. Duelling wasn't a dead letter, except in theory, at that time, and when I asked a few questions the whole story came out.

"They had started playing hazard at Ballydynor after the dance was over, and apparently George Hicksworth insulted Jack. Now, Hicksworth, whom we all hated, was a cantankerous, quarrelsome fellow, the only son of rich people newly come to the county. When I had last seen him in the small hours of that morning he had been far from sober, and possibly, if Jack had refrained from throwing a glass of claret in his face, things might have adjusted themselves. All that, however, mattered little now, since they had fought on the lawn at Ballydynor by the first grey light of dawn, and Jack's bullet had gone through Hicksworth's brain.

"'I'm off to France,' said Jack, in conclusion, 'following in the footsteps of my cousin, Jim Luttrell. He made Ireland too hot for him seventeen years ago! And unless I run now the Hicksworths will hang me as high as Haman. I only looked in to say good-bye to you, Desmond.'

"What could I say? I was genuinely sorry about the whole wretched business, but it was obvious that Jack must go. I watched him canter away across the lawn. The morning was extremely stormy, with a wild, rising wind which rushed screaming out of the west and, even as I looked, a bunch of flying twigs slapped Brian's

colt on the hocks, making him plunge like the devil. Among a medley of other thoughts it struck me that Jack would have a lively ride home.

"You can fancy what a hullabaloo there was all that morning. Hounds were taken back from the meet, and everybody rode to everybody else's house to waggle their heads over the affair and abuse Jack. But by evening the excitement redoubled itself, for it transpired that Jack had been killed on his way home. He was found doubled up under a fallen tree in the demesne at Castle Antony. I shall never forget the shock I got when old Flaghartie, the Castle Antony head man, came in floods of tears to tell me. He brought a letter from Jack's grandfather, asking me to come to him.

"Jack and I had been good friends enough, and I was desperately sorry. I rode off straight to Castle Antony, though it was seven o'clock in the evening. Would you believe it? The old chapel beside the house was all lit up, and through the open door I saw a crowd of country people standing round a coffin on the altar steps. No need to ask the reason! The Antonys were notorious for their bad taste, but I remember wondering how Claire could countenance this vulgar display of poor Jack's body to all the idle gossips of the county.

"I went into the library so disgusted by the atrocious vulgarity of the thing, that when Mr. Antony began his lamentations I couldn't second them.

"And then, quite suddenly, the old reprobate changed the subject and spoke about the match.

"'The match!' I said. 'Surely that's off?'

"'Not at all, not at all!' he exclaimed. 'The mare's mine, I bought her from Jack. Of course I meant to put him up, but I'll get another man now. I thought you'd be thinking that, O'Neill, and so I sent for you.'

"What was I to say? If Jack's death made no difference to his grandfather, I could hardly consider it. The conditions of the match were pay or play—unless of course either owner died.

"I shrugged my shoulders, therefore, took my hat and went out, utterly disgusted by the old man's heartlessness. It was not my business to remind him of the utter impossibility of getting any one to ride the mare. He knew that better than I did; he had in fact seen the useless efforts of every man in the county to get the better of her.

"Jack was buried next day in presence of the whole neighbourhood, including George Hicksworth's father, who came to make certain of the death of his son's 'murderer.'

"No one, of course, troubled about either an inquest or a

doctor's certificate. We were agreeably lax about such matters in Ireland in the year '27. The nearest medical man lived forty miles off, and the coroner had not sufficiently recovered from his latest attack of delirium tremens to do more than catch purple snakes on his bed.

"I avoided the funeral. I avoided the Antonys for the next month. I even avoided the comments of my neighbours who now, to a man, were backing Patriot.

"Claire Antony took to riding Canavaun, but otherwise the mare apparently had no exercise, and the match seemed absolutely certain to degenerate into a farce.

"One day I went to see Claire's grandfather about it. I was quite ready, if he wished, to consider Jack the owner of Canavaun and the match consequently off.

"Old Morgan, however, would not hear of this. I found him admiring the new, handsome, and unpaid-for headstone on Jack's grave; but his demeanour, for all that, bordered on the jocose. He wanted to lay five to one against Patriot in hundreds.

"After that I made some inquiries, and found that Morgan Antony had been raising and borrowing money to right and left to back Canavaun. Those were the days of big gambling, when men smashed themselves in one day at Newmarket or the Curragh, or in one night as the spirit moved them. I began to think old Morgan was playing a deep game, but for the life of me, I couldn't find it out. Every afternoon Canavaun paraded solemnly about the least frequented roads with Claire, draped in black, on her back. She rarely went out of a walk and she never saw a fence. On the face of things, it was any odds against her getting the first mile of the match.

"As it wasn't in human nature to let the matter rest, all kinds of wild rumours began to fly about the county; one that a horse had several times been seen doing a school near Castle Antony in the first grey glimmer of daylight.

"I never gave this tale a thought until one day, a fortnight or so before the match, when hounds ran across the road where Claire and Canavaun were taking their usual walking exercise. Up went the mare's head, she whipped round, flew the low bank, and was off after them like a streak of wind. Claire did her best to pull her up at first, but when she realized who was mistress, she dropped her hands and let Canavaun sail away close to hounds for as grand a fifty minutes as any man ever rode. During that hunt I recalled the story of the early school: no horse as short of work as Canavaun apparently was could have kept a lead and finished comparatively unblown, as the mare did.

"But what, in the name of common sense, could old Antony be driving at? That was what I wanted to know.

"The day of the match was grey and misty, and up to the time of starting to Kilgurney I had no idea who was to ride Canavaun.

"In the stables I learnt that a disreputable nephew of Morgan Antony—a certain Jim Luttrell, who had made Ireland too hot to hold him seventeen years earlier—had arrived the previous night from France to ride in the match. I knew Jim Luttrell by repute—most people did! Knew him as a wrong 'un in every way, except on a horse, where he was bad to beat; but I felt pretty certain Canavaun wouldn't have him, for I had seen two of the best men in Ireland tackle her, and the best man to ride in Ireland takes some beating.

"I never felt more confident in my life than I did that morning, as I rode down to the Bog of Kilgurney. You can see how it lies, a great strip of flat green reclaimed land between two ridges of hill. Sugrue here can tell you what it means to get into a Kilgurney gripe!

"That February morning the bog was black with people come to see the match. You know how, even now, a day's racing will gather a big audience in the loneliest part of the island, and in '27 the population doubled its present number.

"Canavaun, who was being walked round in a small ring, took things very quietly, but Patriot resented the crowd, and when I slipped off my hack and walked up to him, I found him sweating as if he had done a hard gallop.

"'He has the heart fretted out of him, sir,' said his lad, Patsey Duane, turning the horse's head in to a high bank. 'Sure I'm after travelling the bog wid him to see would I come at a quiet place he could rest aisy, but every field is throng, and ye'd think he lose his life the way he does be trembling if any of them offers to come near him.'

"This was annoying, but I had anticipated it, for Patriot was one of those nervous, excitable brutes who go literally mad on the slightest provocation, and a crowd always upset him.

"Just at this moment, I saw Jim Luttrell drive up to the potato scales in which we were to weigh. He took no notice of anyone, 'gentle or simple,' and no one quite knew how to greet him after seventeen years' absence under a cloud. In height and build he reminded me of Jack Antony, but he was as dark as Jack had been red. He had a short black beard up to his eyes, black hair, and a strong foreign accent.

"Old Morgan, who was in great fettle, went round informing every one, as an original and exquisite joke, that his nephew 'felt shy,' a remark which finished people already hopelessly embarrassed by the prodigal's return!

"As you probably can imagine, we all watched Luttrell with intense interest when he first walked up to the mare. To my dismay and to the horror of most of the county, who had backed Patriot heavily, Canavaun stood like the wooden horse of Troy. People gaped open-mouthed at this phenomenon, remembering her tactics with John Costello and others. Old Morgan suppressed his satisfaction manfully, only informing me in a stage whisper that the mare would go for anyone with 'the family hands,' a piece of nonsense that put the finishing touch to my annoyance.

"Jim Luttrell kept watching me out of the corner of his eye as we rode down to the start, but when I made some remark to him he did not answer.

"I got off badly, but as the start doesn't count for a great deal in four miles, and as I rather wanted a lead over some of the gripes, I didn't much care.

"Patriot was not exactly the horse one would have picked for the job on hand, particularly when he had previously been thoroughly frightened and excited. He pulled pretty hard for the first mile or so, and he jumped as badly as a two-year-old.

"Now, Kilgurney Bog takes some doing. The fields are big, mostly flat as a billiard table, and divided either by a gripe or a wide double with a thorn hedge on the top of the bank, and very often a devil of a drop on the further side, as well as the ditch. A horse can't take liberties with them, and Patriot did—or tried to. He got half way up the banks; he dropped his hind legs twice in a way which involved a desperate scramble, and altogether his rotten fencing took more out of him than he could at all afford.

"Before we'd done much over a mile I realised what an incredible fool I had been—not that I had much time to think about it, for Patriot fought me at every jump. He always wanted to rake his head away and rush the thing sideways, and I knew what that would mean.

"Canavaun, meanwhile, was going like a clock. I can promise you I cursed Jim Luttrell inwardly!

"Patriot came into my hands more after the first mile and a half, and we pegged away steadily, the mare leading by about three lengths.

"There were a lot of people riding, and a lot more running along the hillside, and the country people, of course, clustered like bees on all the banks, yelling encouragement. You know the sort of thing, Sugrue. Well, we were pretty equal when we took the turn for home.

"The finish was all uphill, through four long fields, and Luttrell began to shove his mare along from the bend. My fool had

used himself so much at the start that now, when I wanted him, he commenced to hang.

"The last two fences were stone gaps, but between them there was one of those straight-up, narrow, high banks you may see in Duhallow. I had forgotten the bank, and when I saw it confronting me I swore. It was the one fence of all others Patriot was certain to boggle over.

"There were two courses open to me: to steady him and take him at it at the proper pace, in which case it was any odds he refused, or to rush it and chance his falling. I knew Patriot wouldn't face the thing at all unless hustled. He'd had a bad fright as a youngster at just such a place.

"I decided on the fall, got him short by the head, and shoved him at it. He tried to fly the whole thing, changed his mind, and landed on top of it on the girths.

"For a moment I hoped he was going to lurch forward into the next field, and if he had I might have got him on to his legs again and made a fight for it still; but unfortunately he fell back. I slipped off when I felt him going, and hauled him up, for he showed an inclination to lie where he was.

"By this time Canavaun was half-way across the next field.

"I flung myself on to Patriot and shoved him at the bank again. Of course he refused.

"Two or three dozen country people came up, all yelling advice of the most exasperating kind.

"'Will I have a couple of skelps on him, sir?' 'It 'd be as well for yer honour to get over quickly the way the other haarse wouldn't have, ye bet!' 'Take care! Is he tired, sir? He'd be apt to fall on ye!' And last, but certainly not least, 'Slip off, yer honour, till we try could we entice him over. Sure, he has the cross look about him—'tis what he'd distroy ye, av ye went to lep him at it!'

"I cursed them all impartially as I took Patriot back five yards, and sent him once more full tilt at that confounded bank.

"This time he jumped wildly, hit it with his chest, and went over, head first, like a shot pheasant.

"The country boys followed gleefully, dragged us both seven ways at once, and put the last touch to my annoyance by imploring me to walk the remaining three fields and let them lead the horse.

"'His honour does be very handy with his talk!' I heard one remark, as I galloped off.

"Canavaun passed the 'post'—a certain stunted Scotch fir—before I reached the next fence.

"To say old Antony was jubilant is to describe things most inadequately.

"Ha, ha! my dear O'Neill, the old 'uns sometimes know something—I'm not such a bad judge of a horse after all!' he kept repeating again and again, and he went round, pursuing all the people who had cut Jim Luttrell twenty years before, and calling on them to admire his nephew's riding.

"I wanted to have a few words with Luttrell, but, having weighed in, he disappeared immediately, which seemed natural enough under the circumstances.

"Only one point about the proceeding puzzled us all. Why had Canavaun gone so kindly for Jim Luttrell?

"That mystery was elucidated about a year later.

"Morgan Antony died in the interval, and there was a great sale at Castle Antony—a mighty gathering of the creditors.

"The evening before the old place was put up for auction, Claire Antony, to my great surprise, came and asked to see me.

"Directly the drawing-room door shut behind the man, she said—

"Sir Desmond, I've come to tell you that Jack is alive—his death and funeral were all a sham!

"I stared at her open-mouthed, and she went on.

"Grandpapa arranged it all, when he heard how Jack had killed George Hicksworth—he said it was the only way to settle matters, for no one else could ride the mare.

"We spread the report that Jack had been killed in the park, and he lay in the chapel, as you saw. He was under a sheet in the coffin, with flowers and things over him; and, as nobody touched him, there was very little chance of his being detected. He did it splendidly; lay so quiet that even Mr. Hicksworth had no suspicion.

"Grandpapa and I were to screw the coffin down—it is a family custom, you know.' She paused, shivered slightly, and then went on. 'We filled it with books, and we hid Jack in the upper story.'

"But the servants?' I interrupted.

"Oh, they knew—at least, old Cassidy and Mary Regan knew—but they were safe. Grandfather said Jack must ride the mare—so—!'

"Then Jim Luttrell,' I cried, bursting in on her narrative ruthlessly, 'was Jack?'

"She nodded. 'Yes. Hair dye and a beard altered him out of all recognition. He used to ride the mare in her gallops very early in the morning—my exercise was only a blind. We sent him

away three nights before the match, so that he might come back on the Dublin coach. You see, no one else could ride Canavaun !’

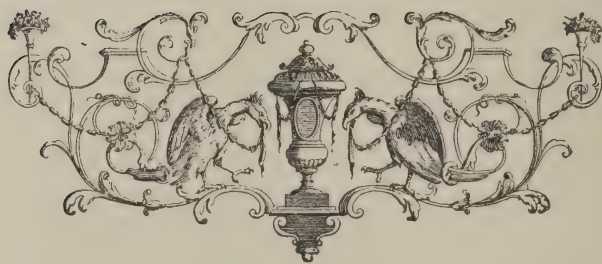
“ ‘So I thought !’ I exclaimed. ‘Where’s Jack ? I must see him.’

“ ‘On, no, no ! He mustn’t know that I ever told you. He’s abroad, and I’m going to join him ; but I—I—hated myself for the trick we played on you. If there’d been any real fraud about the match, I’d have told you beforehand in spite of them—but the mare won fair and square, on her merits. She ran fair and was ridden fair.’

“ Claire paused again, and added : ‘ Jim Luttrell died six years ago. I think that’s all I had to say—except to beg your forgiveness.’

“ Of course, I reassured her on that point ; I think I even told her I’d have helped if I had known what was going forward.

“ On the whole, when I came to think things over, I was not so much surprised as you might suppose—it was just what one might have expected from an Antony.”





ROWLEY MILE STAND. PULLED DOWN 1875

NEWMARKET HEATH AND STANDS

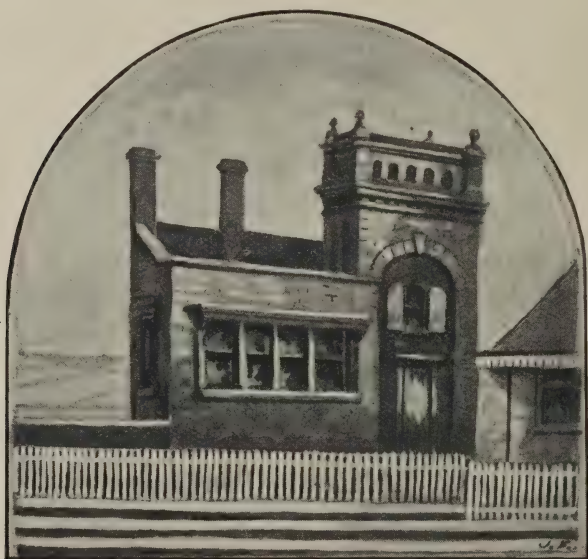
BY JOHN FLATMAN

QUESTIONS have so often been asked about the different stands at Newmarket that the Editor has thought an authentic and detailed record would be of interest. In this year, 1906, all the stands that were on the classic heath in 1850 have disappeared; the only landmarks left are "The Bushes" and the "Devil's Ditch." During Mr. T. Gardiner's management "The Bushes" were religiously preserved from damage by high palings being fixed; they are alive and flourishing, and the "Ditch" which has existed from time immemorial is an eternal structure, though the powers that be have several times lately desecrated the bank by digging out the chalk for road-making.

In the fifties Newmarket was at a very low ebb, as far as the number of racehorses in training and value of property went; there are now more horses at exercise as "second lots" than used to be seen on the heath during the whole of the morning in 1850. There was no hay-making in those days; the grass crop was eaten off by flocks of sheep, and the tinkle of the sheep-bell added a charm to

the scene of quietude. The town did not begin to be prosperous till Macaroni won the Derby in 1863; and it is to be noticed that till this date no winner of the classic race had been trained at Newmarket since Orlando, 1844. The brothers Dawson—Joseph, Matt, and John—greatly improved the prosperity of the town. Joseph was the first to come to stop at the end of the fifties, and trained Lord Stamford's horses. On his lordship's arrival by train the bells of All Saints' Church were rung in his honour. What would the present vicar say if asked for this to be done in honour of the arrival of a distinguished owner?

Joseph Dawson was the first to build a modern racing establishment at Newmarket, by erecting Bedford Lodge. Such neat arrange-



PORTLAND STAND. 'PULLED DOWN 1904

ment of the interior of stables was not seen till the arrival of the Dawsons. Cooper, who trained for Colonel (afterwards General) Peel made the nearest approach. It is stated by an old inhabitant, that before the railway was established, an embryo company was formed to make a cutting for a water-way from the lode at Burwell to Newmarket; this would doubtless have come across near the heath, but the idea was abandoned on the arrival of the railway.

Starting with the Cambridgeshire Course, at the top of the town, curiously enough in the county of Suffolk, one came to the Portland Stand on the north side of the finish, erected by the fourth Duke of Portland. It was a red-brick building, very much

the worse for wear in the fifties. In the sixties it was restored and renovated by cementing the exterior and running cement cornices, etc., from designs by the late Mr. John Francis Clark, racing judge and architect. From the lead flat on the tower a splendid view of the surrounding country could be obtained. This stand was pulled down in 1904.

On the south side of the finish of the Cambridgeshire Course in 1850 there was a white brick weighing stand with a lead flat roof and parapet. By the desire of Admiral Rous free tickets were issued to the inhabitants of the town to see the races on this stand. There was no unsaddling enclosure. This stand was demolished in the sixties, and a new weighing stand was then erected on the site,



CAMBRIDGESHIRE COURSE, WEIGHING STAND. PULLED DOWN 1904

with white brick facings and slated roof. The interior consisted of weighing-room, jockeys' dressing-room, and four-stall stable at back. The designs were made by the judge. This stand was demolished in 1904.

The King's stables, built by Charles II., were removed because they obstructed the view from Hamilton, built by the late John Watts. The only thing left to denote the site of the Cambridgeshire finish is a post for the termination of the "whip," which used to be decided over the four miles of the Beacon Course, but is now altered to "Ditch In."

Continuing down the south side of the Cambridgeshire Course, we came (till the sixties) to the Duke's Stand, a red brick building

with tiled roof. The stand was a facsimile of that shown in the illustration of the one on the July Course. The "Clermont Course," from the "Ditch," 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 21 yards, finished at the Duke's Stand; the Newmarket Handicap in the Craven week, and a few other races, were also run on this course. The last time the Newmarket Handicap finished at the Duke's Stand was in 1858, won by Monarque, said at the time to belong to the Emperor of the French.

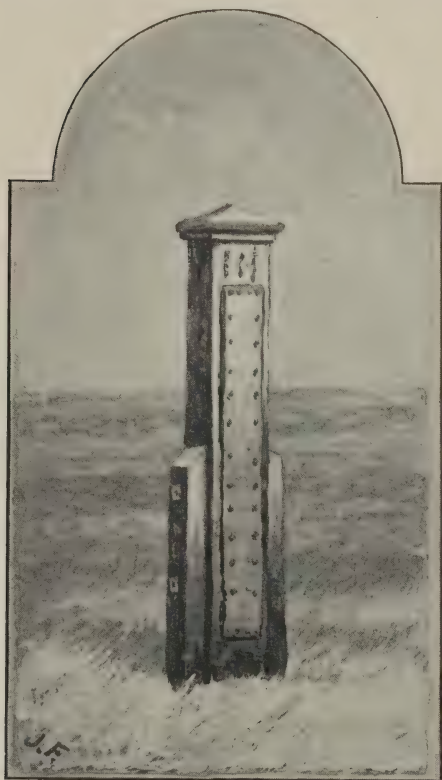
In 1859 it was run from the starting post of the Rowley Mile to the end of the Beacon Course.

The Red Post, originally used as a betting post, stood near the Duke's Stand. In later years the public only betted round it when races finished at the Duke's Stand; there were many there in 1858 speculating on the Newmarket Handicap, the last assemblage for the purpose. It was almost sacrilege to take it down in 1904, after it had been in evidence nearly a century and a half.

Great trouble had been taken to preserve the Red Post. Struts had been fixed on each side and bolted through with iron bolts, the front covered with tin, and capping fixed at the top. This post and the saddling stables at the starting place of Beacon

Course should surely have remained as landmarks? The stables would have always been interesting as the spot where horses were saddled to run four-mile heats on the Beacon Course, and sometimes with 12 st. on their backs.

Kings James I. and Charles II. had great races over the Beacon Course, according to Mr. J. P. Hore's "History of Newmarket." At a later period no doubt, Basto 1708, Flying Childers 1715, Gimcrack 1764, and Eclipse 1769, were saddled there for the four-mile heats. What a number of horses, good, bad, and indifferent, have raced on the classic heath from that time to the days of St. Simon and Pretty Polly!



OLD RED POST, 1904

The Red Post was rescued from the wreckers by Felix Leach, the trainer, and is now set up on the lawn at Graham Place, the racing establishment of Mr. King.

Proceeding still on the south side of the course, opposite "The Turn of the Lands" at the finish of the Flat stood the little red weighing stand. Built of red bricks with tiled roof, the interior consisted of weighing-room about 20 ft. by 15 ft., with a small lean-to dressing-room at the back, used only by a few of the leading jockeys. This stand was pulled down in 1857. The weighing-room being so small it was a regular crush when the jockeys were being weighed for the large fields in the Cesarewitch, etc. There were no jockeys'



RED WEIGHING STAND. PULLED DOWN 1857

valets in those days; all who were engaged to ride displayed their boots and breeches on hacks, and rode on to the course with an extra saddle and cloths fastened round the waist.

All jockeys riding in races finishing on the flat scaled at this stand, and rode hacks as they went to saddle at the Ditch stables; the stable lad attending the horse engaged in the race rode the hack back to the weighing stand, bringing the horse's clothes and saddle. Jockeys earned their fees less easily in those days by riding so far to saddle their mounts. The races often lasted the week at Newmarket, including the Monday and Saturday. It is on record that the late Nat Flatman, in the Houghton Week of 1848, rode in forty-six races during the six days' racing. All

wheeled traffic was on the south side of the flat, now the principal training ground. The betting ring was near the pump (now demolished). A very unpretentious refreshment booth was erected, not far from the betting ring, and supplied by the then landlady of the Bull Inn, Mrs. Smith. All owners, trainers, and jockeys attended the races on horseback, and had to make the best of rain and wind; there was no stand for shelter on the flat. It was George IV. who once said that the height of pleasure was "a good hack on Newmarket Heath, and win your money."

There were no rails on the Flat in the fifties, the finishes of the different courses were roped in, and the public kept back by Martin Starling on horseback, in red coat, and men on foot with hunting whips. The judge's box was dragged to the different finishes by a donkey. Admiral Rous, on his hack, often witnessed the races at "The Bushes" with a view to the framing of future handicaps.

The Rowley Mile Stand, a much more pretentious building than had yet appeared on the heath, was built in 1857 to take the place of the Red Weighing Stand. It was placed on the north side of the course, from designs by Mr. J. F. Clark.



BRINGING JOCKEYS HACKS FROM DITCH STABLES
TO WEIGHING STAND

The ground floor consisted of weighing room, jockeys' dressing room, and room for the Stewards of the Jockey Club, with staircase leading to members' stand on first floor, and balcony in front approached by staircase outside. On the top was a stand formed with wood steps on the flat lead roof, the greater part free for the townspeople; access being gained by a stone staircase at back. A small portion was railed off for members of the Jockey Club, approached by a staircase from the room below.

"The Birdcage" for unsaddling was not fixed till the beginning of the sixties. It was first proposed to enclose it with iron railings, but the cost was considered too much by the Admiral, and the wire fence, part now standing, formed a small enclosure. Posts and rails were then put up at the finish of the Rowley Mile. The present palings, and permanent judges' "chairs" at the finish of the

different courses on the Flat, appeared at a later period. The betting ring was now placed on the north side of the course; wheeled traffic came down by a road on the north side of the Cambridgeshire Course.

William Boyce, who is still alive, and nearly ninety years old, succeeded Martin Starling in the red coat, and also took the management of the heath, and in later years Thomas Gardiner was substituted. The red coat disappeared from the heath on the appointment of the present manager, Mr. Marriott.

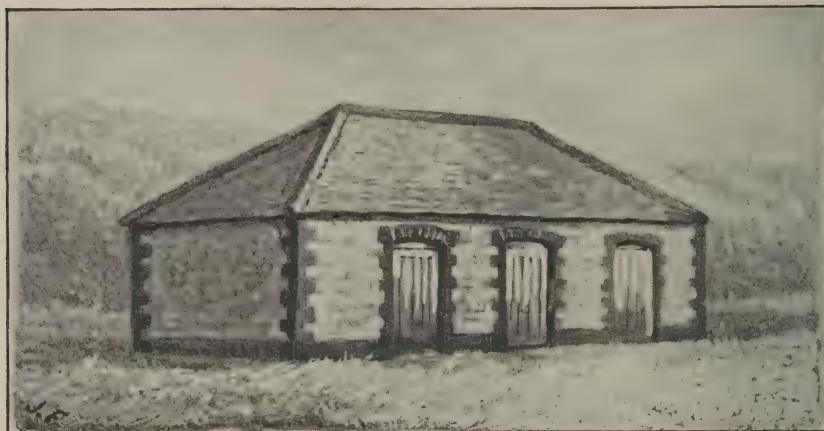
Soon after the purchase of part of the Exning Estate by the Jockey Club, South Field was added to the heath, and "The Turn of the Lands" disappeared. Mat Dawson was the last tenant of South Field, and one season grew a crop of oats, twenty-five combs to the acre; a good farmer as well as trainer! The stand was removed in 1875, and the site used for the present one at the finish of the Rowley Mile. This was built under the direction of Sir John Astley, from designs made by Messrs Clark & Holland.



A RECOLLECTION OF ADMIRAL ROUS

The Ditch stables were near the gap in the Devil's Ditch, leading from the heath to the July Course. The interior stalls were used for saddling until the stalls and boxes were erected in connection with the present Rowley Mile Stand, and horses saddled there and cantered past to the starting post. A red flag used to be placed on the bank of the Devil's Ditch, at the back of the stables, to note the time for saddling for each race. The stables were demolished in 1903. The saddling stables at the starting post of "Beacon Course," near the road leading from Newmarket to Cambridge, were a facsimile of the Ditch stables and pulled down in 1901.

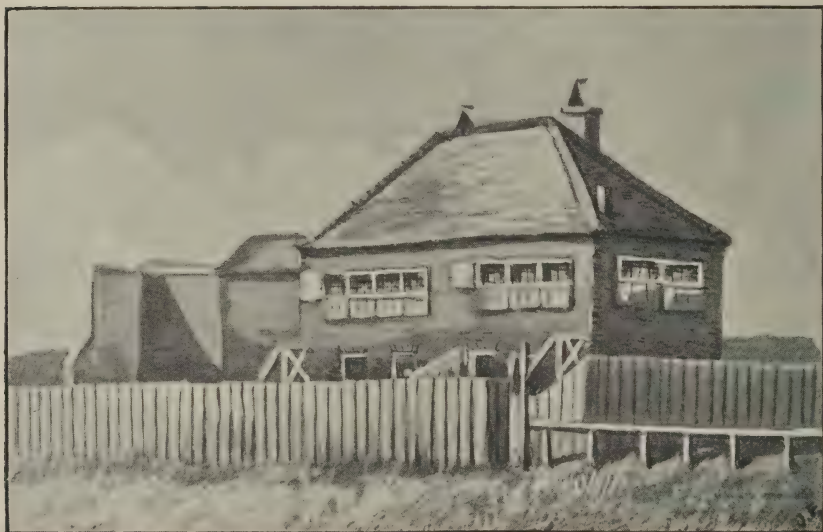
The stand on the July Race Course, red bricks with tiled roof, was used as a hospital during the outbreak of small pox in Newmarket, in 1874, and was demolished in 1875, a range of saddling stables near being also removed at the same time. The weighing stand on the July Course was enlarged to its present size in the



DITCH STABLES. PULLED DOWN 1903

sixties. New stands roofed with thatch have been lately built, and great improvements made on this course during 1906.

The trainers at Newmarket are a go-to-church "string": one is a churchwarden, another often reads the lessons, several are sidesmen. The jockeys have not aspired to any of these offices. Tradesmen of the town are nearly all Dissenters, and glory in having built a chapel on part of the site of the Merry Monarch's Palace. They don't mind raking in the shekels from the racing public, but



STAND, JULY COURSE. PULLED DOWN 1875

are too moral to patronize the sport of kings; only two of them regularly attend the races on the heath.

When the late Sir Richard Wallace in 1879 began to sell his Queensbury Estate in leasehold building plots the rage for building started, and continued up to the end of the nineteenth century. The town is now considered by some people to be overbuilt. At all events, Newmarket is suffering from the effects of several causes, notably the deaths of Colonel McCalmont, Sir Blundell Maple, Prince Soltykoff, and Sir James Miller, who all had large racing establishments in Newmarket.

More trainers and racehorses are wanted in the town, but the ruling powers are very chary in issuing licences. The late Mr. James Lowther maintained during the latter period of his life that there was plenty of space on the heath to train a great many more horses; but this seems to be contrary to the views of the Jockey Club.





IN THE COLD SPRINGS OF ROTOITI LAKE

TROUT-FISHING IN NEW ZEALAND

BY J. TURNER-TURNER

OF modern experiments in pisciculture, none have approached in magnitude and success the acclimatisation of the rainbow trout in the lakes and rivers of the north island of New Zealand. Great credit and much gratitude is surely due to those indefatigable pioneers whose efforts have brought about the unparalleled sport at present awaiting those sufficiently keen to undertake so lengthened a journey—a journey albeit of ease and luxury from start to finish, and in all ways a pleasant one to ocean lovers.

Who a very few years back could have anticipated that, benefiting by Australian experiences gained only after years of expense and disappointment in successfully transporting salmon ova, the still more successful introduction of the ova of *Trutta iridius* should now be met with the perplexing problem of how to effect a suitable reduction in the number of mature fish already overcrowding a certain district? Such is, however, the actual trouble in Rotorua Lake, where rainbow trout are so numerous as to have seriously diminished at least one most nutritious form of food, the cora or crayfish. Whether others less conspicuous are also disappearing is doubtful,

but the alarming fact remains unrefutable that the trout are falling off in condition year by year and are still rapidly increasing in numbers. So serious has it become in this particular lake, that it is



BEST FISH—15 LB.

the exception rather than the rule to take a really well furnished fish. The problem is from all points a peculiarly intricate one, not the least being the fact that Rotorua Lake, which connects by a two miles

channel with Lake Rotoiti, is in itself particularly attractive in the four sizeable rivers flowing into it, whereas Rotoiti can boast of nothing more formidable than one small stream; hence it appears not improbable that the fish forsake the latter for the extra allurements of the former, and thus Rotorua may be tolling trout from Rotoiti to its own final destruction, for its tributaries are all too small for the accommodation of spawning fish in their existing numbers, as is evidenced by the quantities of females still retaining last season's ova. But from whatever cause this lamentable state of affairs arises, doubtless those who have already proved themselves so apt will find a way out of the difficulty, so that prospective fishers need but concern themselves with the sport at present obtainable.

The writer together with two other "rods" fished from December 11 up to March 14—the total of fishing days numbered eighty-one—but often only one rod was present, and then but for an hour or so according to unwritten laws which control the actions of so capricious a feeder as the trout. For the first three weeks the third rod was entirely absent. The total bag was 1,150 trout, weighing 4,250 lb., not guessed at, as is the usual Rotorua custom, but carefully weighed. The largest fish was 15 lb., many were 12 lb., and frequently fish were taken which but for their bad condition should have scaled 20 lb. and upwards. All were caught with the fly—large-sized salmon flies as a rule—both in the rivers and lakes.

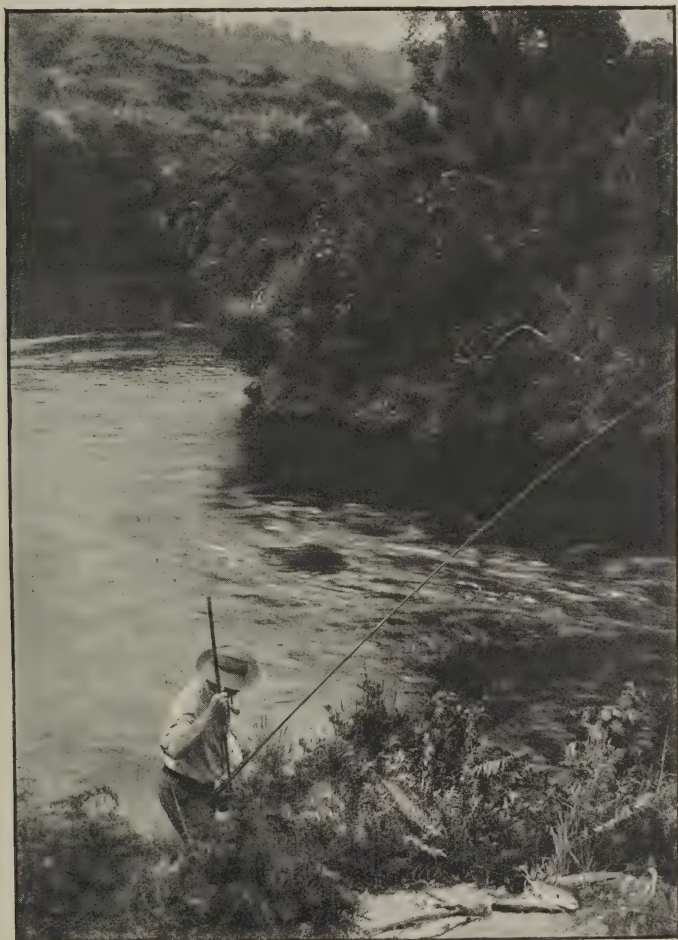
We began our season on Rotorua Lake, where we found sport most plentiful off the mouth of the Wytiti River, taking there between two rods on good days as many as thirty-five trout in poor condition; but favourable spots one year may and often do prove quite the reverse the following season, as we discovered, much to our disappointment, on several occasions, for these trout appear of a wandering nature, often disappearing suddenly in a few minutes, especially so with a change of wind. It rarely happened that fish would take throughout the entire day; they seemed to come on suddenly, rising ravenously for an hour or less, and then as suddenly one would suppose that no fish existed in the locality, when all at once, up they would come again. Fly-fishing before 9 a.m. or after 5 or 6 p.m. we usually found useless, but with trolling it is otherwise.

All fishing is done wading or from a boat, the former for choice. The water is, however, much too cold to be endurable unprotected by high waders. Boats and an oil launch are very necessary, both being procurable in Rotorua, while an excellent camp is kept at Awaho by a Mrs. Paul; generally speaking, good camping ground about these lakes is hard to obtain.

After three weeks' fishing we left Rotorua with its fascinating geysers, earthquakes, hot and cold springs and mud pools, dotted

over the entire steaming and hellish-looking district, where it seemed that some day the crust must give way to engulf and boil the entire population.

Crossing the lake we passed through the Ohau Channel, the banks of which have been cleared of brush. Trout here are plentiful and easily caught; it is one of the few places which afford an oppor-

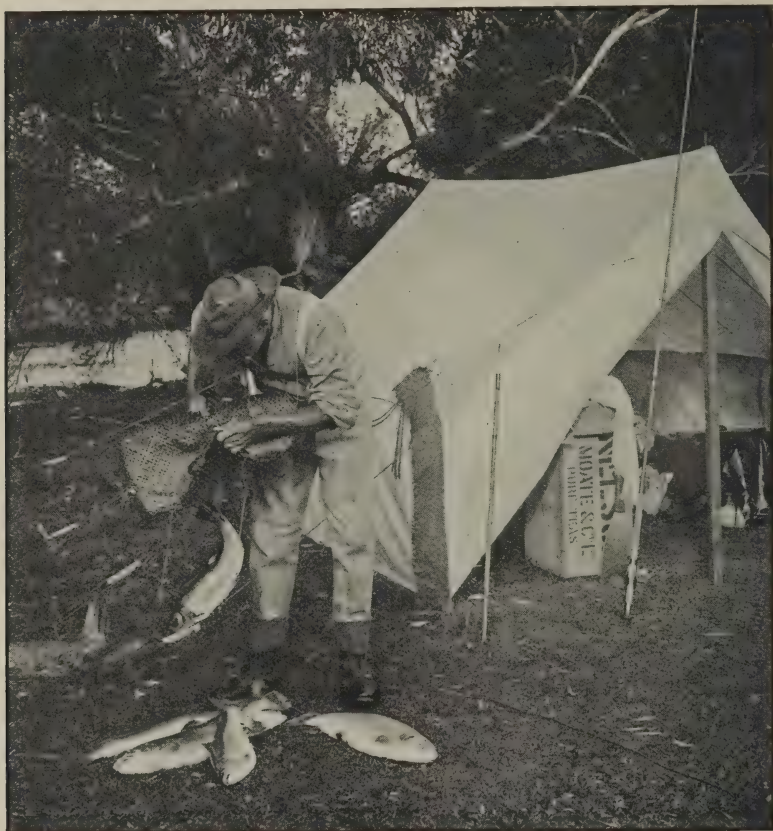


THE POOL BELOW FALLS, OKERI RIVER

tunity of dry-fly work, but the continual passing of launches, although they do not alarm the fish so much as would be supposed, is a constant annoyance.

Grinding a passage over the sand bar we find ourselves in Rotoiti Lake in a favourite spot, where trout leap all around, but know too much for it to be worth while remaining long with them.

Presently we arrived at the Okeri River and lodged at the comfortable home of Mrs. Bolton, who runs an establishment capable of accommodating four persons, with two bedrooms. Immediately opposite the house within fifty yards is the most sporting piece of river anywhere about these lakes, but overfished, with the trout very shy. Beauties of 8 lb. lay in full view, just above an impassable fall from which there is no return for a hooked fish. Although



IN PRIME CONDITION

so shy of the large sunken salmon fly we found them very amenable to a dry March brown. Again, down below more falls quite unsurmountable for fish, quantities permitted themselves to be hooked at nearly every cast ; but they were so ill-conditioned as to be useless, worse in fact than anywhere else. Although in Rotoiti Lake trout are less numerous than in Rotorua, there is much interesting fishing to be had there, especially from a boat. By casting under overhanging trees which skirt portions of the lake many a heavy fish

may be hooked in water which appears unlikely to hold as much as a pounder.

We soon tired of Okeri, so infested with trippers and would-be fishers. The former deluded mortals arrived daily by boat and road, forty at a time, simply to explore a very inferior waterfall modernised into an electrical power. Our next camp we pitched at the further end of the lake, from whence we transported over a mile portage a couple of boats on to Lake Rotoahu. We knew of very heavy fish being taken here, but they proved most capricious well-fed monsters, bulging with fat and weighing nearly twice as much for their length as those from the adjacent lakes. They would only take on cloudy



ENTRANCE TO HAMURANA RIVER

days with a suitable wind, and then seldom unless the fly was cast over a rising fish, although later in the season others appear to have done well with them. After a succession of blank days we reluctantly forsook this lake to try our luck nearer camp, where we discovered a place close to the road, the resort of many heavy fish, which lay drowsily enjoying the cool springs emerging from the bed of the lake; there, near to shore, they could at such times be kicked with the foot, and are speared by poaching natives. In this torpid condition a fly would not move them, but a few yards further out swam to and fro, in fours and fives, fine, well-conditioned fish, which rose freely until scared by those captured.

The most notable spot in all the lake to which our attention had been particularly directed proved an absolute blank, but sport was probably spoiled by the incessant high wind for which New Zealand is notorious. The prevailing direction of this wind swept the entire length of the lake, determining us to return to Rotorua, where we had found fish so much more plentiful. As a further inducement we sought refuge from prowling trollers, which the reservations on Rotorua Lake afforded in stretches of water at the mouths of its rivers thoughtfully staked off for the sole enjoyment of fly-fishes. Into these reservations innumerable launches containing a host of imaginary sportsmen dared not intrude, much to the disgust of those scarcely knowing the butt from the tip of a rod, who in wild delight and boisterous merriment, reel in, head over heels, noble trout with a stout cord straight from reel to spinner. This endless trolling is the one black spot upon an otherwise truly sporting picture. It is, however, consoling to know that for every fish murdered on a spinner the fly accounts for at least three times as many.

We caught no more than half-a-dozen brown trout, which once, before the advent of the Rainbows, were numerous. Their place is now in the South Island, where they grow to an enormous size, but can only be taken with bait at night. Such fishing would appeal to so few that further details are unnecessary, as from all accounts the South Island is no fit place for fly-fishers.

Only two cases of a fungus growth came under our notice ; but many fish suffered from partial and total blindness. Many were unaccountably deformed, and still more exhibited a dropsical disease, with inflamed, unhealthy-looking blistered skin, which, together with the flesh, contained an abundance of water ; others were emaciated almost to the dimensions of gar-fish. These troubles were especially noticeable in Rotorua Lake, to which we returned to spend the last six weeks of our trip.

Camping upon the bank of the beautiful little river of Hamurana, formed by three great springs but a mile away, we made the heaviest portion of our bag ; but, contrary to anticipation, fishing at the mouth of this river proved entirely unprofitable, for it appeared as though a convalescent hospital for degenerates, so that we were forced to make daily journeys to more distant parts, where we did so well as to induce us once more to shift camp to more accessible quarters on Awaho River.

From the green crystal-like waters of Hamurana River we had removed the majority of taking fish, not, however, without much toil and trouble, not to mention quantities of lost flies and tackle amongst innumerable sunken trees lying deep across the entire width of the river. Considering the clearness of this water coursing over a pure

white bed, and the requisite coarseness of our tackle, the fish had behaved generously in permitting themselves to leave the river at all. The best trout taken from here scaled 10 lb., and all were in very fair condition.



MAORI CHIEF AND HOUSE

The characteristics of Awaho are very similar to those of Hamurana River, except that two miles up is a really ideal pool, weedy and difficult, but very sporting, especially between the hours of 4 and 5 p.m., when the principal rise of the day takes place, and the fish only come to a small dry fly. No sooner had we fixed

our camp at Awaho than the prospect of brilliant sport in the lake there—the experience of previous visits—entirely vanished, a heavy storm in the interval having shifted the fish right away, so that once more we sought our original ground at Wytiti; but even here was a great falling off. In spite of the protestations from old sportsmen of the district that as the season advanced so would our bags increase, they fell away to such an extent that during the last eight days of our stay we scarcely found it worth while to cast a fly. No doubt all turned out as it should have done ere the close of the season, but we could wait no longer, and were forced to bid adieu to the sport of a lifetime.

The only charge for this fishing is a guinea for a man's licence

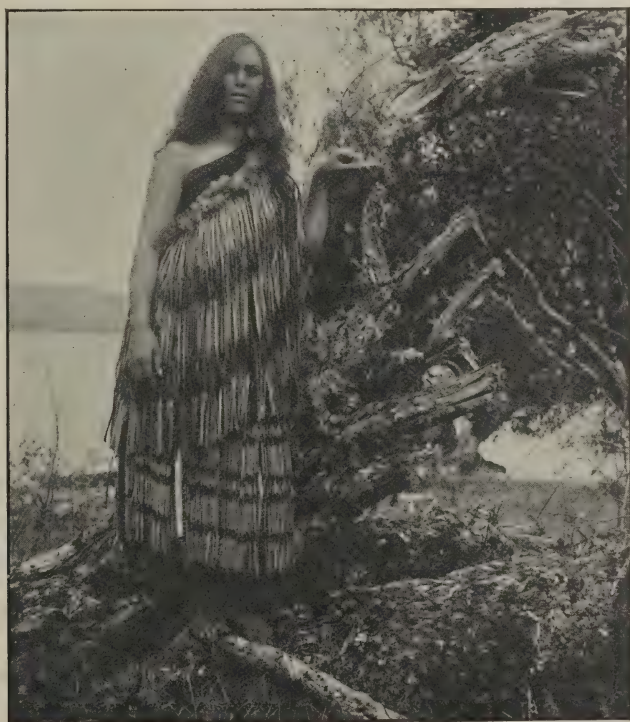


MAORI RACING CANOE

and five shillings for a woman's. No one may take more than 30 lb. weight of fish in one day, although, owing to their rapid increase, this rule lay for the time being in abeyance. As to the regulations generally, they appear fair and well framed in the interests of sport, the most important of all being a prohibition to sell or buy trout under any circumstances.

What sportsmen at home will naturally desire to learn is whether, from a fisherman's point of view, a trip to New Zealand is really worth while. This is a perplexing question to reply to, whereupon an individual opinion should be taken only for what it is worth. In the first place, as to lake-fishing in general, all will admit that no matter what may be the weight or quantity of the

bag it compares unfavourably with sport obtainable in a well-stocked river. With one exception an ordinary fisher here needs no special skill; that one exception is, under certain conditions, the sinking of the fly, which should be made with the longest possible cast, to crawl steadily, close to the bottom; this can be only successfully accomplished by hand-drawing the line. Then there are the exceptional drawbacks attendant upon wading up to the elbows, often in anything but calm water, which brings us to the more important question of river fishing.



OUR MAORI COOK

To most persons not the least charm of fishing, always providing the fish are there, lies in the surroundings and the character of the water. A fairly swift stream with falls and pools, a clear bank with here and there some overhanging tree or bush, and with suitable weedy patches as hiding places, is what we are accustomed to in our ideal streams at home. What do we find in New Zealand? Let it be clearly understood that I lay no claim to extensive knowledge of its rivers; quite the reverse, being only acquainted with some five or six in the vicinity of the lakes already mentioned. That there

are better and clearer rivers I know, also some easily fished from the banks, which are also well known and much frequented; nevertheless what applies to the Rotorua rivers must equally apply to nine-tenths of the as yet little fished and unknown rivers and streams of New Zealand; let, therefore, the description of one such suffice. Omitting the no small difficulty of approach, we find, growing right up to the water's edge, the three most detestable obstructions conceivable, which alone monopolise the entire banks. First, the ti tree, often ten feet high, a dense berry-covered bush; secondly, a brier with unusually numerous and curved thorns; and, lastly, a variety of tall bracken tougher and more tenacious than that at home. When by chance, or rather it would seem design, the cast becomes entangled in any one of these, only inch by inch with the fingers can it be detached. Often beyond these in the river itself lie banks of rushes and bunches of flax from which the jerk judicious never frees the hook.

To effect a cast at all, all sorts of trees and bushes in the rear must be avoided; while there all the time, with gently waving fins, lie just below you three beautiful trout with mouths agape. Finally, after three unsuccessful efforts to strike the water at all, and consequent retirements to extract the line, the great fly literally flops in front of the fish; all three make for it with a dash so eager that the fly floats past unswallowed. One trout doubles like a flash and has it; no sooner does he feel the hook than he makes straight beneath a snag, two glints of a silver side and the line dangles—all is over ere you thoroughly realise you are fast in a fish. Now and then, with luck and strongest tackle, a fish is saved where, up to the waist in mud, not daring to venture further in a country apparently connected on every hand by trap-doors with the infernal regions, one just cannot reach out with the gaff beyond the weeds, over which at risk of breakage the fish must be drawn and bagged. By the time the gaff is next required you will find that in scrambling through the ti brush it has been clawed off your back to hang end down half a mile behind in a tree—that is, if you are fortunate enough to be able to retrace your steps so far. Thus is a bag laboriously got together, often so heavy as to tempt one to turn out the fish and leave them behind, for little energy remains in a man at the termination of such a day's sport on these rivers; and yet how comes it that in two days' time he will be found enacting similar manœuvres all over again? Is memory so short, or is it the true love of sport which causes one in the face of disaster to court luck and disappointment?

I have fished virgin rivers in North America and enjoyed them better than in New Zealand, although the trout were smaller.

Sometimes there was a clear bank to cast from, and oftener a shingle-flat, island, or some sort of margin to stand upon; always there was less brush, and never such obstructions as here, obstructions apparently designed by nature for the special protection of fish; but nice hiding-places in weedy patches are rarely found in America, nor could you there so well locate your fish by sight. I have, too, still in my mind's eye, at the top of the list, red-letter days in British waters, delightful recollections which remain unimpaired by sport elsewhere.





THE PAST CRICKET SEASON

BY HOME GORDON

NEVER did a cricket season started with average anticipations finish amid such widespread interest. Matters began apathetically enough; for though additional keenness was from the first noticeable among the actual players, the public was conspicuously indifferent. Whilst some of us enthusiasts were searching for methods of popularising first-class cricket, the weather and the tremendous tussle for the county championship combined to make the game an absorbing topic, more absorbing than was ever the case when the Australians were not with us. So deep had been the despondency of some of us who could see beyond gate-money receipts, beyond the simulated satisfaction of "shamateurs" and the weekly averages, that we may be pardoned for joyously emphasising the improvement in the situation. At the same time to re-establish cricket on a permanently popular basis, some common-sense reforms are needed in order that the game may be adjusted to contemporary requirements.

There is nothing which the public loves so well as a sporting finish, and from the middle of July the championship became the most open event since the three counties had finished level years ago. When Notts beat Yorkshire by twenty-five runs—a victory one Yorkshireman declares was received with cheers in the pavilions at Manchester and the Oval—and Kent beat Surrey by a wicket, it became clear that the championship might be won by one of at least five counties, and thenceforth "the latest scores" was a more popular cry with the newsboys than "all the winners." Another

attractive feature was that more natural wickets in great measure arrested the perpetration of mammoth scoring, and even before the prolonged spell of fine weather drawn games were in a much diminished percentage.

The "big matches" at Lord's furnished magnificent cricket. Two fine elevens were selected for Gentlemen *v.* Players. Some surprise was expressed at Mr. H. K. Foster being chosen in preference to Mr. A. O. Jones after Messrs. R. E. Foster and J. R. Mason had declined, but he was asked so that he might captain if the Hon. F. S. Jackson made up his mind not to play, as the latter was for some time in a state of indecision. For the Players Lees was once more twelfth man but again took part, this time owing to the indisposition of Arnold. Hirst of his own accord refused the invitation. The game was a triumphant exposition of fast bowling, and it was spitefully asserted that had the Players been allowed two the issue would have been reversed. Fielder, who had gone with the M.C.C. team to Australia but had been dropped by Kent in half their matches last year, began by capturing all ten wickets of the amateurs.

This feat had never been performed in the historical game, the five leading occasions on which it had been accomplished being by Mr. V. E. Walker for England *v.* Surrey in 1861, by Mr. S. E. Butler for Oxford *v.* Cambridge in 1871, by James Lillywhite for South *v.* North in 1872, by Barratt for Players *v.* Australians in 1878, and by Mr. W. P. Howell for Australians *v.* Surrey in 1899, the first time he bowled in this country. With an adverse balance of 132, Mr. Foster (handicapped by a bad hand) and Mr. Spooner put on 156 for the first wicket, the Lancastrian scoring a superb 114. Subsequently Mr. G. L. Jessop played a characteristic and amazing innings of 73, probably his best since his memorable performance against the Australians at the Oval. Left with 290 to make, the Players saw Bowley, Tyldesley, and Denton all clean bowled by Mr. Neville Knox with only 22 on the board. After that the majority of the paid division shaped badly—apart from the three Surrey men, Hayward, Hayes, and Lees, who were responsible for 140 out of 244—and were plainly afraid of his splendid balls, John Gunn especially drawing away, though staying longer than the majority. The grand analysis of five for 73 and seven for 110 does not adequately represent all the value of the great work of the old Alleynian. In the return, better sides than usual were collected at the Oval, but the match ended without a definite result, the amateurs being set 442 and making 277 for seven. Dr. W. G. Grace, on his fifty-eighth birthday, played finely for 74, which would have been a century had he been able to run at his old speed. On the

other side, Handstaff with 44 and 104, with King 89 and 88 in each innings, provided the longest partnership.

After a great victory over Yorkshire by 305 runs, thanks to a fine 153 by the captain, Mr. C. H. Eyre, and sensational bowling by Messrs. P. R. May (seven for 41 and five for 25) and G. G. Napier (five for 26), Cambridge failed to fulfil expectations in their trial matches, and Oxford, though their form had often been inexplicably bad, were not regarded as entirely over-matched. However, Mr. Meyrick Payne opened the Cambridge batting with an unparalleled exhibition of hitting which reduced the appreciation expressed for the patient 150 of Mr. R. A. Young. Set 422, Oxford gave a very different display from the first inept way in which the batsmen shaped at the excellent bowling of Messrs. Napier, Morcom, and May. Messrs. G. N. Foster and E. L. Wright both played capital cricket, but the tit-bit came at the end, when Messrs. E. G. Martin and W. J. H. Curwen added 90 by big hitting for the last wicket. Clearly the better side won, but if Oxford had adopted more aggressive tactics another result might have been recorded. Though strained, Mr. N. R. Udall bowled with much pluck. Only two freshmen, Messrs. Buchanan and Gordon, were in the selected teams. Three of those playing wore spectacles.

Eton *v.* Harrow was marked by splendid fielding on both sides, except that Mr. Hatfield, the Light Blue captain, was too fond of using his feet instead of his hands to stop the ball, and there was far more excitement than the actual margin of four wickets in favour of the college indicates. The son of Mr. T. S. Pearson, the old Middlesex amateur, Mr. P. Pearson Gregory, scored 90 and 45, showing splendid ability, though constitutional delicacy may unhappily keep him out of first-class cricket. His timing of the ball and cool judgment were so exceptional that it is to be hoped he may remedy a bad habit of dropping his right knee. The attack was very poor on behalf of either school; it was the suddenly effective bowling of Mr. C. L. Cole, who claimed seven for 27, not being afraid to pitch up the ball, which enabled Rugby to beat Marlborough easily by 227 runs. Amid free scoring in Cheltenham *v.* Haileybury, Mr. R. T. H. Mackenzie—also wearing spectacles—compiled 132 almost entirely by fine off drives.

The most memorable feature of the three chief matches at Lord's remains to be mentioned—the wicket-keeping. With all six exponents it attained a standard which it is safe to say no previous sextet ever surpassed. To choose between Messrs. W. S. Bird and M. W. Payne would have been difficult, though rumour had it that the latter had desired to resign the gloves to Mr. R. E. H. Bailey, and to play only as a batsman. Lilley was admirable, and the

wonderful work of Mr. H. Martyn actually evoked the unparalleled demonstration of a round of applause from the pavilion after every single ball of one over delivered by Mr. Knox. The performances of Messrs. D. R. Brandt and N. C. Tufnell were memorable. They may yet oppose each other in the University match, but though the Harrovian is ear-marked as successor to Mr. Bird, the Etonian will find at Cambridge such notable rivals as Mr. C. K. Bancroft, who has kept for the West Indians, Mr. R. E. H. Bailey, and Mr. A. D. Imlay, the Cliftonian, who understudies Board. He is selected to go with the M.C.C. side to New Zealand, which shows how speedily his ability is recognised at head-quarters. Early in the summer the decision as to the suitability of light for play was taken out of the hands of the umpires and entrusted to the captains. When they disagree, as Lord Hawke did with Lord Dalmeny at the Oval, the umpires are then referred to. There has been considerable misconception as to how batsmen at the wicket are to appeal, but on the whole the new arrangement will avert such irritating absences from the field as were noticeable in Essex *v.* Surrey at the Oval. A few unpleasant instances of demonstrations against stone-walling occurred. For example, on June 9, at Trent Bridge, batsmen, fieldsmen, and umpires lay on the grass whilst 4,000 people hooted Mr. Douglas for a thoroughly justifiable example of passive resistance.¹ At Southampton Mr. A. J. L. Hill most properly withdrew the Hampshire eleven and manfully addressed malcontents for jeering at the defensive methods of Thompson. The Leyton crowd proved decidedly disagreeable on occasions, and at Lord's there was a tendency to "barrack" one experienced amateur. Mr. A. E. Lawton resigned the captaincy of Derbyshire owing to the interference of some members of the county committee with his handling of his side. Arnold was publicly suspended for a county match by his committee because of his conduct in the match with Hampshire, and it was curious that in his absence Worcestershire should have done one of their best performances. The "shamateur" has been less prominent, but I have been told that a professional in his benefit match was charged by one gentleman living within ten miles of the ground £6 for his expenses.

A few broad characteristics deserve comment. Just as those who spoke in haste were proclaiming that the fast bowler would henceforth be alone effective, Blythe by admirable work showed what excellent results can be obtained by a first-rate bowler at a slower pace, and in August Dennett obtained wonderful success.

¹ When 4,000 people together with batsmen, fieldsmen, and umpires so decidedly express a unanimous opinion, it may possibly be not altogether without justification.—ED.

Possibly the way in which bowling to left-handed batsmen worries bowlers was more frequently noticeable than before. Another marked feature was that a larger number of players appear to have taken part in first-class cricket than in previous seasons. Middlesex, for instance, never had anything approaching a regular side, and most of the other counties—except Warwickshire, Essex, and Kent—showed a restless desire to try every tolerable colt; consequently the variations were increasingly frequent.

And this brings me to a possibly unpopular but thoroughly sincere statement—namely, that the standard of county cricket, apart from Kent, is just now comparatively low, which justifies the prevalent desire to include new blood. Whatever their achievements, and they have been great, the most fervent admirer of Yorkshire will not pretend that the side this season is as good as the one which won that unparalleled succession of victories. Anno domini is telling on cherished members of many teams. Not for one moment would it be pretended that grand games have not been played by the score; but Sussex, which has been sorely bereft; Lancashire, which sadly disappointed its supporters at the crucial moment; Somersetshire, and Gloucestershire, furnish cases in point.

Three individuals tower over the rest. Hayward has been the batsman of the year. Beginning with unusual freedom, he has not only been more successful than ever before, but his batting has gained in attractiveness, whilst it has lost nothing in consistency. Hirst once more proved himself a positive wonder, and had not his leg given way on occasions it is impossible to say where he would have stopped. “Hirst’s effort” was one of the things an admiring public looked for and never failed to perceive. So great was his work that he had eleven hundred runs and a hundred wickets by the end of June, a feat never equalled. Also he is the first cricketer to get two hundred wickets and two thousand runs in one summer. His splendid punishing powers, his wonderful if occasional swerve, and his keen work in the field intensify the value of his achievements, as shown on the score-sheet. Only he and Dr. W. G. Grace have scored a thousand runs and taken a hundred wickets in seven seasons, and for those seven the following comparative table is interesting:—

	Innings.	Not Out.	Runs.	Highest.	Aver.
Hirst (to August 30)	... 350 ...	39 ...	13,306 ...	314 ...	42'78
Dr. W. G. Grace 302 ...	17 ...	11,899 ...	344 ...	41'75
	Runs.		Wickets.		Aver.
Hirst (to August 30)	... 18,045	...	958	...	18'73
Dr. W. G. Grace	... 15,501	...	1,012	...	15'36

Mr. K. L. Hutchings has attracted almost as much attention as either professional. For the Tonbridge School Eleven he had averaged 57 in 1900, 47 in 1901, and 63 in 1902; whilst previous to this summer he had scored one century for Kent and averaged 24 for his various intermittent appearances. Hardly had the public become interested in the colt Woolley before the old Tonbridgian completely eclipsed him. Following up 125 and 97 not out against Middlesex, he scored a superb 131 and 50 not out against Yorkshire, contributions so finely compiled that Lord Hawke at once telegraphed to Mr. Lacey that he ought to be chosen for the Gentlemen. He had distinctly bad luck on that occasion, for in the first innings he was dismissed upon a dubious decision; and on the second, just as he was playing himself in, he was interrupted by that most deplorable tea interval and out immediately afterwards. Again and again he proved the most attractive bat of the day, combining all the brilliance and strokes of Mr. R. H. Spooner with a power of which the graceful Lancastrian is physically incapable; added to this must be a eulogy of his transcendent ability in the field. He will be able to represent the county for many years to come, and the rumour ought to be contradicted that he contemplated following his brother into the Worcester-shire eleven. There are not many parallels to this example of two brothers on opposite first-class county sides, except the obvious one of the Crawfords. The only others in recent times I can recall are the Suggs for Lancashire and Derbyshire, and the Briggs for Lancashire and Notts.

Had a Test Match team to be chosen on current form, possibly the Hon. F. S. Jackson, with his customary modesty, might not regard himself as having played sufficiently this summer to become captain. In that case it would appear to me that Mr. J. R. Mason ought to lead a side composed of Messrs. R. H. Spooner, Neville Knox, K. L. Hutchings, and H. Martyn, or Lilley, with Hayward, Tyldesley, Hirst, Arnold, Blythe, and Fielder; Lees and Mr. C. J. Burnup as reserves. Of course all selections are matters of opinion, but this eleven would certainly render a good account of itself?

Dissensions in Australia, into which there is no need here to probe, were reconciled too late to permit a side to be sent out from England in the present autumn, but a team is being dispatched by M.C.C. to New Zealand. Next summer the South Africans are to have three Test Matches in England, and it may be hoped that the general programme of first-class fixtures will be better arranged than in the past summer, when on several occasions London was left without a first-class match—once for a whole week in the height of the season—and Notts only played one game at home in August. It

is also reasonable to assume that a year hence the M.C.C. will be dispatching a side to Australia, and as the Hon. F. S. Jackson no longer turns out, it is more than probable that Lord Dalmeny may be invited to captain the side.

Retirements are unusually important this autumn. That lion-hearted cricketer and big, casual, delightful personality, Mr. S. M. J. Woods, is resigning the Somersetshire captaincy; whilst that admirable wicket-keeper, Mr. H. Martyn, follows his leader on to the retired list. Another captain, Mr. C. E. de Trafford, is also going, and it is difficult adequately to appreciate the unassuming work he has done for Leicestershire, quite apart from the occasional success of his punishing hitting. That beautiful bat, Mr. R. H. Spooner, finds that the struggle of life may keep him out of the game. Mr. W. Brearley is believed to have given up county cricket, but this mercurial personality may change his mind. That successful bowler, Mr. Neville Knox, even if his leg were to be sound, may not be much more seen with Surrey; an irreparable loss. It is always more difficult to designate professionals who have finished, but the age limit seems at last to be crowding the veteran Alec Hearne out of the Kent team after twenty years of high endeavour, whilst his cousin, J. T. Hearne—now a married man—may not often play for Middlesex now that Mignon seems to be training on. The veteran Cuttall, who has bowled splendidly when given a chance; Tunnicliffe, who has batted since his accident with the ripest judgment; Llewellyn, who has hardly been stimulated by the general improvement in Hampshire cricket, may all think twice before facing another season.

There are three personal matters which must be mentioned. Two are satisfactory indications of the suggestive influence exercised by the *Badminton Magazine*. In the May issue I suggested that the term of residential qualification in the case of Colonials desiring to participate in county cricket should be increased to five years, and though the extension may not be so long, it is with great pleasure that I notice Gloucestershire, Yorkshire, and other counties pledging themselves to support some such proposal. I hope another which I advocated—namely, that the Committee of M.C.C. should require evidence of the residential qualification of those playing for counties under that specification—may also be carried out. One amateur this season, I have been repeatedly told, had not the smallest right to represent his county. It will be interesting to see how return to South Africa in the winter affects the official estimate of Vogler's claim to play for Middlesex next year. The second point is the contemporary prevalence of the suggestion I was the first to put forward in the April number of the *Badminton Magazine*,

that the first-class counties should be divided into two sections of eight each. In the column which has appeared weekly below the signature of Dr. W. G. Grace in the *Morning Post* this has been consistently advocated, but never once has any indebtedness been expressed to this periodical. So long as the game is benefited, this matters little, however, and of still less consequence were the very sarcastic comments on my statement in several articles that K. S. Ranjitsinhji would not return to England during the present year. I will now go further and expose myself to the harmless raileries which do not affect me by stating that I have excellent reason to believe that not only will he not captain the team which is projected to come from India, but that he will never again appear in really important cricket in this country.

Before dealing with the counties it may be mentioned that the West Indian team fell below expectation. The batting was very unequal, the best performers failing to make runs on the same day; the fielding was unequal and often slack; bad judgment in running materially affected the aggregate; and bad placing of the field became well-nigh chronic. The best achievement was a victory over a moderate Yorkshire eleven, the only other first-class county they defeated being Northamptonshire. Mr. S. G. Smith, who played above his "home" form, proved an excellent all-round man, and Mr. Ollivierre—brother of the Derbyshire amateur—when his ability was somewhat tardily recognised, headed the bowling averages; whilst Mr. P. A. Goodman in August became the most prolific run-getter. There were some disappointments, but the tour must have proved a pleasant one.

Dealing with the counties in the two sections which will some day I trust become legalised, it is interesting to note how badly the second eight fared against the first eight: 7 victories, 63 defeats, 23 draws.

With the exception that Middlesex and Worcestershire combined to knock Lancashire out of the running, there was little effect wrought by these eight on the actual championship until Gloucestershire's sensational victory over Yorkshire by one run, whereas in some matches it seemed as though big counties were making "bags" among "the rabbits." This does not, however, imply that there were not fine sides and fine cricketers in this second division.

Somersetshire were encouraged at the outset by Bailey claiming six for 6 after five for 59. He comes quickly back and varies his pace, whilst his off-ball goes away; but he is not in the front rank. Mr. P. R. Johnson has shown fine punishing power, and so has Mr. H. Martyn, while Braund afforded an occasional glimpse of his old skill.

Northamptonshire have every reason to be satisfied with the increased success of the county team. One instance was that after being in a minority of 155 on the first innings they defeated Worcestershire, thanks to 166 by Mr. C. J. T. Pool, and 72 not out by Cox. Thompson was a tower of strength, East bowled with untiring pertinacity, Mr. G. A. T. Vialls exhibited sound defence against Essex, and Dr. Pretty exceeded the second century against Derbyshire. It will be remembered that he made over a hundred in his first county match *v. Surrey*.

Gloucestershire were complimented by the fact that general surprise was expressed when the fielding happened to be bad. With some sides it is the rule. Dennett's slow left-handed bowling was the feature, and apart from all ten wickets in one innings against Essex, the fact of getting fifteen wickets for 140 *v. Worcestershire* in one day, as well as eight for 53 *v. Surrey*, proclaims him one of our best men with the ball. In the gigantic Mr. Ford a promising fast bowler has been discovered. Mr. F. E. Thomas has often supported Mr. G. L. Jessop ably as a run-getter, and Mr. C. L. Townsend reappeared in mid-August to score 214 *v. Worcestershire*, when Mr. C. O. H. Sewell, also too rarely seen, ran into three figures. The grim struggle in which Yorkshire was just beaten of course put everything else into the shade. Had Board not made a tremendous effort on the leg-side, the first ball of Mr. Jessop's final over must have gone for four byes. On so little did the championship turn!

To Sussex the loss of Mr. C. B. Fry was irreparable, and it remains to be seen if the famous batsman will be able to play next year. But few spectators, however accustomed to watching his prowess, would have thought that his absence would have had such a depressing effect on the team. Vine, A. E. Relf, and for some time Killick, all failed in comparison with what they had done, while the younger Relf only moderately fulfilled expectation; but Mr. H. L. Simms, besides being an excellent field, could hit with confidence, and the Australian Dwyer at times bowled irresistibly. The tame batting on the less immaculate Brighton pitch was, however, the main shortcoming.

The county ground at Worcester is certainly remarkable. Across the pitch during different matches have strayed a hare, a pig, a mouse, and some bantams; two centuries apiece by two Fosters in the same match is one item never likely to be surpassed; another is that now it holds the record for scoring on all three days respectively, namely, 1,492 *Worcestershire v. Oxford*, 1,169 *Gentlemen of Worcestershire v. Gentlemen of Staffordshire*, and 712 amassed in less than six hours. The outstanding feature has been the great batting

of Mr. W. B. Burns, whom I never had the good fortune to see at the wicket. He increased his average from 15 to 51, and his aggregate from 290 to 1,200, figures which speak volumes. With Arnold above him in averages, various Fosters available on occasions, and Bowley as a punishing bat, the side is capable of better results, but the bowling figures are deplorable. To have beaten Lancashire by an innings and 38 runs at Old Trafford, however, redeemed many shortcomings.

Middlesex had a wretched season, partially for the reason already given. For example, no fewer than six wicket-keepers were played, once three in the same eleven. It is satisfactory to mention a marked recovery in the form of Albert Trott. Twice in an innings did Tarrant capture nine wickets, on one occasion catching out the tenth man. So freely can he score when he chooses that his customary dogged method is the more to be deplored. The fact of his hitting a 7 at Lord's recalls that Mr. F. R. Spofforth once hit an 11 on the same ground—one of the anachronisms of the short-lived net experiment. That rattling hitter, Mr. L. G. Colbeck, had the mortifying experience of five consecutive duck's eggs.

Leicestershire opened by sensationally losing to Lancashire by 1 run. At the Oval King was dismissed for hitting the ball twice, on the appeal of Hayward at point. The batting of Mr. C. J. B. Wood was the notable event. Yorkshire seems to provide his favourite attack, for in his last sixteen innings against that county he has scored 762, average 58. Against Warwickshire he compiled 225, and with Whitehead scoring 174, 380 was put up for the first wicket, the declaration being made at 701 for four. Warwickshire had already amassed 380, and now responded with 344 for two, the total of 1,425 for sixteen wickets being only surpassed by 1,492 Worcestershire *v.* Oxford University, and 1,427 for twenty-one wickets Surrey *v.* Sussex at Hastings. Amid a plethora of fair deliveries in all county teams, it must be confessed that some exception was raised in pavilions to the method of Mr. W. W. Odell, and one county captain, it is said, intends to bring up the question at the meeting next December.

Derbyshire, bereft of Mr. Lawton, has earned "the wooden spoon." Humphries kept wicket superbly, Bestwick bowled in a form worthy of Test Matches, and Warren was often difficult; but when once Messrs. L. G. Wright and Ollivierre were out, the run-getting was of the occasional order. Several of the younger players, however, possess valuable possibilities, notably Hallam and Cadman.

Dealing with the first eight, Hampshire must really be regarded as the champions of the second division, and their success in the face of considerable difficulties merits exceptional felicitation.

Never since their reinclusion in 1895 have the Southerners played so well, and the curious feature is that none of their professionals are in the front rank, while several of their best amateurs are not regularly available. Few features have of late been so pleasing as this resuscitation of Hampshire, and if Mr. Sprott has not been so successful with the bat as Messrs. A. C. Johnston and A. J. L. Hill, a wonderful player on a broken wicket, his spirited captaincy has had a great deal to do with the present favourable result, which is likely to be bettered next summer.

Essex regained Mead, and found a good bat in Mr. W. M. Turner, whilst additional membership and larger crowds are satisfactory symptoms. The eastern side is also higher in the results table; but the cricket has been unequal. The opportunity of a lifetime was thrown away when Mr. Turner and Buckenham had three-quarters of an hour in which to get 61 runs to beat Kent, and never attempted to obtain them. Bad fielding as usual marred skill in the other departments, but few cricketers in the country showed greater improvement with both bat and ball than Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas. Tremlin severed his connexion with the county, which shared with Warwickshire the advantage of playing approximately the same side, Messrs. Fane and Gillingham being occasionally compelled to be absentees.

Warwick's achievements as usual command respect without evoking enthusiasm. Quaife has a reduction in his average from 66 to 36, and Kinneir shows a drop of ten points. Lilley was more free than some of the run-getters, Devey must not be forgotten, Baker improved, and Mr. T. S. Fishwick headed the batting. Apart from Hargreave and Moorhouse, the bowling was poor, and lack of sting in this department explains why the results are not more imposing.

It is curious that each of the four sides which defeated Notts—Lancashire, Surrey, Essex, and Sussex—also played an unfinished game with the Trent Bridge team. Had the last few places in the eleven been adequately filled there would have been a more formidable bid for first place, but the tail to the batting and the lack of better bowling support to Hallam, Wass, and John Gunn just made Notts fall below the hopes of its admirers. The serious illness of George Gunn is a catastrophe, mitigated by the marked advance of Payton as a bat. A tremendous burden falls on Mr. A. O. Jones and Iremonger, who have now put up a hundred for first wicket on twenty-two occasions. John Gunn and Hardstaff form the only other serious scorers, for Mr. G. T. Branston in county cricket forms only the pale reflex of his ability in University matches. Oates *v.* Middlesex had a hand

in the downfall of half the twenty wickets, and only once has this been surpassed, by Pooley *v.* Sussex in 1868 at the Oval when twelve fell to the stumper. Oates's nine catches at the wicket recall the feat of Joseph Hunter in Yorkshire *v.* Gloucestershire in 1887.

Lancashire had to be content with fourth place because, with an unfailing stock of useful bowlers, in the absence of Mr. Brearley none possessed "devil" of the first order, though Cuttell's gallant exertions, Huddleston's cleverness when given a chance—as, for instance, four for 5 and nine for 36 *v.* Notts—and a certain measure of success to Harry and Kermode must be recognised. Tyldesley, who enjoyed a grand benefit of £3,000 profit, was as fine as ever, and Sharp was the Hirst of the Palatines; but Mr. Spooner was very unequal, and preferred to watch Surrey *v.* Yorkshire at the Oval whilst Lancashire was struggling for a four wickets victory at Leyton. Messrs. Poidevin and MacLaren exhibited but little of their former command over the ball, and on occasions—*v.* Middlesex at Lord's, for instance—half the side seemed to play itself out.

In all periods of its cricket career Surrey has shown an odd knack of providing a batting collapse at an unexpected moment. This cost them foremost position, double defeats by Kent, one from Yorkshire at Sheffield, and then the remarkable one at the hands of Lancashire at the Oval, giving them a rather unexpected quietus. Mr. Knox was the bowler of the year. Taking a long run with a curious leap midway, despite his exhausting action he persevered with untiring pluck, and effected great execution. To him and to Hayward is mainly due the long roll of Surrey's victories. Lees bore a big burden, Mr. J. N. Crawford was more difficult than he looked from the pavilion (for example, six for 13 *v.* Notts), and Rushby took five wickets for 7 runs *v.* Northamptonshire. Hobbs enormously improved, and nothing in the year was much better than the way in which he and Mr. J. H. Gordon won the home game against Worcestershire. Hayes made runs freely, and his annihilation of the Oxonian attack was the most pulverising feature of the season. Except against Essex and Derbyshire, Lord Dalmeny in no way bore out his promise of last year. If the selection committee had shown a little more firmness in not forcing five or six to be perpetually striving for the last two places in the eleven, the scale might just have been turned. The climax was in the benefit of Lees, a bumper well deserved, when Yorkshire's moderate batting settled the match in the first hour, and Mr. Knox was bumping fiercely.

Yorkshire finally came in second. It is impossible to resist quoting the phrase of Mr. E. V. Lucas—the biographer of Charles

Lamb—"I go to bed and I rise, I work and I eat, hoping continually that George Hirst will be champion county." Otherwise the side, despite the welcome return of Mr. T. L. Taylor, showed moderately by comparison with its old standard. Tunnicliffe out of the eleven for a month for a broken finger was not thought good enough to play by some of the committee, yet proved his value in the great encounters with Surrey and Lancashire. Lord Hawke, owing to lumbago, could only play occasionally after June, and Rhodes, besides bowling without sting, dropped nearly as many catches as he made. The Hon. F. S. Jackson would only consent to play once, and neither Myers nor Rothery was at his best. Rhodes and Denton both scored effectively, and Haigh bowled finely on many occasions. Still, apart from Hirst, it was not the year of the Tykes. Such fielding as they displayed on the Saturday at Catford would alone have made a whole season memorable. Of the crop of young players, though the average is creditable, none suggests a future in the foremost rank.

At first Kent was not estimated at the height the White Horse team finally took. The lines of Kent cricket are laid in pleasant places, the eleven is led by a popular sportsman, Mr. C. H. B. Marsham, and the prowess has been most attractively displayed. It is a triumph for the Kent nursery, and equal credit is due to the amateurs who have shown such spirited batting. Woolley, the young left-hander, started with 64 *v.* Lancashire, then took six for 39 *v.* Somersetshire, followed by 116 *v.* Hants, with eight for 57 and 72 out of 101 and 25 not out *v.* Surrey at the crisis. Several sound judges think that though only nineteen he will not really train on to anything remarkable. Mr. E. H. D. Sewell, however, with his customary quixotic enthusiasm, selected him as third choice for his Test Match team, whereas he was subsequently only reserve man at Canterbury. That festival attracted forty thousand people, who saw the home side beat Sussex and Lancashire with an innings to spare, the totals of 568 and 479 being less than if the later bats had selfishly played for their averages. Mr. C. J. Burnup began a series of delightful visits to the wicket with 141 and 94, running himself out in most sporting fashion for Mr. Hutchings, who scored 176. Mr. Blaker, who always played most attractively, obtained 122, the captain 119, and Mr. Mason 88.

The thoroughly sporting and attractive cricket played by Kent rivalled that of Yorkshire under Lord Hawke in the palmiest days. Besides those named, Mr. E. W. Dillon when available merits all commendation, and no other bowler has ever taken so many wickets for the county as Fielder. Blythe's fine work has already received one appreciative allusion. Humphreys and

Seymour lent yeoman service if not so much before the public as a year before. Fairservice is good enough for any side, and both Hardinge and Hubble are going to be great performers. There is not the least reason why Kent should not maintain their present place, for they amass big totals without loss of time, and dispose of their opponents with expedition. Mr. Marsham, after losing the toss for a phenomenal succession of times, brought off an equally remarkable series of successes.

The future of the game looks most promising, and instead of merely a July and August, next season should be excellent throughout.





TIGER CAVES

TIGER-SHOOTING IN CHINA

BY J. C. GREW

THE subject of tiger-shooting usually calls up a picture of thick jungle, of elephants with sportsmen in howdahs on their backs, and a long line of native beaters driving the animal from his covert; or a platform high in the branches of a tree is perhaps suggested, where the hunter sits at night over a bullock, awaiting the sudden noiseless spring of his quarry in the dark. The last thing that one imagines is a bare stretch of rocky seashore, with not a green thing in sight, where great boulders are piled one above the other, rising into hills and ridges and stretching off inland as far as one can see. Yet in such surroundings, in the caves and passages formed by these great masses of rock, there lives a tiger no less mighty and no less dear to the hunter than the breed of the jungle. This is not the long-haired Manchurian species; the hair is short, the skin smooth, and in every respect it resembles the royal animal of Bengal.

The country to which I refer lies along the coast of China, where the rocky and barren hills are interspersed with small

villages, and the valleys below devoted to padi cultivation. It would seem as if the tigers of this region must live on the domestic animals, and even the natives themselves, which they are able to steal from the villages and fields; for scarcely any living thing, certainly no other large game, inhabits this rocky wilderness. Perhaps this accounts for the continual travelling about of the tigers from one district to another. Certain it is that no matter how much time a sportsman has at his disposal he never can be sure of ultimate success; for here, unlike the jungle hunting, one must wait for the game to come to him, not go in search of it oneself. I have known a sportsman to wait in one of these villages, each



CHINESE VILLAGE

night placing live goats at the mouths of all the promising caves in the surrounding country, for six full weeks before a tiger appeared; another, after remaining for a month, was obliged to leave without having seen a sign of one. Yet in startling contrast to this apparent scarcity of game was the experience of two men on this same spot not long afterwards, who with but a single week to spare saw five tigers in as many days, four of them coming out of one cave simultaneously. Unfortunately, an intervening rock prevented the sportsmen from seeing more than one tiger each at the critical moment, and as each thought the other was to shoot first they delayed too long, and only one of the four animals was bagged. Unlimited time and patience are imperative for this sort

of hunting, but if in the end the game appears the sport that ensues makes up a hundred times for all the monotony of the days of waiting.

Obviously, the inhabitants of this district regard the tiger as their greatest enemy, and may be counted upon to welcome anyone who comes to rid them of so dangerous a pest. On the sportsman's arrival at a village the ancestral temple which is conspicuous in every town is placed at his disposal, the altar being set aside for a dressing-table and a bundle of straw put in a corner for the bed; and though the dust of centuries seems



A CHINESE HOUSE

to have gathered there, it is soon made as comfortable a habitation as one can expect to find in a Chinese village seldom, if ever, visited by a white man.

The shikaris, or "huntermen" as they call themselves, are members of some family that for generations have been known as tiger fighters, and events soon prove their courage to be of no mean quality. They own no firearms, carrying only torches and heavy three-pronged spears or tridents; with these they enter the cave in which a tiger has been located, corner him, and in the absence of a sportsman stab him to death. The meat, skin, claws, and whiskers are then sold at high prices, as the eating of the flesh and the possession of the claws are firmly believed to impart strength and

courage. They carry with them in a small box an idol, representing a Chinaman armed with the typical trident, and before entering a cave invariably propitiate him with burning joss-sticks and by bowing thrice in turn. They consult him, moreover, with childlike faith on all important questions concerning the whereabouts of the game and the likelihood of success. The question being asked, two pieces of wood, each with a smooth and a rough side, are thrown into the air; if they then fall even, the answer is affirmative; if odd, negative. On the day of my success they assured me that before evening I should have killed a large tiger; and when hesitating



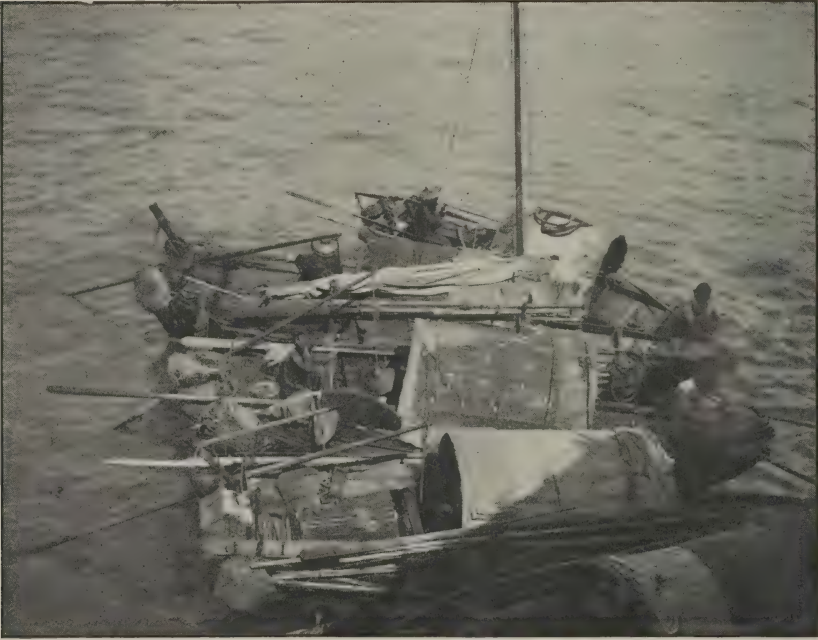
THE "HUNTERMEN," SHOWING THEIR TRIDENT SPEARS

between two caves, into each of which the tracks appeared to lead, they were correctly informed by the idol in which one the animal would be found.

On arriving at the village one buys from a native shepherd several goats, which with the help of the hunters are moored each evening at the mouths of various promising caves in the neighbourhood. Their bleating can be heard in all directions, and leaves no reasonable doubt that should a tiger come into that vicinity at least one goat the less will be found on rounding them up in the morning. The tiger can then be tracked to the cave in which he will presumably sleep off his gorge, and the rest will be a

question of having him driven out or of blocking him in so that one can enter with comparative safety.

The days of waiting would be intensely wearisome were it not for the amusement afforded by the ordinary daily life of the villagers—a sentiment which certainly is reciprocated by one's hosts, for no wild man of Borneo is ever regarded with greater interest than is the sportsman in his borrowed temple. Unfortunately, this edifice is usually enclosed on only three sides, the fourth opening to a courtyard surrounded by a wall, which in turn fronts on the princi-



CHINESE FISHING SAMPANS

pal village street. This courtyard is at all times of day and until late at night so packed with admiring Celestials that not even "standing room only" could be advertised. The wall, moreover, affords excellent accommodation for dozens of small Chinese urchins. Their attitude, however, is invariably one of courteous interest, never of derision or disrespect. Since the sportsman soon becomes accustomed to their silent staring, it is only on occasions that he has them unceremoniously ejected, and by setting the huntermen to keep the wall clear of over-curious intruders is able to enjoy a little hard-earned privacy. The huntermen themselves, who come from a distant village, share the temple, cooking their

meals in a great cauldron in the courtyard and sleeping in the farthest-removed corner, where they smoke their opium pipes until far into the night.

The days drag slowly by. As each dawn appears, heralded by the chirping of a thousand swallows and all the brilliant colours of a Chinese morning, one tramps up into the hills to inspect the goats. They are at their posts untouched, bleating hungrily for breakfast, and another monotonous day of waiting ensues. One begins to doubt whether the Chinese tiger exists; certainly the tales one has heard of the country seem but a snare and a delusion, and as the days lengthen into weeks it is a sore temptation to abandon the quest.



A CHINESE THEATRICAL COMPANY

Then suddenly comes the first intimation that the game has arrived. In the dead of night there is a tremendous uproar in the village street; the natives are running wildly to and fro, the hunters are preparing their torches and spears in a manner which suggests a sally against some hostile tribe. A tiger has entered the village, stolen a dog or a pig, and escaped with it across the fields. This is indeed welcome news, for if only he has killed a goat there will be something to work on. At daylight the hunters are in readiness; their torches, formed of long bamboo rods with oiled rags tied around their tips, are prepared, the idol duly propitiated, and off one starts into the hills, expectancy and hopefulness at top notch.

All now depends on whether a goat has been killed and a blood trail left sufficiently marked to track the animal to his cave. Occasionally a tiger will break the cord by which a goat is tied and carry the body away intact without a drop of blood being spilled. On the other hand I have seen five goats killed in one night and the country so marked up with blood tracks that it was well-nigh impossible to follow any single one to its end. Assuming that the right cave is found, the huntermen light their torches and enter as



THE "HUNTERMEN" PREPARING TO ENTER THE CAVE

carelessly as though it were a stray pig, not a tiger, that they expected to find within.

Meanwhile the sportsman stands guard a few yards away from the entrance, ready at any second to fire should the animal try to escape. The excitement is now intense. The men are feeling around inside the cave, lighting their way with the torches and guarding with their spears against an attack. Suddenly a dull roar seems to come from the depths of the rock, the men shout a warning, there is a loud "aughr-r-r," and the tiger springs from between the great boulders. He will not go out of his way to attack, nor will he hesitate an instant, but makes off in great bounds down the mountain-side. In that moment the sportsman must shoot, and shoot accurately: no second chance is given.

More likely, however, on seeing the light of the torches the animal will cower back in the innermost recesses of the cave, whence it will be impossible to dislodge him. On ascertaining his position the huntermen block up all possible exits with bundles of stubble, which are thrown down from above by the villagers, who never miss the fun of seeing a hunt, and invariably gather on the hillside at a respectful distance from the scene of action. This blocking in of the game often takes several hours, which are hours of tense expectancy for the sportsman, who must be ready at any



THE CHINESE TIGER

second for a change of tactics and a sudden charge on the part of the tiger.

Finally it is announced that the animal is effectively blocked. The sportsman drops down between the boulders that form the entrance to the cave, and, having accustomed his eyes to the torch-light, follows the directions of the huntermen for approaching the tiger's retreat. He will perhaps have to wriggle on his stomach through some narrow passages, dragging his gun by the muzzle after him; he is practically in darkness, and his ignorance as to the exact whereabouts of the tiger renders his task one of peculiar interest. As he draws near a snarl or a half-suppressed roar reveals the animal's position. Probably the sportsman can now see through the chinks in the rock the glowing eyes and the great striped side. Yet he is in no danger, for the huntermen have done their work

well and left but a small hole through which the shot is to be fired. It is a novel situation this, to be within a few feet of a live tiger in a dark cave, to see the green eyes blinking sleepily in the glow from the torches which have been thrust through the chinks in the rock underneath, and to watch the mighty head and great swelling muscles of this magnificent brute as he lies panting with fright and anger.

In spite of one's feeling of security, one does not care to delay too long. The express is dragged painfully into position; the tiger as he sees the muzzle approaching draws back snarling. Then the report of the gun resounds through the cave, and the hunt is over. The body is dragged with difficulty to the surface and, slung from a pole, is carried by the huntermen back to the village, while the natives follow joyfully alongside, shouting, dancing, and generally rejoicing at the death of so much dreaded an enemy.



THE RETURN TO THE VILLAGE



BOOKS ON SPORT

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. ROBERT STANDISH SIEVIER.

London: 15, Essex Street, W.C. 1906.

There is perhaps no way in which a man gets up his name so quickly as in the capacity of the owner of a famous horse, and it is chiefly because Mr. Sievier was so intimately bound up with Sceptre that he became a celebrity. Not improbably he might have been heard of without that mare, for he has obviously always had a remarkable way of coming to the front in all sorts of places, as this book emphatically shows. Absolute frankness is its chief characteristic. Here we have the story of the fortunes and misfortunes, the high-ups and the low-downs, which have befallen one of the most impulsive of all possible sportsmen. It is always interesting to read the work of a man who thoroughly understands his subject, and few men know more of racing at home and abroad than Mr. Sievier. It used to be said when he was training Sceptre—a task he most courageously undertook—that she would never have been beaten had she remained under the care of John Porter; but there really could not be a more absolutely gratuitous assumption. It is absurd to say what “would have happened” in circumstances which never arose. It was bad luck that Sceptre should have been beaten a head for the Lincolnshire Handicap of 1902, but that she finished where she did, so close up to a good horse, as St. Maclou undoubtedly was, shows that there could not have been much wrong with her condition. In all she won £25,650 in stakes, including four of the five classic races, and reading a little between the lines it is evidently Mr. Sievier’s opinion that she should have won both the Derby and the Grand Prix—an opinion easily comprehensible on the part of her owner.

Sceptre, however, came a long time after the beginning of Mr. Sievier’s career. His father died when he was five years old. He appears to have been left to his own guidance, and to have been singularly well able to take care of himself. At the age of sixteen he went to Africa as substitute for a friend who had enlisted in the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police. This was in the year 1876, when of course Cape Colony was less settled than it is at present, and he had a sufficiently exciting time in the Kaffir War which came a few months after his arrival. Like so many other young men who had to do something and were not educated for any particular

profession, Mr. Sievier went on the stage, and acted in England and in India, though we do not gather that his success was particularly brilliant. Sport had always had the most powerful attraction for him, and he had, it will be seen, crammed a good deal of life into six years, for on his twenty-second birthday he landed in Adelaide, with the intention of making a book. His success was speedy and considerable. On the Melbourne Cup in 1882, soon after he began, he won over £5,000 in ready money, his profits on the first year being over £70,000—truly a lucrative profession! Not the least interesting part of his Colonial experiences is, it may be remarked, the account of some of the notorious Bushrangers concerning whom he has much information.

A longing to come home almost invariably seizes Englishmen abroad, and Mr. Sievier arrived in course of time on English race-courses. His Australian winnings had long since melted, and in 1887 he was broke—so badly that Monday came without his account, he could not settle. There always seems to be something of the pendulum about Mr. Sievier, and this is his account of what happened to him at the Epsom Spring Meeting of 1888, soon after he had come to the end of his resources:—

“On the first day I had won £110, my transactions being in ready money owing to the ‘suspension’ of credit. The second day I took 500 to 100 about Mr. Arthur Cooper’s Cardinal Wolsey, which won with F. Barrett in the saddle. I followed this up with 1,600 to 200 Good Night. Having collected my money, this brought us to the City and Suburban, and I went solely for Fullerton, the property of Sir George Chetwynd. The first bet I got was 7 to 1 to £300 with Ben Cooper. I then took 800 to 100 from Ben Hyams, and Bob Howett put £300 on for me at an average of about 8 to 1. Afterwards I went on to the course and saw them canter past, and returning to the ring took 800 to 100 more from the Brothers Dreysey, then at their zenith, and had £200 more on in broken sums, making a thousand altogether. From Tattenham Corner to the winning post the result of the race was never in doubt, and Fullerton won easily by two lengths. Then came the collecting. I had won nearly £8,000 on the race, and was stuffed with notes, so much so that I left a large balance owing to me standing. My betting did not end here. This was the mere greasing of the wheel which had set things in motion, and it was exhilarating to feel oneself going along once more after standing still for some six months. Woodburn, who had ridden Fullerton, had the mount on Chilwood in the next race, and following my luck, not without a few necessary inquiries, I had 3,000 to 1,000 Chilwood, and, following Fullerton’s example, he won by two lengths also. On the next race I lost

£1,000, but soon recouped myself from this temporary break by backing P. and O., perhaps on account of the many thousands of miles the P. and O. had carried me, but more than likely because I knew something, and taking all sorts of odds between 7 to 4 and 9 to 4 I won nearly £4,000 on the race. I had not another bet that day. To show what can be done, and more, what has been done, I started at the Epsom Spring Meeting, one of two days' duration, with a 'pony,' and won by playing up my winnings over £16,000."

Here is a companion picture from Flemington, Mr. Sievier, it will be seen, having returned to the business of bookmaker.

"I continued betting, and losing, and quite unconsciously found myself at the end of the fourth race with not enough money to pay out to everybody who had won. Suddenly realising this, I intimated to my clerk that he had better go and have a drink and take the book with him. This gave me breathing time, and I borrowed what little money I could, for like myself the fraternity were pretty well cleared out. On the return of my clerk I playfully abused him for not attending to business, and then started to pay out with a little less alacrity than usual. The numbers went up for the next race, and I fielded with foolhardy bravery. As is usual with most men who gamble, luck always runs in 'trots,' and up came the favourite again! This was a blow; not that I cared a snap for my losses, but the whole ring was cleared bang out by this last performance, and we were all running from one to the other trying to borrow. For once the ring was unanimous! The dodge of sending the clerk for a drink was of no avail, for he would have had to remain at the bar—or elsewhere—the whole day, so there was nothing left but to pay as much as I could. This I did, and when I came to the silver, all that was left, I took the satchel from my clerk's neck and scrambled the coins among the punters generally, finally throwing the satchel itself among them. I was well known, and the next day, as soon as the banks opened, I redeemed my credit. I have often laughed over this incident, and have as frequently been reminded of it." Possibly some of those who were at Flemington for the day only, and went away unpaid, did not entirely share Mr. Sievier's mirth.

In England once more one of the "impressions" which the author says sometimes came to him with highly profitable results arose when he saw Comedy win a Maiden Plate at Kempton Park in 1891. It occurred to him that she was just the sort of mare for the Cambridgeshire; he backed her to win him £16,000, and though ridden by a "chalk" jockey, as history reports she won. Epsom seems to have been his luckiest meeting, and the success of The Grafters in the City and Suburban benefited him to the tune of £33,000, which he followed up with another £20,000 at the

Newmarket First Spring, and by other good wins at Chester and Kempton.

The history of Sceptre was given in this magazine when she was in the zenith of her career, Mr. Sievier having kindly written the excellent article which created so much interest at the time. Speculation was rife as to whether the filly, for whom he paid 10,000 guineas, or Duke of Westminster, who cost 5,500 guineas, was the better of the two. Their first trial is published. The five-year-old Leonid carried 9 st., Sceptre and Duke of Westminster were in at even weights with the three-year-olds Kaffir Queen and St. Louvaine, all 8 st., and Sceptre won in a canter by half a dozen lengths, the Duke a couple of lengths in front of Leonid, the other two a long way behind. Everything about Sceptre is so well known that details need not be here repeated; but though Mr. Sievier owned, including Lavengro and Doochary, four of the best two-year-olds that had been in one man's possession for an indefinite period, both ends were far from meeting. He won in stakes in 1901 no less than £11,171; that he backed his horses freely may be judged from the specimens of his transactions which have been quoted; but he had a bad year, and was, indeed, in difficulties. The necessity of selling one of his treasures arose. John Porter asked him to put a price on Sceptre and "the Duke"; for the latter he asked 25,000 guineas, for the former a sum which he does not mention, though he declares it was too little; his idea being that this would arouse a suspicion that something was wrong with her. Probably he was right, at any rate "the Duke" was chosen, and he was left with 21,000 guineas and the filly. In course of time, and notwithstanding the fact that in 1902 he headed the list of winning owners with £23,668, he still was obliged to offer her for sale. The result of his deal with regard to four horses which he bought at the Duke of Westminster's sale was that he paid £22,890, while they yielded in stakes, added to the money he got for them, £79,125, a profit of £56,235.

A great deal of Mr. Sievier's book is devoted to the case "*Sievier v. Duke.*" Into this we do not propose to enter; nor will we discuss the cancelling of Mr. Sievier's presentation at Court, or the matter of the Imperial Yeomanry. Those who care to investigate these subjects will find them treated at length, and it perhaps need not be said that the author makes out an excellent case for himself. To the general reader these chapters will not be the most interesting part of the book, though if a man has the belief that he has been badly used it is perfectly natural that he should give his view. But the glimpses of inner Turf life which constitute the bulk of the volume will be found of absorbing interest by all who care for racing.

RECREATIONS OF A NATURALIST. By James Edmund Harting.
London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1906.

Mr. Harting's distinguished position as a naturalist will, of course, commend this work to a multitude of readers. Perhaps no one knows more than he of the birds and beasts which are still open to observation, and of the history of those which are extinct; and he has the knack of conveying his information in a most agreeable form. The volume consists of detached papers on all sorts of subjects. We pass from a chapter, "In Praise of Hawking," to "A Marsh Walk in May," and thence to an essay, "Wheatears on South Downs." The "English ortolan," as the little creature is called, was much more plentiful a century ago than now; there is, indeed, a story of a shepherd of East Dean, near Beachy Head, taking nearly a hundred dozen in one day—a nice little addition to his humble wages, as a dozen wheatears sold for 1s. 6d.

There is a chapter on "Antlers" which will be found interesting by those who are not well acquainted with the mysteries of the deer. It is indeed curious that when such multitudes of horns are annually shed so comparatively few are to be found, but that the deer eat them has, of course, been long beyond question. "The Ways of Grouse" is another essay which will attract sportsmen. Mr. Harting states that from the crop of a hen grouse he once took a mass of fresh heather-tops weighing two and a half ounces, and he calculates that to support a thousand brace of grouse at this rate a moor would have to yield a ton of heather-tops per week. With regard to the speed at which grouse fly, a well-known hawker, the late Major Fisher, when out one day with Mr. Harting, flew a trained falcon at a grouse, which saved itself by dashing into a plantation exactly a mile from the place where the bird rose. The flight was carefully timed by a stop watch, and the distance was covered in 58 seconds. As the falcon was doing all he knew to catch the bird, it may be assumed that the bird was doing all that it knew to escape its pursuer.

The idea that red-legged partridges are prone to attack their English cousins is generally exploded, though some naturalists believe that this enmity exists. Lord Walsingham denounces the "popular error" in the "Shooting" volume of the Badminton Library.

The horse is included in Mr. Harting's list of subjects. He has counted no fewer than 3,800 volumes devoted to the animal prior to the issue of the Badminton Library book on "Racing," and during the more than twenty years which have since elapsed a multitude of new ones have been added. Another popular error which Mr. Harting corrects is with regard to the "Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle." It is generally supposed to be part of

"The Boke of St. Albans," and to have been the earliest work on angling; as a matter of fact it was printed ten years after the issue of "The Boke," and the writer refers in it to earlier works. "Birds and Lighthouses" is another excellent chapter. One of the most wonderful sights in the world is the arrival of these migrants, and a graphic description is quoted from Mr. H. Seebohm. At half-past twelve one night he was awakened with the news that the migration had begun, and uninterruptedly for two hours innumerable birds swarmed past the lighthouse. Occasionally one fluttered against the glass and was caught by the lighthouse men. Mr. Seebohm says he can make no effort to guess how many hundreds of thousands went by. The lighthouse men, however, picked up nearly three hundred.

Mr. Harting's papers deal with sport and natural history beyond the seas. Some extracts are given from the journals of the late Mr. J. J. Pringle, truly described as "a noted American snipe-shooter." As readers are aware, the snipe takes a good deal of shooting, but in seven days in December 1887 Mr. Pringle bagged no fewer than 1,943. Records are given of twenty seasons; he was out in all 711 days, and picked up 69,087 snipe—an average of about three short of a hundred each day! He used No. 9 chilled shot, with sometimes No. 8 for the left barrel, and for a long time stuck to black powder, having always had a feeling that it shot stronger. Eventually, however, he abandoned it, though sometimes using black for the second barrel.

When Mr. Harting describes William the Conqueror as a *gourmand*, he probably means a *gourmet*, seeing that it was for serving an under-done crane that the king raised his fist to beat his steward. The question of the largest birds that fly is debated; as to the largest that ever lived, the extinct New Zealand Moa surely comes first, the creature having stood 10 ft. A table is given of existing species, but it is not absolutely complete—thus the Chili Condor has an expanse of wing of 15 ft., but neither the bird's length nor weight is given. The longest bird seems to be the wild swan—5 ft., with an 8 ft. expanse of wing and a weight of 25 lb. A bustard at any rate affords plenty of eating for those who fancy the dish—4 ft. 8 in. in length, 9 ft. in expanse of wing, and 30 lb. weight are his figures. In make and shape the bustard is in curious contrast to the heron, which with a 6 ft. expanse of wing only weighs from 5 to 5½ lb. This is not very much more than twice the weight of the comparatively small grouse, some having been killed in Orkney weighing as much as 30 oz.

The illustrations are fairly good, and enough has probably been said to induce readers with a love of natural history to make a note of Mr. Harting's book.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

SOME months since we published an account of a trip in the P. and O. Company's cruising yacht—if so large a ship can be so described—*Vectis*. This most comfortable vessel is to start again for a month's cruise in the Mediterranean on 4th October, visiting Sicily, Corfu, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens (Piræus), Naples, Villefranche, etc., an ideal expedition. From some of the ports sport of various kinds can be enjoyed; and the fares, from 30 guineas, are undeniably low. A shorter cruise (fourteen days) is also in prospect. This takes the voyager to Lisbon, Tangier, Gibraltar, Spain, the Balearic Isles, etc., and the fares range from 14 guineas, according to position of cabin. All details can be had at the Company's offices, Northumberland Avenue, or 122, Leadenhall Street.

* * * * *

We have lately mentioned several firms devoting themselves to motoring in various ways, and the Earl's Court Motor Garage Company, adjoining Earl's Court Station, should not have been omitted. They deal in every class of motor, and pride themselves specially on never misrepresenting facts. Cars can be hired for all periods, from an hour to a year. The charge for garage is 5s. a week, and there is room for 300 cars on the premises. Repairs of all descriptions are done under the superintendence of Mr. A. W. Hemmings, a thoroughly practical man. Those who have dealt with the Company speak of it in highly complimentary terms.

* * * * *

It is doubtless a fact that the expenses of motoring are frequently increased because owners of cars know nothing of their mechanism and working. Knowledge gained from an undeniable authority is an economy, and such an authority is Mr. W. W. Stanton of Messrs. Stantons, Ltd., 93, Gloucester Road, South Kensington. Several of his pupils have successfully passed the high tests of the Automobile Club, a most satisfactory proof of competence.

* * * * *

Followers of racing in the Midlands who like to back their fancies may depend upon the fairest treatment—not always obtainable from men whose names are most prominent—from Messrs. A. E. Aston & Co., of 24, Cheltenham Mount, Harrogate. Mr. Aston was for a long time an owner of horses, privately trained for him at the well-known establishment, Spigott Lodge, Middleham, but the business has grown to an extent which obliges him to give it all his attention, for the firm are stock and share brokers as well as commission

agents. Mr. Aston is a member of the Newmarket Subscription Rooms and various racing clubs, connection with which is in itself a guarantee.

* * * * *

Another Turf accountant in whose hands backers are safe is Mr. Robert Masters of Flushing, Holland, who not long since purchased the business of Mr. Alfred Crook, the oldest Continental firm, dating from 1848. There is an idea, which may have something in it, that better prices are often obtainable abroad than in England; and in any case bets won from Messrs. Masters, Crook & Co. are paid.

* * * * *

Most men know the discomfort of ill-fitting breeches; fewer realise the reverse, the satisfaction of a well-fitting pair, for the number of really competent makers, experience shows, is very small. The semi-riding knickers of Messrs. Reid Bros., Norfolk House, 209, Oxford Street, may be recommended in this connection. They are suitable for shooting, golfing, fishing, as well as for riding, and are made in all materials, including the special Garbetteen triple water-proofed and thorn-resistant. It is declared that if instructions for self-measurement are carefully observed the best results are obtainable.

* * * * *

You make up your mind to get up early, to go cub-hunting, perhaps, but when you wake the prospect is not alluring, and there is a strong temptation to stay in bed. An incentive to rising is the purchase of one of the quaintest and most ingenious little machines we have ever heard of—the Automatic Tea-maker (26e, Corporation Street, Birmingham) or Water-boiling Clock. You set the alarm for the hour you desire to be awakened, it sounds, at the same time it strikes a match and lights a spirit lamp; when the water boils, and not till then, the kettle tilts, the water is poured out, the light extinguished, and a second alarm sounds to tell you it is ready. One is often hard put to it to choose a present. Here is the idea.

* * * * *

Who does not want to save 20 per cent.? The Purchasers' Protection Company, 20, High Holborn, claim that they do this in fitting up, painting, decorating, and furnishing golf clubs, or, indeed, any description of buildings.

* * * * *

In commenting lately on Dr. Kissling's Non-Nicotine Cigars and Cigarettes we incorrectly gave the address as "25" Fore Street, E.C. It should be 15.

“HUNTING IN LONDON.”

WE publish the sixth and last instalment of this new competition which began in May. Twelve photographs of well-known buildings or localities have been given: all the competitor has to do is to write underneath each the name of the structure or place, tear out the pages, and send them, addressed “Hunting in London” Competition, *Badminton Magazine*, to 8, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C., not later than the first of December.

To the successful hunter who has named the entire twelve correctly

A PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

will be awarded, together with further prizes of

FIVE GUINEAS FOR SECOND,

and

TWO GUINEAS FOR THIRD.

In the event of several competitors gaining an equal number of marks, the money will have to be divided. Should no one name the whole twelve, the first prize will be awarded to whoever comes nearest.

The photographs for

“HUNTING IN LONDON,”

we may perhaps as well repeat, each represent some conspicuous View, House, or Object within four miles of Charing Cross.

It has not been our intention to be unduly puzzling by selecting out-of-the-way scenes. Each picture is of some place which thousands of people pass daily—how many of them really see what they pass the competition will help to show.

. Copies for May, June, July, August, and September, containing the first ten pictures of this new competition can be obtained from the “Badminton Magazine” Publishing Office, 6, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

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A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the October competition will be announced in the December issue.

THE AUGUST COMPETITION

The Prize in the August competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. E. Dodd, Newnham, Winchester; Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down; Mr. R. Whitbread, Victoria Barracks, Windsor; Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge; Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Miss Goddard, Farnham, Surrey; Mr. Bernard Grant, Leytonstone; Major W. M. Southey, 127th Baluch L.I., Chaman, Baluchistan; and Mr. G. Milne, Hawthornden, Ibroxholm, Glasgow.



THE HARVARD CREW AT BOURNE END

Photograph by Mr. E. Dodd, Newnham, Winchester



SALMON LEAPING AT TUMMEL FALLS, N.B.

Photograph by Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham



COUNTY DOWN STAGHOUNDS' POINT-TO-POINT RACES

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down



A TUG-OF-WAR

Photograph by Mr. R. Whitbread, Victoria Barracks, Windsor



A START AT LINCOLN

Photograph by Mr. F. H. Hutton, Lincoln



RUGBY FOOTBALL AT BEDFORD—"HANDING OFF"

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge



POLO AT OSTEND

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



THE HARVARD CREW AT PUTNEY

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



START OF THE SACK MÊLÉE—ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, OSBORNE

Photograph by Miss Lilian Hay, Fairholm, Ryde, Isle of Wight



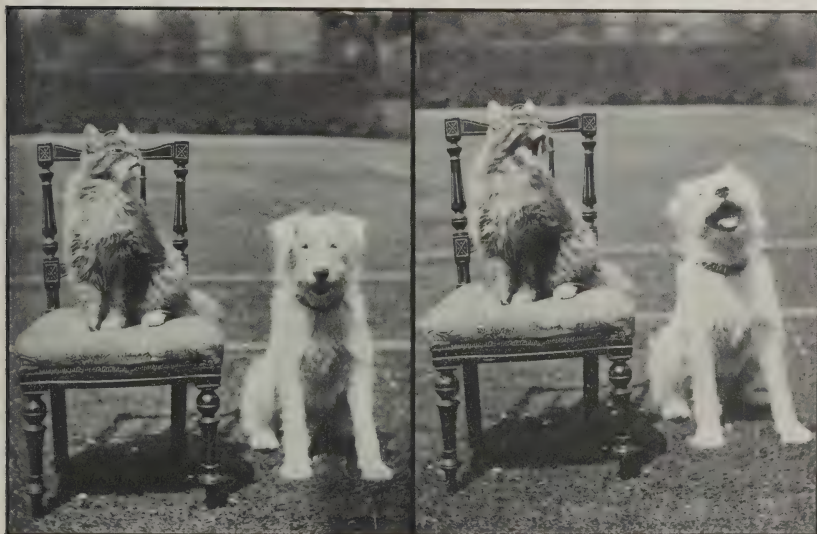
OXFORD UNIVERSITY POLO CLUB GYMKHANA—WRESTLING ON PONIES

Photograph by Mr. S. Carnelley, Southfields, Barnsley



THIRD TRINITY, HEAD OF THE RIVER AT CAMBRIDGE, PUTTING OFF—MR. R. V. POWELL, PRESIDENT C.U.B.C., IS "KICKING OFF" FROM THE SHORE

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, Emmanuel College, Cambridge



Are you ready?

THE DUET

Go!

Photograph by Miss Goddard, Farnham, Surrey



FINISH OF THE 100 YARDS HANDICAP AT THE ESSEX COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP
MEETING AT CHELMSFORD

Mr. F. W. Braley (No. 6) 1st, though the picture does not convey the impression; Mr. F. J. C. Shepherd
(No. 13) 2nd

Photograph by Mr. Bernard Grant, Leytonstone



BUSTARD, SHOT IN THE SOUTH OF SPAIN

Photograph by Mr. R. Whitbread, Victoria Barracks, Windsor



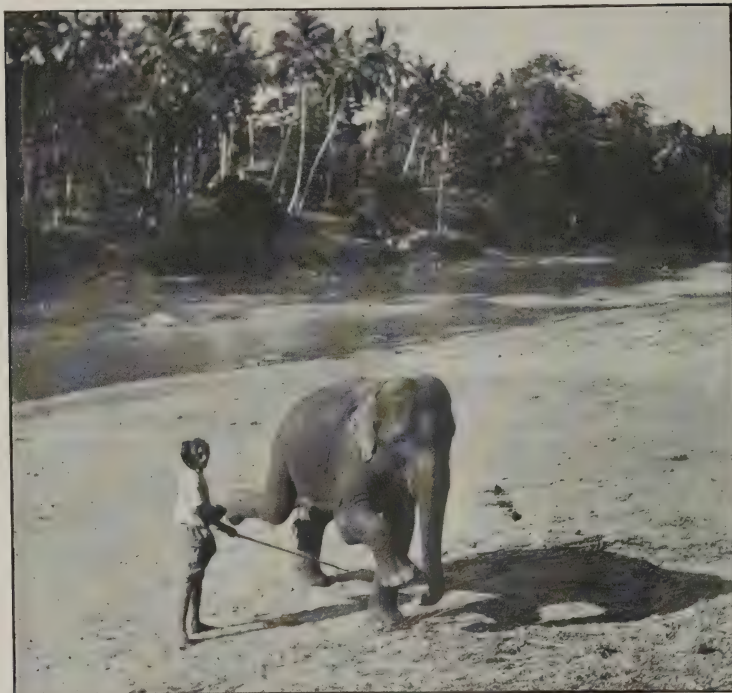
BATHING AT NEW CHAMAN ON THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY

Photograph by Major W. M. Southey, 127th Baluch L.I., Chaman, Baluchistan



THE HARVARD CREW AT BOURNE END

Photograph by Mr. E. Dodd, Newnham, Winchester



WELL SCHOOLED

A young elephant only two months in captivity

Photograph by Mr. R. M. Gladstone, The Farracks, Richmond, Yorkshire



START FOR THE CUTTER RACE OFF CALSHOT, ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB—"WHITE HEATHER" WON

Photograph by Miss M. C. Fair, Eskdale Vicarage, Cumberland



YACHTING IN THE HIMALAYAS—TAKEN AT NAINI TAL, INDIA

Photograph by Captain Roger North, 2nd East Surrey Regiment



EIDER DUCK ON NEST, FARNE ISLANDS

Photograph by Major R. Sparrow, 7th Dragoon Guards, Kingston Camp, Lewes



THE GARTH HUNT—IN FULL CRY

Photograph by Mr. E. Brooks, Guilford Street, W.



A GOOD JUMP AT ROYAL SCOTS GREYS' TOURNAMENT AT WISHAW

Photograph by Mr. G. Milne, Hawthornden, Ibroxholm, Glasgow



THE GRATELEY TRAINING STABLES

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

XIII.—CAPTAIN PERCY BEWICKE

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

It is a subject of complaint in some quarters that there is "too much racing." The point is hard to decide, for if various people were asked to draw the line and say what limits were desirable, we may be sure that the line would be drawn in different places. That meetings are numerous is, however, undeniable, consequently multitudes of amateurs ride races in the course of the year; a few, a very few, stand out; critical opinion as to the merit of most of them is seldom unanimous; with regard to Captain Percy Bewicke, however, absolute unanimity prevails. A good many years have passed since, in conjunction with my friend Mr. Arthur Coventry, I wrote the "Steeplechasing" book of the Badminton Library, and I have been very closely mixed up with the sport since, having had more than one lot of jumpers confided to my charge. When one is in a measure responsible for results, one looks at riding with extreme care, because, if not everything, at least a vast deal depends upon it.

I mention the fact to emphasise the statement that had I been privileged in the late '80's and early '90's to choose a rider, amateur or professional, for an important race, I would have taken Captain Percy Bewicke, had I been lucky enough to get him, in preference to anyone except, perhaps, let me say, Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies, with whom, as it happens, I had the pleasure of being intimately connected in 'cross-country sport. In training, trying, and riding horses I should not place Captain Bewicke second to anyone, but my admiration for Mr. Saunders-Davies is so strong that neither could I relegate him to a second place.

Just think what the standing out from a multitude of good horsemen means. The best among them have indomitable pluck,



THE STRING ON THE GORE, GRATELEY

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

constant practice, the advantage of the experience which is so all-important in race-riding; but they lack the—what shall I call it?—wonderful quickness of perception, instinct, inspiration, which raises the absolutely first-rate man so far above his accomplished fellows. I am inclined to think that, for some mysterious reason, cricket and steeplechase-riding are the only active things in which amateurs hold their own with professionals; and I say “active” to exclude such businesses as training horses, for at the time of writing an amateur trainer, Mr. George Lambton (a sketch of whose career opened this series of “Sportsmen of Mark”), is at the head of the list as having won by far most money in stakes with horses from his stable. Captain Bewicke was also, to all intents and purposes,



CAPTAIN PERCY BEWICKE

a trainer, for he had supreme command of the Cholderton horses for several years, and what was thought of them by those best qualified to judge—the ring, which had to pay out when they won—is abundantly proved by the prices that used invariably to be laid against any animals that were supposed to be fancied from Grateley. It was a most unwelcome, often a particularly exasperating, compliment to Captain Bewicke's skill and judgment.

The subject of this sketch was born in the North country, whither he has returned to live, at Close House, Wylam-on-Tyne, son of a country gentleman with a taste for all-round sport. There are not many English boys who do not get on a pony the first opportunity that offers; if there is a pack of hounds within reach, it is odds on the boy having a turn with them; and at the age of about ten Percy Bewicke became a tolerably regular follower of the Tynedale. We must presume that he had more than an average supply of nerve. One day it occurred to him in a moment of exuberance to see how it felt to ride sideways down a hill, and at the same time it occurred to his brother to see what would happen if he suddenly smote the pony hard across the quarters. Both gratified their curiosity. Percy's brother found that a pony so startled would run away; Percy found that if you were trying to balance yourself precariously you were apt to come off, and as a result of this little escapade he was laid out unconscious for twenty-four hours. As soon as he was able to ride again he did so, but the pony apparently thought running away rather good fun, for he bolted again, dashed close to a tree with a low protruding branch, which pulled his rider violently off, and a second knock out resulted.

Sent south to Harrow, the boy went in energetically for all the games that were to be played. He framed particularly well at cricket, was equally keen about football, distinguished himself at rackets, and played fives for his house. Destined for the service, he went to a tutor at Pau, where it happened, as it happens still, that there was a pack of hounds, and when they met the student was not invariably found devoting himself to preparation for a skirmish with the examiners.

In 1883 Mr. Bewicke was gazetted for the 15th Hussars, and part of his equipment appears to have been boots and breeches for race-riding. Of his first mount I have not a record, but his first win was on the 8th of May next year, when he carried off the 15th Hussars Subalterns' Challenge Cup on Mr. Coke's West Wind. Next day he rode his second winner, Mr. C. Browne's Sincerity, in the 15th Hussars Consolation Race, and soon afterwards purchased a five-year-old son of Victor, on whom, going farther afield, he won a Hunters' Hurdle Race at Plumpton. I did

not see these exploits; it is said by those who did that in spite of the successes Mr. Bewicke's displays by no means impressed observers favourably; but there has always been a quiet determination about him which suggests one of the few points of ignorance in his character—a failure to understand when he is beaten at anything to which he has devoted his best energies. He intended to go in for sport under what were then called Grand National Hunt Rules, and those who knew him best were most convinced that he would make his way. His friends put him up, and he bought two or three horses for himself, scoring his fourth win at Kempton on his own mare Primula in the Sunbury Handicap Hurdle Race. It was at



JOHN POWNEY'S HOUSE, GRATELEY

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

Kempton also this year that the 15th Hussars had their meeting; for the second time he carried off the Subalterns' Challenge Cup on Mr. Beauclerk's Cheemaunan, and it may here be observed that Bewicke proceeded to farm this race, for next year he won it on his own horse, Helmet, and in 1887 on his own mare Mermaid. He was indeed beginning to make his name known, and one of his early rides was on the famous jumper Roquefort, who, however, being a wayward animal, was not taking any on this occasion, and declined to jump. That sound judge, the late John Jones of Epsom, himself a rider of exceptional merit, was not slow in recognising the young soldier's capacity, and when a gentleman

rider's services were sought the mounts were always pressed upon Mr. Bewicke. He was responsible for the purchase of Mr. P. Coke's Forest King, a horse who did excellent service for owner and jockey. He carried off a Qualification Hunters' Steeplechase at Leicester in February 1887, another race of the same sort at Four Oaks Park in March, and next month a Consolation Steeplechase at Wetherby, though why Forest King should have wanted consolation is the less clear for the reason that he seemed to have things pretty



CAPTAIN PERCY BEWICKE

much his own way about this period, and Mr. Bewicke, who it may be incidentally remarked was accustomed to bet, must have had a pretty good meeting at Wetherby that April. Forest King was indeed beaten a head in the first race, but he won later in the afternoon, and on the day following Mr. Bewicke rode in four races and won them all, the Subalterns' Challenge Cup as aforesaid on his own Mermaid, and three consecutive races to follow, while Forest

King kept things going by successes at Sandown and twice at Dunstall Park.

By this time it does not appear that Mr. Bewicke had much to learn; he had acquired the knack of getting hold of useful horses, of placing them, and of riding them to victory; and thus in 1889, with a limited stable, he won four races on Wild Meadow, the same number on Cigar, and a couple on Forest King, in addition to a few single events. The year following was one of his best, for he had purchased Cameronian, on whom for the first time he won what was oddly called the "Second Class Hunters' Flat Race" at Plumpton. If Cameronian was a second-class hunter, one would like to know, just as a matter of innocent curiosity, where the first-



THE SCHOOLING GROUND, GRATELEY

(*Photograph by W. A. Rouch*)

class steeplechase horse comes in? Cameronian's breeding was not entirely despicable: he was a son of Isonomy and Twine the Plaiden; perhaps, indeed, one might go so far as to say a better-bred animal was not easily discoverable, seeing that the dam was a daughter of Blair Athol; but by what were then the rules of racing under the National Hunt, Cameronian was a hunter. This Plumpton win was the first of a dozen victories on him in his owner's red, white, and black stripes; and reverting to what has been said about Mr. Bewicke's habit of backing his horses, it may be assumed that he was an exceedingly remunerative purchase. I hope I am betraying no secret in saying that for a Hunters' Hurdle Race at Sandown

Mr. Bewicke had what was a dash, even for him. The race seemed a certainty, but Cameronian was a wayward animal; he had his good days and his bad days, and when they had gone a very little way his rider was sorely disturbed to find that this was one of the very worst days Cameronian had ever known—he simply declined to gallop at all. At the pay-gate on the other side of the course he was tailed off about thirty lengths, and his rider, who had got a nice price (for Bloodstone with poor Roddy Owen up, and The Midshipmite ridden by Sensier, were both in the race), recognised the fact that 100 to 1 against him would have been comparatively short odds. There was nothing to be done but to sit and suffer. Suddenly, however, the horse took it into his head to go, and turning into the straight was galloping as kindly as possible on the rails. This was all very well, but three horses were close together in front of him, and his rider was just despairing of getting through when they opened out, so that being able to take his place he won comfortably. The four-year-old The Primate was another winner whose acquaintance he made at this period. The Primate was also a hunter, and as a four-year-old won a hurdle race devoted to his supposititious class at Derby; but what sort of a hunter he really was is shown by the fact that in the Grand National of 1892, Cloister being favourite at 11 to 2, The Primate with Captain Bewicke up was freely supported at 100 to 14, he, it may be remarked, still in the hands of Captain Bewicke, having beaten Cloister at Gatwick in the Metropolitan Steeplechase.

The Primate was a somewhat flippant and casual sort of horse who would not attend to business unless he were in the humour. One day when a race seemed a gift for him and he had been backed accordingly, he galloped gaily along playing with his bit and looking about him, when he appeared to be astonished at finding a fence some lengths in front. He had apparently not been expecting anything of the sort, and taking off forthwith just landed on top, where he had to remain till his chance was out. On the other hand at Sandown in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase of 1893 a stroke of luck befell his friends. Some distance from home the uncomfortable fact was forced on Captain Bewicke that he was badly beaten. Marienbad, joint favourite with The Primate, and Old Coin, a useful horse in receipt of a stone, had the race between them, when at the last fence but one they both toppled over, leaving The Primate to lob home at his leisure.

1891 and 1892 were Captain Bewicke's best years, he having headed the list of gentlemen riders with thirty-seven and thirty-eight wins respectively. He had bought Magic, the once good horse with which His Majesty had won the Lancashire Handicap

Steeplechase, now descended to the ranks of selling platers, and descended so far that there was rarely a bid for him when he had won; but Captain Bewicke succeeded in getting half a dozen races out of this wreck of excellence. In 1891 moreover another of the horses with which his name is associated came to the fore. This was Lady Helen, a daughter of Rhiddoroch. She was the property of Captain Dundas, who won several races on her himself, but on occasions turned her over to his friend, who, if I remember, bought her for Captain Dundas, with the best results. On her amongst other races he won the big Manchester 'Chase in 1896,



CAPTAIN PERCY BEWICKE GOING OUT HUNTING

and incidentally the Irwell Handicap next day; as also the Irish International Steeplechase at Leopardstown. There was an enormous fence on this course the safe "negotiation" of which was always problematical, but Lady Helen managed it.

It is the ambition of every soldier to win the Grand Military Gold Cup. Captain A. E. Whitaker in 1891 asked Captain Bewicke to look out for a likely horse for this event, and with much discretion he hit on Ormerod, a son of Edward the Confessor, whose early schooling I recollect watching at Danebury. The deal was effected, and the four-year-old won comfortably, beating

amongst others the National winner Why Not, with Roddy Owen in the saddle. Captain Bewicke as a matter of fact had won on Why Not earlier in the year, and he had a successful ride afterwards on another National winner, the absurdly-named Wild Man from Borneo. The most valuable prize which he secured this season, however, was the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase, for the second year, on that handsome and business-like son of Ascetic, Roman Oak. It was only by a short head that Captain Bewicke got home from the favourite Carrolls-town, but as has been remarked, a short head is far enough when it is the right way. It is as certain as anything can be in Steeplechasing—which is not, however, the most certain of games—that Captain Bewicke would have won the Grand Military Gold Cup with his useful horse called Red Hussar. It will readily be understood that his owner was well able to sum up the form, and he believed that the horse could not be beaten, but a few days before the race, while jumping the last fence but one in a quiet home school, his leg snapped on landing.

I have been recording successes, but there is another side to the slate. Cameronian was once thought the best of all possible good things for a hurdle-race, and I think I remember hearing at the time that his owner and rider had £1,000 on him. He was rather a shifty horse, with an awkward habit of trying to bolt out to the right; and in order that he might not do so on this occasion, Captain Bewicke carefully placed him to the left of two horses who were just in front of him on sufferance; he could have passed them at any moment, and his rider proposed to do so after landing over the last hurdle, but for the first time in his life Cameronian bolted out to the *left*, and the good thing came undone. Another dash that ended disastrously was on Forest King. He had won his race on the first day of the meeting, and his owner was comfortably confident that the 10 lb. extra would not stop him the second day, but he broke a blood-vessel and fell, knocking his jockey completely out for the time. He was carried to the weighing-room, and when he recovered heard the horse was dead, so sent for his feet and tail as mementoes; but it had occurred to other observers of the catastrophe that they would be memorials of the event, and the horse was footless and tailless before Captain Bewicke's messenger arrived.

Other horses which have helped to make his reputation, and on whom, if it may be put in that way, he has returned the compliment, are, notably, Stop, Soliman, and principally General Peace, who was never beaten over hurdles and undoubtedly ranks as best of all.

In 1896 Captain Bewicke won the Sandown Grand Prize on Stop, and four hurdle-races on Soliman, on whom, moreover, he won the big hurdle-race at Auteuil in the following June. Some of the advertising tipsters, it appears, by no means shared Captain Bewicke's confidence; it may be, of course, that he knew most about it, but they did not think so, and one of them, a man named Prichard, went out of his way to advertise his contempt for the son of St. Simon and Alibech. "Prichard," he announced, "has no fear of Soliman; Parties concerned will after the race Wish they Had Kept Soliman in Hampshire." The Grande Course de Haies d'Auteuil was worth £3,104 that time, and though Soliman



FOULMART LAW

started at 5 to 2 in a field of thirteen, a better price had previously been obtainable; so, seeing that the horse won in a canter by half a dozen lengths, Mr. Prichard's subscribers, if he had any, can scarcely have congratulated him.

It was in 1900 that General Peace followed Soliman's example. I chanced to be in Paris, and, of course, saw the race; but by this time it had come to be understood what was meant when Captain Bewicke went over with what he considered a good thing, and General Peace started at 5 to 4 on. I remember a description of Soliman's race—going back twelve months—given me by a French friend, the Marquis des Farges, who wrote about racing

under the name of "Touchstone," and wrote excellent English, though in speaking he was apt to express himself quaintly. "It was absurd to see," he told me, "your Captain Bewicke coming up the straight thinking not at all of the race; that was done long since; he was thinking—what you will—perhaps what he would have for his dinner!" General Peace, however, was not the horse at Auteuil he became afterwards. You cannot make an absolutely first-class hurdle jumper in a year, but he grew into a real smasher, and Captain Bewicke speaks of him in terms of the most cordial admiration. There was running at this time a good grey hurdler named Friary, whom many readers will remember in England and Ireland. He was the sort of animal who was put to carry 12 st. 7 lb. over the sticks; indeed, as a matter of fact, he won the big Hurdle Race at the Curragh with 12 st. 9 lb.; and General Peace could give him a stone and a beating.

In all, from his modest beginnings in 1884 to his finish in 1897, though it should be added that during the last three years of his career he seldom appeared in the saddle, Captain Bewicke won 203 races, under National Hunt Rules, of the value of £28,347.

It is probable that Captain Bewicke was on the back of the animal who made biggest jump on record. Old Chandler is credited with having covered 39 ft. This is an anecdote quoted from the Badminton Library "Steeplechasing" volume which I took from a letter Captain Bewicke kindly wrote to me in answer to a request for certain details:—

"The biggest jump I ever knew," he says, "was at Plumpton, when I rode Homeward Bound, a little horse only just over fifteen hands. On jumping into the racecourse out of the country some horse came down in front of Homeward Bound, who attempted to clear the fallen animal, with the result that his legs were kicked away from under him, and he too fell. Homeward Bound was "knocked out," and could not rise. I picked myself up, however, and measured the distance from the fence to where the horse had fallen—a careful measurement, not including the ground over which he had slipped after the fall. It was 33 ft.; but allowing for the thickness of the fence, 3 ft., and putting the distance he must have stood back, in order to clear the height of the jump, at 6 ft., he must have covered at least 42 ft. in all." Captain Bewicke was talking about it to me not long since, and describing his surprise when he came to himself—for he was knocked out as well as the horse—and saw how far he was from the fence.

Of his successes in the saddle under Jockey Club Rules I cannot get an accurate return, but "hands," one of the great but inexplicable secrets of race-riding, stood him in good stead on the flat. An

instance of this came directly into my experience. A connection of mine who had a stable of horses in training sent one to Stockbridge a few years since, and asked me to find him a jockey, the animal being entered in one of the Club races to be ridden by members. The horse in question was of the most uncertain disposition, if that be a correct way of saying that he was practically certain not to gallop—he had won a single race in three years, and that because all the other jockeys pulled up at the wrong post on the July Course at Newmarket, Kempton Cannon, then a light weight, being the only one who knew where the race finished.



WILD LAD

Naturally I asked Captain Bewicke to ride, and no less naturally he asked me if the horse had a chance, as he had intended to start one of his own whose prospects were remote. I told him that the creature could win easily if he cared to do so, but the probability was so slight that I should back him for the merest trifle. Captain Bewicke kindly accepted, however, and the verdict was "in a canter by six lengths."

In 1895 Captain Bewicke purchased the Cholderton Estate and the training grounds which had previously been occupied, amongst others, by William Day. It was here that Foxhall was trained for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, though at this time the stables had

not been built, and the famous American-bred horse had his quarters at an inn in the village of Shipton. About this inn, by the way, a curious story is told. A man was killed just outside it, in the presence of several people, but no one could tell what killed him, on what day he died, or in what county. The explanation of the puzzle is that the boundary of two counties runs through the building; the clock was just about to strike twelve when the man, who was engaged in a fight, was knocked down by a violent blow under the feet of the leaders of a coach which drew up as midnight tolled. Whether he was killed by the blow or by the horses' hoofs and on which side of twelve o'clock he died, were uncertain.

To resume, however. Captain Bewicke, backed up by Captain F. Bald, Mr. G. A. Prentice, Mr. Cresswell, Mr. Straker, poor Reggie Ward, and other friends, started quietly. The first year showed five wins, all the horses being ridden by Maguire, who was attached to the stable; £734 being the total in stakes. Next year the stable won fifteen races, the most important being the Kempton Two-Year-Old Plate, which fell to Hampton Wick, and Captain Bewicke himself won at Gatwick and Hurst on Stop, and at Stockbridge on Skill. Things improved next season, twenty races worth £3,594 were secured, Captain Bewicke taking the International Breeders' Stakes at Kempton with Wylam. Madden rode fourteen of the winners, Captain Bewicke a couple, and Sloan was on Ocean Rover in the Friary Nursery at Derby. General Peace and Little Eva did most in 1898, and the horse led off brilliantly by taking the Lincolnshire Handicap, contributing £1,444 to the £4,315 to which the wins added up. In 1900 Ocean Rover carried off the Esher Handicap at Sandown, worth £830. General Peace, Spring Duke, and Combe Martin also scored at Sandown, as did Ocean Rover, Giglio, and Sauce Jug at Epsom; whilst under National Hunt Rules General Peace won four races worth £3,832, Captain Bewicke riding him in the Maiden Hurdle Race (£410) at Hawthorn Hill, and also in the Paris Hurdle Race (worth £2,572) by which time he had passed into the possession of Mr. Prentice. The year 1901 opened with another success in the Lincolnshire Handicap; Captain Bald's Little Eva winning in the hands of Madden, who won fifteen of the twenty-one races which credited the stable with £6,343; Captain Bewicke making two rare appearances in the saddle at Salisbury and Goodwood, where he won on Gollanfield and Giglio. In these seven years exactly 100 races on the flat were won by horses trained at Grateley, the grand total being £22,062.

For reasons which need not be entered upon, Captain Bewicke then gave up the place and went to live in the North of England to manage the stable of his friend the late Mr. Charles Perkins, who

met with a fatal motor accident on what was, I believe, almost the first time he ever rode in a car, and died leaving a number of horses to Captain Bewicke, whose name still finds a place in the list of winning owners. Last year, indeed, it was as the winner of a single race, but in 1904 he was credited with seven events, albeit of no great importance, their value being £894.

He is probably not quite so keen as he used to be about racing, but plays a good deal of cricket, and is a very fine shot. At Aldershot he had a very good average as a batsman, and a few years since made his mark as a polo player. The 15th won the All-Ireland



THE DRIVE AND STABLES, FOULMART LAW

Challenge Cup, the team consisting of Captains John Hargreaves, Dundas, Bewicke, and Mr. De Crespigny, and they were also in the final for the Grand Military at Hurlingham. Captain Bewicke playing back. The team of which he was a member were once carrying all before them when the game was brought to a sudden end by Captain Bewicke's pony falling head over heels and knocking him out, whilst almost at the same time Captain Dundas's pony crossed his legs and fell heavily, breaking his rider's collar-bone. Concussions and broken collar-bones are the worst accidents Captain Bewicke has met with, he never having fractured an arm or a leg.

Stalking is one of his favourite sports, and once he had a curious experience. He made out a stag on the hill a long way above him, and stalking up to it got in a shot, which was apparently fatal. When they reached the beast he was lying with his hind legs stretched out behind him as if his back were broken, but was not quite dead. Captain Bewicke was about to finish him off, when the stalker begged him not to shoot for fear of disturbing the forest, and produced a knife with which to put the creature out of its pain. Captain Bewicke laid down his rifle, but while preparations were being made for the *coup de grâce* the stag began to wriggle on bit by



CLIFTONHALL

bit. "This beast is getting better," Captain Bewicke said, "I must go back for the rifle." By the time he had got it the stag was some three hundred yards away, falling and getting up again; he was apparently making for a burn which ran some half-mile off, but before Captain Bewicke could get in another shot he had disappeared in the inequalities of the ground. The idea was that he must be lying down somewhere, for it seemed certain that he was fatally wounded; but the most careful search, long continued by sportsman and stalker, was without result—the stag never being seen by either of them again. The moral of this seems to be that it is

indiscreet to conclude that you have killed a stag unless you know he is dead.

Nothing has been said of Captain Bewicke as a rider to hounds since his boyhood, as this really seems unnecessary. If not absolutely a sieve in the way of dispensing Turf information, he is very ready to do a friend a good turn, and when he expresses confidence in an animal's success it is extremely probable that it will win. Of course, many people are absolutely unscrupulous about touting owners, and the fact of a horse being fancied is spread about with wonderful rapidity, the natural consequence being a cramped price. Here, for



CAPTAIN BEWICKE AT HOME

instance, is a specimen of a letter which Captain Bewicke received from an absolute stranger in May 1900. "Sir,—I am advised to back your horse, General Peace, for the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap *heavily*, but before doing so I thought I would ask you if the horse is a certain runner, and if you think it will be returned the winner. I shall indeed consider it a very great favour if you will kindly answer my questions, which information I may mention will be kept strictly private, as I am not a tipster, and only bet quite privately. Thanking you in anticipation, yours truly, J.R.C." For cool impudence it would be hard to beat this.



SALMON-FISHING IN NEWFOUNDLAND

BY LORD HOWICK

FOR the benefit of those who have never visited Newfoundland, the oldest and for a hundred years the only British possession outside the United Kingdom, it may not be out of place to begin by mentioning a few particulars about this colony. The island contains 250,000 inhabitants, chiefly scattered round the coast; a railway of over 600 miles which traverses the island, touching successively the heads of the various great ocean inlets on both the east and west coasts; a beneficent Government whose pecuniary needs do not compel the would-be fisher even to take out a fishing licence; and lastly, a summer climate which, if sometimes rather hotter than its English brother, is more often just as temperate.

If, after reading this article, anyone who is in need of a holiday and fond of fishing is induced to spend it in Newfoundland, I feel certain he will not regret it. For the island is as hospitable as it is beautiful, and the free waters of its rivers contain innumerable fish. It is therefore hardly a matter for surprise if, during the best part of the fishing season, i.e. June and July, room to throw a fly on the popular rivers is somewhat hard to find. Most of the "Sports," as the visitors who come to shoot or fish are called, are Americans, and their number is increasing every year. They confine their attentions, however, to the better-known rivers. To secure fishing room on one of these in June it is necessary to camp by the side of a pool, and then to push the adage that possession is nine points of the law to its extreme interpretation. Of course, this does not mean that you only fish in one pool. Mr. Brown, who is camped on the pool above you, and Mr. Jones, from the pool below, are just as

anxious for variety as you are, and a consequent interchange of visits up and down the river is easily arranged.

But these favourite rivers are only a few of the many Newfoundland streams which tempt the salmon from the sea. The fisherman who dislikes fighting for his place, and is not too much in love with the comforts of civilisation, has only to take a little trouble and he may rely on finding some waters yet unknown to fame which will give him all that he wants. In our case, however, this was not necessary. The rush was over, and we had practically our pick of all the pools on the west coast. We were also more than fortunate in that we were treated by the Messrs. Reid, who built and own the Reid-Newfoundland Railway Company, as their guests, a train being placed at our disposal with every luxury, including an excellent cook.

After some discussion with Mr. Cobb, a Scotsman who left his native land seventeen years ago to be Mr. Reid's most trusty lieutenant, and who very kindly directed operations during our stay, our choice fell on the Grand River at the junction of its north and south branches. This is one of the largest of Newfoundland salmon rivers, and has some fine pools. There are no real rapids as Canadians understand the term. The course lies down a winding valley thickly wooded the whole way, with blue hills in the near distance. Occasionally the banks become precipitous, with smooth black water gliding under them; but more often it is a bright, shallow river. And very bright and very shallow we found it. The salmon could easily be counted as they swung in the stream, and our hopes, which had never been high—for every one we had met had told us the season was over—sank still lower. The first morning found us at the famous Forks Pool. It was at this pool that a former Governor of Newfoundland spent a long morning displaying all his choicest wares to what looked like a monster as it moved in succession to half a dozen flies. Eventually he had to retire defeated, promising himself revenge in the evening. Evening came, and with it a beautiful south-west breeze which was just breaking the surface as he reached the bank. But the surface was also being broken by something else—no less than the last heavy rolls of a dying salmon, his salmon, and the Governor turned with black envy in his heart to survey the fisherman who had robbed him of his promised revenge. Then did envy give place to admiration. His supplanter was the unconsidered scrubby urchin whose fascinated attention from the bank had caught his notice in the morning. His rod had been cut on the banks, his reel had been commandeered from an old coil of telegraph wire, his line had come from England tied outside brown paper parcels, and who shall say what his fly had

been! A less good sportsman than the Governor would have been mortified. He only asked the boy what use he would make of a real rod. "Catch every fish in the river!" was the confident reply, and very soon afterwards the wherewithal to make good his boast reached the happy lad.

But my experience was more like the Governor's. I watched many a salmon in the Forks Pool, and that was the extent of our acquaintance. The first day's fishing yielded seven grilse, averaging a little over three pounds each. The next day we migrated to the north branch. Surely when the railway was built the needs of fishers were remembered. The Grand River, and also Harry's Brook which we visited later, both run parallel and close to the track for many miles, and the traffic is not so heavy but that it permits of an engine moving up and down the line from pool to pool. This morning half an hour in our train and a ten-minutes' scramble along a rough trail landed me at the Siding Pool, a small, deep pool, twenty-five yards long, with a steep bank on one side and a shelving beach on the other. I should say that throughout our trip my sister used a ten-foot trout rod, or "pole," to use the local term, and I used a nine-foot split cane Hardy rod with steel centre weighing eight ounces. We both used strong trout tackle. I do not pretend that this was the way to catch the greatest number of fish, and there were certainly some pools, such as the Dump Pool on Harry's Brook, where something stronger was absolutely necessary. But on the whole, unless a record catch is aimed at, most fun is to be got in Newfoundland with light tackle. Many people, however, seem to prefer a fourteen-foot rod, and they have this argument in their favour, that a longer rod makes easier wading.

During the earlier part of the season the general run of salmon seem to be from ten to fifteen pounds, and in the absence of heavy water the odds should not be on their side when well hooked on a small rod. A fish of over twenty pounds is rare. Were I to go to Newfoundland again I should take a nine-foot and a fourteen-foot rod, and also a landing-net for grilse. We had no such net with us, and a gaff does not give very satisfactory results with three and four pound fish.

To return to the Siding Pool. It was 8.30 when my No. 7 Jock Scott first lit on the water. Two hours later my guide left that strip of water twenty-five yards long with fourteen grilse hanging over his back. They averaged three and a half pounds each, and most of them took about four minutes to land. They fought very hard, and it was not at all unusual for a fish to jump right out of the water seven or eight times. Had I killed every one I hooked, the death roll would have been increased to twenty-one. My sister

fished this pool again a few days later and killed a salmon there and four or five more grilse. She was also treated to a splendid view of a bull caribou with a fine head still in velvet. It came down to the river to drink not twenty yards from where she was standing. The fresh tracks, too, in a patch of sand of a small black bear showed that she might have seen one of these animals as well, had she been there earlier in the morning. Caribou-shooting begins on August 1, so that when fishing comes to an end the natural thing for a visitor to do is to try his hand at stalking. His fishing gillie is even more competent to be his stalker and to guide him on to the high barren lands, which, as I did not see them, I cannot describe. The herds of caribou on these uplands are reported to be immense, but the caribou not being so well versed as the salmon in the art of self-preservation he receives protection from the Government. Every sportsman is obliged by law to have a guide and also a licence for which he pays \$50 and which entitles him to kill three caribou only, bulls, cows, or calves. The guides in their turn have to be licensed and are subject to very heavy penalties if their charge exceeds his limit. The native Newfoundlanders in the same way are restricted to three animals for food purposes, the difference in their case being that they pay nothing. The caribou therefore is well protected. So would the salmon appear to be; for by recent regulations nets are not allowed to be set within a hundred yards of the mouths of rivers. The Government is to be congratulated on this most wise provision, which it is to be hoped will be rigidly enforced both in the interests of the island and of fishing visitors. Other countries might copy it with great advantage.

When the Newfoundland rivers become better known the Government may perhaps find it necessary to reserve the fishing for those who are willing to pay for it; but I cannot help hoping that they will for some time be able to resist the temptation to increase their revenue in this way. And indeed I think it would be to their advantage to maintain the present conditions in their essentials. By all means let a ten or twenty dollar tax be imposed on anyone coming to Newfoundland to fish; of this nobody could complain. It would be a thousand pities, however, to go further and alienate the fishing from the public. In the attraction offered by its free waters lies Newfoundland's best hope of becoming known as it deserves, and as year by year more fishermen come to the country more money will be spent there and its reputation will grow like a rolling snowball. And the world will, as usual, be surprised when it at length realises what charms have been lying quite ignored under its very nose.

The third day of our stay saw a welcome break in the weather, and a good rain gave promise of better fishing at an early date. The

river rose very rapidly in the afternoon, and by the evening was quite a foot higher. On a microscopic scale the conformation of the country resembles that of South Africa, in that a narrow belt of country along the sea-board sees a quick rise on to a comparatively high and level plateau. Hence the rapid response of the river to the change of weather. Next morning the psychological moment had arrived, for the water was beginning to go down, and we talked glibly over our breakfast of broken records. After this confession the reader will be quite prepared to hear that I returned to luncheon with one grilse only, having seen absolutely nothing else. My sister, however, whose beat for the day included the Seven Mile and Five Mile Pools, was luckier. She brought back two salmon of 10 lb. each. In the evening we each added one salmon to the bag and my sister lost another one, making the day's catch four salmon and nine grilse, weight 67 lb.

So ended the week. Sunday found us at the Bay of Islands amidst scenery which must be, I imagine, not unlike a Norwegian fiord. The inner half of the bay is a narrow inlet about two miles broad and six miles long with very broken mountains rising straight out of the sea. Into the upper end flows the Humber River. The railway winds along the shore and then follows the course of the stream for twelve miles up to where the last reach of the river leaves the Grand Lake. We took a small boat up on the train one afternoon, and were then swept home again by a ten-knot current. A glorious full moon piloted us, after the sun had gone down in a blaze of colour, and it was hard to say which made the more beautiful picture. The great feature of this particular bit of the Humber scenery is the Marble Mountain. It towers up almost perpendicularly to some two thousand odd feet, standing as a sentinel at the mouth of the river; and although not really any higher than the other mountains which form an avenue for the Humber to pass through, it gains distinction through being the only one not covered with trees. The rock is limestone, and the effect of its colouring and markings seen from a distance is quite sufficient to account for its name.

The outer half of the bay is even more picturesque than the inner half. It broadens out into a large and safe harbour, and preserves the setting of high and very broken mountains. The bay itself is full of islands, some of them flat, but more of them great lumps of land rising to a good height, and all of them covered with trees. It was a wild day as we steamed out of the bay, and squalls kept rushing down the mountain sides on to the water, making it too unpleasant to cruise about and explore; but under more normal and attractive conditions one could idle away a few days there very pleasantly, especially if one were fond of sketching.

The last half of our stay in Newfoundland was spent at the Log Cabin, which had a great advantage over our otherwise most comfortable train quarters. From here we fished Harry's Brook, and I most strongly recommend anyone going to Newfoundland and knowing nothing of the country to put himself into Mr. Dodds's hands. Mr. Dodds is an Englishman, and he makes it his business to know all that there is to know about all the rivers—what rods are on what water, when the last run of fish came up from the sea, and everything that a fisherman wishes to hear to help him to decide where he shall go. He also provides camping outfits and guides, etc., at the moderate charge of six dollars a day, which includes board and residence in a most comfortable house, and a free pass to some large strawberry beds in the garden. His address is Log Cabin, Spruce Brook, Bay of Islands, Newfoundland.

The sport we had here does not call for a detailed account. It was very much the same as on the Grand River, with the difference that Harry's Brook being a later river we caught more salmon. This distinction, however, would not apply earlier in the season, when I should much prefer the Grand River owing to the larger size of the pools and the easier wading, Harry's Brook having a very slippery and rocky bottom. The rain of the previous week had been general all over the island, and for the first two days there was rather too much water. We started well; for, as I called to my sister from the train to come up to breakfast, she stuck fast in a fish which proved to be a sulker. Her light trout rod was incapable of moving it, and after twenty minutes' wait we decided to see what effect a few well-directed stones would have. The result was magical, and five seconds later we were bundling down some rapids, through nearly two feet of water, and the line was getting perilously near its end. The going was awful, and the guide did his best to hold up my sister on one side while I did the same on the other. More than half the backing was out before the salmon dwelt for a moment, and when at last we got on terms with him again, half a mile from the start, my sister's condition made it far more probable that the salmon would pull her into the water than *vice versâ*, and I could certainly not have lifted a finger to save her. Luckily for us he determined to sulk again, and so, throwing away his best chance, paid the penalty after a fight of eighty-four minutes. This fish was unlucky in being killed, for the rapids continued for two miles, and had he gone on much further we should never have lived with him. He turned the scale at 11 lb. That day I killed a fish a trifle smaller in the same pool. He too sulked, but nothing would have induced me again to try the experiment of stoning, and we stayed in the pool for sixty-five minutes. In the evening I had a

very lively twenty minutes' fight in the Dump Pool with a beauty fresh from the sea, but my tackle was too weak to prevent him from coiling the line round a big rock in water too deep for me to wade after him, and I came home minus the fly.

Altogether in Harry's Brook I killed three salmon and hooked and lost six or seven others. My sister did not get so many chances, and, I think, killed the only other one that rose to her fly. It is worth while giving a full record of our catch; but to anyone who does me the honour to read this short account I would say, please remember that the fishing season was considered practically over before we reached the island. One man was quoted to us as having killed 167 salmon in June, and the bag was not regarded as in any way exceptional.

			Fish.	lb.
July 25	-	Lady Sybil Grey	3 grilse	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
		Self	4 „	11 $\frac{3}{4}$
			<hr/> 7	<hr/> 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
July 26	-	S. G.	3 grilse	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
		H.	17 „	53
			<hr/> 20	<hr/> 62 $\frac{1}{2}$
July 27	-	S. G.	2 trout	5
		H.	8 grilse	25 $\frac{3}{4}$
			<hr/> 10	<hr/> 30 $\frac{3}{4}$
July 28	-	S. G.	3 salmon	29 $\frac{1}{4}$
			4 grilse	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
		H.	1 salmon	10
			5 grilse	16 $\frac{3}{4}$
			<hr/> 13	<hr/> 67 $\frac{1}{2}$
July 30	-	S. G.	1 salmon	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
			3 grilse	11 $\frac{3}{4}$
		H.	1 salmon	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
			6 grilse	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
			<hr/> 11	<hr/> 53
August 1	-	S. G.	1 salmon	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
			5 grilse	17
			1 trout	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
		H.	8 grilse	27 $\frac{1}{2}$
			2 trout	4
			<hr/> 17	<hr/> 61 $\frac{3}{4}$

				Fish.	lb.
August 2	-	S. G.	- - -	4 grilse	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
		H.	- - -	2 salmon	21
				<hr/> 6	<hr/> 35 $\frac{1}{2}$
August 3	-	S. G.	- - -	4 grilse	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
		H.	- - -	7 „	27
				<hr/> 11	<hr/> 42 $\frac{1}{2}$
		9 salmon	- - - - -	90 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.	
		81 grilse	- - - - -	269 $\frac{3}{4}$ „	
		5 trout	- - - - -	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ „	
		<hr/> 95		<hr/> 374 lb.	

I think no more need be said to show that we had plenty of sport. Perfect weather, lovely scenery, and any amount of fish, should be enough for the most fastidious holiday-seeker; and these three appear to be conditions which one can almost guarantee to anyone fishing in the free waters of Newfoundland. The only drawback is flies, and no one can say that this evil is peculiar to that country. Mosquitoes and black flies abound by day and sand-flies by night, but with proper precautions I do not think one need be troubled much. "Lollacapop," given me by Captain G. Trotter and recommended by that great authority as the most effective protection against these pests, was the preparation we used; and if you do not mind temporarily disfiguring yourself with a good thick coat of bear's grease—that seemed to be the chief ingredient—the flies can be kept more or less at arm's length. A sort of Crimean helmet made of cotton helps very much to protect the back of the ears and neck while fishing, and a mosquito-net at night is almost indispensable.

One word more as to another sort of flies. Small sizes seem to give better results in the clear waters. A No. 7 Jock Scott was by far my most deadly weapon, but my sister did well with a Durham Ranger and a Silver Doctor of the same size; and Captain G. Trotter tells me that he used eights and nines almost exclusively when fishing here in 1905. Late in the evening we generally used a No. 4 Wilkinson or even larger Jock Scott, but it is not nearly so important to have large flies as it is to have small ones. Long waders, a net as well as a gaff, small flies, a light rod and tackle, and several tins of "Lollacapop," are all one needs. If thus equipped you have no fun you will be much less lucky than you deserve.



FIG. 1—A FINE JUMP

JUMPING GREYHOUNDS

BY PHILIP T. OYLER, M.A.

“My, but that’s a fine jump!” It looks it, anyway, and so it really was, for it was over 4 ft. 9 in. of wire with barbs on top, and it was cleared clean; this is shown by the distance from the fence that the animal will alight. Though this photograph was taken at an approximate speed of $\frac{1}{1200}$ of a second, motion is still noticeable; it is in the fore part of the dog, because that is travelling faster than the hind, since it has passed the highest part of the jump; the converse is shown in Fig. 2, where it is the hind part of the dog that is going at the greater speed. This, too, gives an excellent idea of the way in which a greyhound picks up its fore-legs when taking off, slowly extends them when crossing (Fig. 1), and more so when alighting (Fig. 3); the tail is most useful, acting as a sort of spring-board—like a squirrel’s—on leaving the ground, and as a lever on touching it again. The mouth is opened to allow the air, expelled from the lungs at the moment of impact, to escape freely; that this is a necessary precaution on the dog’s part is obvious. The position



FIG. 2—SHOWING POSITION OF FORE-LEGS



FIG. 3—GRACEFUL CURVES

of the hind-legs is well shown in Fig. 4; they should be pulled in as near the body as possible and should be about parallel to the object jumped; this is a good honest jump, and the margin between the gate and dog of about 2 in. allows enough for the legs to clear any nail or splinter that may be on it without expending more energy than required.

Figs. 5 and 6 are examples of a dog walking over a fence, that is, getting its hind legs on the rail and then landing at its leisure; an ungraceful performance that would not occur if a hare were seen on the other side.

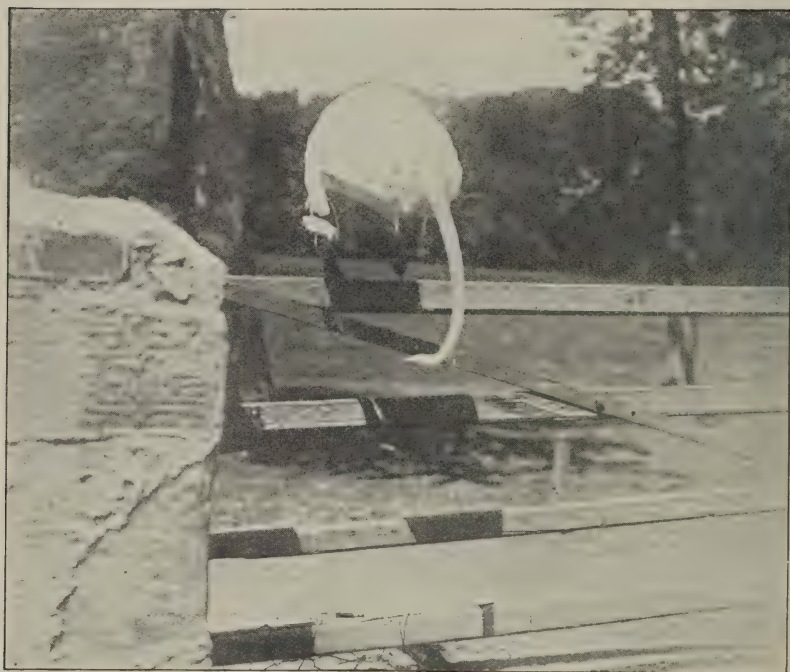


FIG. 4—A BACK VIEW

All these photographs were taken at a distance of three to four yards from the subject, and received an exposure of $\frac{1}{1200}$ of a second (approximately), and as a little motion is noticeable in Figs. 1 and 2, it is obvious that such a high speed is quite necessary; of course this could be avoided by standing at a greater distance away from the animal, but then the picture would have to be enlarged to make it look really effective, and that means—well, everyone who does high-speed work feels the same about enlargements; when one has a camera capable of taking quick-moving objects, ambition leads one to test it to its fullest capabilities.



FIG. 5—LIFTING



FIG. 6—WALKING OVER

Fig. 4 could have received a much longer exposure, but though this is reproduced as illustrative of the position of legs, it cannot be considered graceful, and it must be borne in mind that no position is really attractive in a photograph (it may be to the eye), unless it is taken crossing at right angles to the photographer. This is owing to the fact that the camera, having only one eye, depicts the mere outline, while a human being, blessed with two, sees partly round each side of the animal.

I do not wish to discourage anyone from trying jumping greyhounds as photographic subjects, but as these few pictures represent



FIG. 7—A GOOD CLEAN JUMP

the best out of a hundred or more negatives, I should like to point out some of the difficulties that arise.

As a very high speed is required, a very bright day should be chosen when the light is not "yellow"; the camera should be held as near the ground as possible, so as to give the actual height of fence cleared. This is best obtained by lying flat on one's back, holding the camera at arm's length, and focussing on the place where one judges the animal is likely to cross. This is the most difficult part of all, for a lens that is adapted for high-speed work requires most delicate focussing, and it will certainly be found that

more plates are useless through inaccurate focussing than anything else. The camera must not be held still, or one will find only the head or tail appearing in the picture. It must be swung a little ahead of the animal, and the shutter released during the swing. It is, in fact, exactly like shooting a crossing bird with a gun; if one stops in the swing, one is behind the object aimed at.

Development is not the least important part, and whatever solution is used should be thoroughly diluted (about six parts of water to one of solution); if the plates are allowed to stand in this for some six or seven hours the result is sure to be satisfactory.

Fig. 8 shows some interested spectators, and gives a tip to those who would snap cattle—that the best way to get their attention is to have a dog with you.



FIG. 8—HIGHLAND CATTLE—INTERESTED SPECTATORS



THE FINANCIAL ASPECT OF RACING FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

BY G. H. VERRALL

LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL'S paper upon "The Financial Aspect of Racing" deserves most careful consideration because it undoubtedly expresses the opinions of many of the present owners of racehorses. There is, however, another point of view different from the one which he adopts in discussing the subject, and I am inclined to dissent from the prejudiced opinion that large sums of money are being diverted from the pockets of owners into those of undeserving people.

Due credit must be given to Lord Hamilton for having excluded from his calculations all original outlay of capital in the purchase or depreciation of the horses; but on the other hand nothing is allowed for the appreciation of brood mares or high-class sires. There are a certain number of thorough-bred horses in England, and their value tends to increase; consequently any depreciation in value of the stock of one man is more than made up by the appreciation of the stock of another man, so that these are *not* "items which hugely swell the figures."

Lord Hamilton has carefully refrained from "throwing stones," except when he speaks of the Jockey Club having "trouble with recalcitrant clerks of the course" (a thing which has never happened); it is therefore right he should be treated with equal respect, and consequently the only retort admissible is the question, What is it that makes the owner of racehorses a "sportsman"? The man who is fond of tennis and builds a tennis-court spends considerable capital and knows that he has entailed upon himself a further annual expenditure; but he does not calculate as to what money returns he will get. The yachtsman takes up a most high-class but most expensive sport: if he competes in races it is probably for a £50 challenge cup, which he may hold for a year, to win (or attempt to win) which he will spend more than that sum to put his yacht in racing trim, and if he wins will freely reward his crew. The man who leases a deer forest does not stop to calculate the money return he will get, and it is stated that he averages to pay £100 for every stag he gets. The hirers of grouse moors are commonly reputed to pay a guinea

a brace for their birds, and salmon rivers command a high rental. The hunting man will give large sums for good hunters, but gets no money return; and the Master of Hounds knows that he will be a large sum out of pocket each year. The coursing owners put down their sweepstakes to divide amongst themselves after having had a portion of their own money deducted to pay expenses. In fact all "sportsmen" pay for their sport and look for no return. True lovers of sport do not seek to obtain as much financial reward as possible; their aim is a much higher and more unselfish one, though naturally they will not submit to be "fleeced."

It is therefore somewhat disheartening to find lovers of the "sport of kings" lamenting the expenses they incur. Surely every true sportsman who takes up racing should estimate first how many horses he can afford to keep in training at a cost of (say) £200 a year each. If he can afford £2,000 a year he can keep ten horses, and any winnings can go to replenish his team. He naturally as a true sportsman hopes to win a Derby or an Ascot Cup, and it is most gratifying that we still have a large number of owners who would rather win a Derby than a Grand Prix, or an Ascot Cup than an Eclipse Stakes, in spite of the two modern races far exceeding the old ones in value. Of course we are all aware that for the last hundred years or more there have been men who sought for and succeeded in obtaining large sums of money out of racing (and the betting associated with it); but the Turf is not very proud of these men; and we know that certain fortunate true sportsmen have at times obtained large money prizes, when fortune has favoured them with exceptionally good animals; on the other hand many gamblers or spendthrifts have ruined themselves.

It is a common saying that "figures may be made to prove anything," and therefore figures should be tested. Lord Hamilton's figures will bear a lot of testing and cannot be seriously shaken. His calculation that there are about 4,000 horses in training (under Jockey Club Rules) must be very near the fact, but the official *Calendar* records only 3,551 as having run in 1905, and consequently £50 a year may be deducted from the cost of nearly five hundred of the four thousand as represented by jockeys' and travelling expenses, unless it is presumed that those which did not run cost all the more for veterinary fees. This item would reduce the annual expenditure by about £20,000. Next, although 50s. per week is not too much to pay for the "keep and training" of a gentleman's horse in a good stable, there are undoubtedly from one to two thousand horses for which a smaller sum is paid or which are the property of the trainer, and through this another £50,000 may come off the £800,000.

Before quitting this item it may be well to point out that the

figure of 3,551 horses running is a most abnormal one; 3,000 was nearer the average number from 1897 to 1904, and this would deduct another £110,000 a year from the £800,000, which has now got down to £620,000; from 1860 to 1891—the palmy days of the Turf—there were apparently only about 1,400 horses running in Great Britain, as of the 2,000 enumerated in the *Racing Calendar* about 600 were Irish horses, and during the later years of this period it would appear that owners received back about three-fourths of their expenses instead of (as Lord Hamilton calculates now) one fifth. In those days (up to 1881) the clerk's fee was 10s. on each entry, which was four times the present amount, and yet owners entered their horses about three times as freely as they do at present. There is a certain amount which can be given as prize money, but if there are 3,500 horses running for that amount instead of 1,400 it follows that the proportion of winnings to expenses must diminish.

Lord Hamilton's figures of £495,082 as the value of stakes run for in 1905 is taken from the *Racing Calendar*, and it is upon those figures that he calculates the amount given as prize money; but he has omitted to notice that those figures do not include the prizes for the second and third horses, and inasmuch as every second horse must by law at least save his stake or entrance the race fund can obtain nothing from these. A glance at the *Calendar* shows that at the Lincoln Spring Meeting this year these items amounted in the three days to £382, and at Ascot to £6,660. An average of £100 a day would add £27,000 to Lord Hamilton's £165,027; but even Lord Hamilton's figures are too low in this item: a more correct amount would be £200,000 to the winners alone, because it must be remembered that the whole of the Ascot added money is absolutely given, and it is a fortunate meeting which gets back two-thirds of its guaranteed prizes; the Windsor day instanced by Lord Hamilton was an exceedingly fortunate one.

Even this rather severe criticism of Lord Hamilton's figures (because he is too reasonable in some items) makes it appear that an owner gets back only £1 out of £3 (while 4,000 horses are in training), and to arrive at the true "Financial Aspect of Racing" it is necessary to know the details of the professional and business side of the matter.

Lord Hamilton's "gas companies clauses" idea is not at all a bad one, and has been suggested for some time past by race executives; but he has yet much to learn about the finances of racing, or else he would not suggest a dividend of 6 per cent. *and* an obligation to begin by giving £10,000 in added money yearly; instead of a 6 per cent. dividend, that amount of added money would

mean for the first few years more likely a 20 per cent. loss, and the company would soon become bankrupt. During its first five years Gatwick lost upwards of £5,000, and it was only by an introduction of a large sum of additional capital and a reduction of expenditure that the tide was turned. Sandown changed hands at a loss, and Kempton shares were easily obtainable at par for many years. Lord Hamilton and many other owners seem to be under the extraordinary impression that stake money is the only expense of a race meeting; they have no idea of the cost of rent, rates and taxes, staff, officials, police, up-keep of course, etc.; but these in most cases run to something between £400 and £1,000 per day's racing. They also have a most inflated idea of the gate and stand receipts, but they may be assured that they often do not produce £1,000 a day, and sometimes not even £500.

The writer of this article would most willingly agree to give to the owners 50 per cent. of the net profits at meetings in which he has control, after a dividend of 6 per cent. had been first deducted. At present he knows that owners receive from Gatwick 61 per cent. of the net profits, from Alexandra Park 67 per cent., Lewes 77 per cent., and Folkestone 67 per cent.; and, in addition to that, Gatwick, Alexandra Park, and Folkestone give free stabling, while Alexandra Park and Lewes give free luncheons to club members. As to club members, it may be observed that an ordinary member gets admission to a specially-reserved enclosure at five guineas for fourteen to twenty days, while an occupant of Tattersall's Ring pays £14 to £20 for less accommodation. Also, all owners are as a rule given at least free admission to Tattersall's Ring when running a horse, and not unfrequently a man who has once owned one leg of a horse seems to think himself entitled to a free pass for the rest of his life!

The late Lord Falmouth once in conversation with the present writer compared the owners of horses to the actors at a theatre, and urged that they should be well recompensed for providing the entertainment, to view which the public paid; the simile is a good one, and will bear testing. The actors at a theatre may imagine they are badly paid, but it would be no good if they insisted upon the manager paying them more than his receipts would justify; if they did, the manager would simply close the theatre, the actors might go elsewhere for employment, and this would continue until no theatre would employ them. But if, on the other hand, the actors, in combination with good management, attracted the public in large numbers, and caused large receipts to flow in, they might justifiably ask for higher remuneration, and in default of obtaining it might offer their services at a higher rate to another manager. If

the other manager were unbusinesslike he might fail to attract the public, and bankruptcy would ensue, though through no fault of the actors. Good management might show itself in many ways; primarily in the choice of good plays, but also in comfortable seats and foyers, easy access, and possibly free programmes. It would all turn on the response from the British public: if they could be attracted in large numbers, no matter by what means, the receipts would grow and the actors could obtain large salaries; but, first of all, the manager would make sure of a reasonable profit to himself. Competition would compel each manager to engage the highest talent in order to attract the public, and competition would enable each actor to obtain his justifiable remuneration.

Precisely the same arguments apply to the racecourse. It is no use for owners to insist upon more money being given to them unless the management can by some attractions obtain the funds from the British public. Lord Hamilton and those whom he represents miss this elementary factor. Managers of race-meetings are helpless in the matter of giving larger stakes simply upon the demand of the owners, but they are willing to give more and more if they can get the money from the British public, in precisely the same manner as the theatrical manager wishes to. Any attempt to give too big stakes ends in bankruptcy, as is shown by the fate of Four Oaks, Bristol, Portsmouth Park, and Leicester; while nearly all the mammoth stakes, with the exception of the Eclipse, have proved ruinously expensive to their promoters. Owners themselves are largely to blame for the reduction in value of many races; a £1,000 plate draws twenty entries, a £100 plate draws thirty; a £1,000 long-distance handicap costs about £600; and though a £1,000 two-year-old plate might cost but £200 or less, it must be borne in mind that giving the latter entails giving the former, and that therefore the two races would cost about £800; the result is that the executive cannot provide either race, and reduces them both to £500 or less.

In the last few years the actors (=horses) have more than doubled in number, but the paying British public has stayed at home and betted at starting prices. Lord Hamilton's idea of concentration is the very thing that the public do not like; when we had more than one hundred and twenty racecourses there was a country love of sport all over England; now, when we have only forty-four (of which only about twenty-four earn any profit, and fourteen of these depend upon London), the country love of sport has died. The British public likes variety; it would not care to go to the same theatre night after night (even with fresh plays), nor does it like to go to the same racecourse day after day. It is only the regular race,

goer—the man who never misses a day's racing—who attends often at Newmarket; the British public comes only three or four days out of the twenty-nine. I cannot imagine anything more fatal to racing than Lord Hamilton's idea of two racecourses near London under the management of the Jockey Club with about twenty-eight days' racing at each. Even Newmarket, with its magnificent course, cannot attract the British public, and no other course could bear anything like the amount of galloping on it without becoming hopelessly out of condition. Lord Hamilton should also have noticed that if the far-seeing member of the Jockey Club whose absence he regrets had existed at the time the idea of the "park" meetings was first established, it would not have been "Kempton, Sandown, Hurst Park, Lingfield, Gatwick, Alexandra Park, Windsor, and Newbury," but it would have been Sandown, Alexandra Park, Windsor, West Drayton, Streatham, Croydon, Hendon, and Bromley, to say nothing of Eltham, Harrow, and numerous other metropolitan meetings, whose absence is not deplored. Not one of those meetings was killed by the Racecourse Licensing Act, but public support failed them ultimately; a fact which is well known to the present writer, because he kept the accounts of most of them. Centralisation has been the curse of racing in recent years: we want more distribution. The army of racegoers becomes smaller and smaller, but seems to consider itself ill-used unless it can attend every day's racing, and then protests angrily that there is too much racing. We have now more than twice as many horses in training as we used to have, and only one-third the racecourses we had, but all are almost on one level (except Ascot).

"The Financial Aspect of Racing," from the point of view of the racecourse manager, proprietor, or shareholder, is a serious one. A large investment of capital has been made at most race-meetings, and the total loss of probably £100,000 at Four Oaks, nearly as much at Bristol, to say nothing of Hull and Stoke Park, is enough to make speculators hesitate. To those behind the scenes it is also known that there was grievous tribulation in the early days of Sandown, Kempton, Leicester, Gatwick, Lingfield, Nottingham, Birmingham, etc., and though some of these have got over their early financial troubles, they are now begrudged their present success. The owner of horses can come or go at any time; his is only an amusement; he can own one or twenty horses as he chooses; he can at any time buy or sell; he can speculate when he thinks he is likely to win, or he can refrain. The shareholder has no such chances: his money is locked up, and he sees his expenditure steadily growing, while his receipts have a tendency to decrease. Suppose a puritanical Parliament prohibited racing, or betting—

which is nearly the same thing: the owners of horses could either race abroad or could sell their horses in other countries at approximate value; but the investors in race-meetings would be left with almost valueless property. Is it any wonder that there are plenty of people ready to buy horses, but that there are very few who will risk an investment in race-meetings?¹

Lord Hamilton indicates the "only two remedies," in his opinion, for the amelioration of the financial aspect of racing from his point of view, and his remedies are to reduce expenses or to raise stakes. The first, he admits, is only possible to the amount of about £20 a year on each horse; and as that saving will be at the cost of the race-meeting, it will only mean so much the less added money. The second I have shown to be practically impossible without the help of the British public.

I have two remedies to suggest, which, I think, are feasible. First, let owners become part proprietors of racecourses; they are most welcome as shareholders, and nobody could do more to improve their property than themselves. Instead of looking upon racecourse proprietors as extortioners, let them participate in the spoil—if they can find it. As an investor, the owner will have a far more powerful voice in the management, and will be able to look after the interests of other owners; also he will be able to ensure more starters, which will mean increased gate receipts. Secondly, let race executives have greater latitude in drawing up their programmes; it is to their interest to try to attract owners to run horses of a class which will in turn attract the public; but they are now so hampered in drawing up their programmes that a small country meeting is impossible, and it is only the few prosperous meetings which can afford to give good stakes.

I am sure that the thanks of both sides are due to the editor of this magazine for allowing this discussion, which has enabled each to understand and probably appreciate the difference of opinion caused by opposite points of view. From the owner's point of view it would be undoubtedly advantageous that large amounts of added money should be given, and that fees should be abolished; but from the shareholders' point of view there is at present a most inadequate return for a most risky investment—risky as for a simple business transaction, but infinitely more risky when good financial returns are forbidden by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and when there is a prospect of Parliamentary interference if not destruction.

¹ Since writing the above an investment of £1,000 in a good dividend-paying race-meeting has been offered by circular to more than two hundred owners and trainers. Only one single offer has been made in response, and that one at an impossibly low amount.



CROSSING THE AVONMORE.

OTTER-HUNTING IN CO. WICKLOW

BY EVA WHITE WEST

NOWHERE more than in the Emerald Isle has otter-hunting keener followers, though strange to say there are very few packs for the purpose in this sporting country. It is not the sport alone which appeals to many, for what can be more delightful than being off early on a lovely summer's morning with the prospect of a long day amid most beautiful surroundings, in company with other ardent sportsmen and sportswomen (otter-hunting always draws a big field of both), not to speak of the excitement and pleasure of the hunting itself? Most packs nowadays meet about nine or ten o'clock, but to those who go a distance to join them this often necessitates rising at five or before that hour to catch the early train; the useful "bike" has generally to be brought, so as to ride on to the meet, very often some good Irish miles from the nearest station.

It was very good of Mr. R. H. Storey (well known as a big-game shooter) to bring his hounds over from North Wales towards the end of August for three weeks on the Avonmore, Avonbeg, and various other small rivers which abound in this lovely part of

Co. Wicklow and Co. Wexford. Making Woodenbridge his headquarters, he advertised three days a week, and showed some fine sport in the time, killing several otters. Mr. Storey's pack were about half rough and half smooth, while he had several very useful terriers, which always play such an important part in otter-hunting, and on whom a great deal of the success depends.

A large van drawn by three horses took hounds to the meet when it was at a distance; a large one it has to be to carry ten to thirteen couples. As the chase proceeded, when the road ran adjacent to the river the tired foll wers were often very glad to take a rest atop, numerous bicycles being fastened on behind in the most wonderful way. At lunch-time the van also came in useful, as will



MEET AT WOODENBRIDGE HOTEL

be seen in one of the photographs, the series of which I specially took to go with this account.

Mr. Storey must have been pleased at the eagerness of his Irish field, sportsmen and sportswomen of all ages turning up regularly, a great many even coming from Dublin by the 6 a.m. train from Harcourt Street. One very little girl was keenest of the keen, no day being too long and no ford too deep for her to wade; her sister, Miss Sybil Carter, two years younger, was duly "blooded" and presented with a pad one day, and as the little lady had been out from 6 a.m. till 7 p.m. no one will say she did not deserve the trophy.

The country-folk also took great interest in the hunt, leaving their work and following hounds whenever we came near them : full of information they were, too, but not always to be relied upon ; for instance, one old countryman volunteered he was "shure for sartain" of an otter to be found in his locality, and when questioned further it appeared "forty year ago we put him out with a terrier." The drain was not drawn with success ; that otter had gone, leaving no discoverable heirs. One of the meets is on the bridge over the Avonmore at "The Meeting of the Waters," and the celebrated "Moore's Oak," dead, alas ! and why ? If anyone will take the



MR. R. H. STOREY

trouble to go down to the base of the tree the cause is easily explained ; as high up as it is possible to reach every scrap of bark has been cut off, and initials cut on the tree-trunk. I asked indignantly how people could be such Goths, and was informed it was all done by the American tourists. I can fully believe this, for I have often heard of the craze they have for collecting while on tour, even tea spoons being confiscated to add to their collections if the name of the hotel at which they are stopping chances to be stamped on them. Some managers have been made so "cute" by repeated little conveyances like this—"convey the wise it call"—that a

careful watch is kept on these tourists, and when the bill is presented, the spoon, plate, or whatever has been "lifted" is entered down, much to the disgust of the brave or fair (as the case may be) collector.

Castle Howard, most beautifully situated, overlooks "The Meeting of the Waters"; to go up to it one has to pass over a bridge and under an arch across the road called "The Lion's Arch." On asking what the arch was there for, and why so called, I was informed by an aged countryman "many hundreds of years ago a lion escaped out of the Zoological Gardens in Dublin, and never stopped



MR. STOREY'S OTTER HOUNDS

running till it arrived on this bridge. The owner of Castle Howard chanced to meet it on his way to shoot 'cock.' With the first barrel he killed it, and built the arch in memory of the deed." Of course, I thanked my informant for his account, and did not let him think for one moment that I failed to swallow it all down as gospel. I did not even ask him any questions about the Zoological Gardens in Dublin many hundreds of years ago, nor with what they shot cock in those days!! I thought the bridge worth a picture, as the span is so perfect; I believe there is a lion on top of the "Lion Arch," but I could not see it through the mass of ivy.



THE AVONMORE



SOME OF THE FIELD

No one who has not been out very early can understand the freshness and beauty of everything at such an hour. The grass of course is soaking from the heavy dew, but what does that matter when we are prepared to wade rivers and stand in the water for half an hour at a time if necessary? There is no sport one can see and enjoy real hound-work with so well as the otter. How keen one feels when a trustworthy hound first opens (one soon gets to know their voices), and they hit on a strong drag and work up to a "mark" with patient and hard hunting, the beautiful note of the rough otter-hound making the most unenthusiastic person thrill with pleasure. Then at some strong "holt" the terrier comes in



OVER THE RIVER AGAIN

useful, and all the experts are set to watch the stream for the "chain" of tiny bubbles which alone will show when the quarry has bolted. The mouth of the "holt" is often a foot or two under water, which of course considerably adds to the difficulties of hunting, and to the safety of the otter when in his refuge. What excitement there is when we have a "view" after perhaps a long run up or down stream—and rough country some of the "going" is, too! Once he is seen, some of the field form a line across the river to keep him from breaking down stream. There are always plenty of willing volunteers for the work, ladies as well as men, though towards the end of the season it is anything but pleasant standing up



THE LION'S BRIDGE AND ARCH OVER THE AVONMORE AT "THE MEETING OF THE WATERS"



FIRST WHIP AND HOUNDS

to one's waist in water with eyes glued to the surface. Sometimes the otter, if a big one, breaks through the watchers, scattering them in all directions, and if hard pressed will take to the land and travel fairly fast, generally making for some other strong holt he knows of on another river, or striking the same river by cutting off a bend.

An experienced hunter can "tail" an otter, but my advice to most is "Don't"; as unless properly swung round and held, a very severe bite may be received.

Some years ago the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, while stationed at the Curragh, kept a pack with which they hunted the King's River and the Liffey, and right good sport they showed too;



LUNCH ON THE HOUND VAN

some of my happiest girlhood days were spent with them. They, however, were not content to meet at nine or ten o'clock—5 a.m. or 6 a.m. was the hour at which their meets were fixed. This meant a very early start indeed when twelve or more Irish miles had to be got over, the horse to be put up, and generally a bit of a walk from the "put up" to the meet.

Master and whips used often to camp out the night before, while the hounds were "entertained" by some of the sporting people in the neighbourhood of the meet. How well I remember setting the alarm for 2 a.m., hardly sleeping a wink for fear it would not go

off, then slipping out with only a coat thrown over my night attire to feed and water "Bobby," the grey pony that had to take my three sisters and self to the meet; for we never asked the groom to get up at such an unearthly hour. Washing in cold water (and *how* cold it can be at 2 a.m., even on a perfect summer's morning!) lighting spirit lamps to boil eggs and a kettle, the hurried breakfast and stealing out afterwards to yoke the pony, then leading the car across the grass in front so as not to wake the other members of the house. This was careful and anxious work, but when once we



MR. STOREY'S OTTER HOUNDS—THE FIRST WHIP

were well on the road how free and jolly we felt, how we anticipated the day's sport, and with what joy we arrived at our putting-up place, where generally we found other otter-hunters busy unyoking their horses! Then all off to the meet in the best of spirits, and the day's work had begun.

If this should meet the eye of any of the field of those days, I am sure they will look back with pleasure to the many happy days spent on the dear old Wicklow hills; perhaps some still possess a mask or pad as a cherished trophy. But to leave the past and come to the present, let us all wish success to otter-hunting; let us look

forward to seeing Mr. Storey and his hounds again with us in 1907, and may all who can enjoy sport live to the age of the old lady seen in one of the pictures I took—namely 100—and be able to take as keen an interest in otter-hunting and its followers as she evidently did.



ARDENT FOLLOWERS



STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XXI.—THE CATASTROPHE OF THE “FEATHER”

BY C. EDWARDES

I.

THE balloon rose and the lady said, “Oh, we’re off!” But the balloon’s captain and lord didn’t heed his companion’s primary emotions. He had emotions enough of his own. He was looking down upon a pair of dark eyes, the mirthless smile of which faded for him all too soon: the atmosphere claimed him, his associate, and his steedless chariot with an insidious celerity which soon reduced the loved face to little more, for him, than one tiny white upturned oval among others.

“How enchanting, Mr. Capell!” exclaimed the lady, with a sigh as of rapture.

“Y-es,” said he. He tossed his straw hat into the car’s basket, glanced up and round about him, and then looked straight at Miss Jessamine Rodd, with a smile as devoid of levity as the girl’s beneath him—she was already three hundred feet beneath.

“And you *must* forgive me, Mr. Capell,” the lady went on. She was evidently a prey to conflicting desires. The supreme one was

to make the most of the sights and sensations incident to the adventure. But she held this in check, and now met her companion's gaze with an expression in which sympathy of a sort and iron-plated conscientiousness might have been discovered. "I could not possibly permit Dorothy to come with you. I'm an old-fashioned woman, and, besides, her heart—its valves—are not very strong. It is a strain on the heart, is it not, in the rarefied air?"

"We shouldn't have gone that high," said he.

"Ah! but you know the chief reason, Mr. Capell: you must know it. How exquisite it all is! Motion without effort or sound. A suspension of earthly trials and a foretaste of——"

"Heaven's bliss!" said he. "I'm glad you like it. Tell me when you've had enough."

She craned her head earthwards, and Nigel permitted himself the indulgence of a sardonic curl of the lip as he contemplated the slab of purple cheek and the large ear of his enemy. No one could at any rate have acted so inimical a part towards him. She had a straw thing on her head shaped like an oyster shell, bandaged to her chin by a grey dust-veil; and in her hands were the notebook and pencil with which she proposed to record her impressions. They should be few, those impressions. Dorothy's Aunt Jessamine, though not tall, was built on heavy lines. Neither the "Feather" (his car) nor the "Feather's" lord would submit for many minutes to so unwelcome a burden. And then, with a gasp and a plain (very plain indeed), wide-eyed stare at him, Miss Jessamine Rodd confessed that she was unnerved.

"I shouldn't have thought it possible, Mr. Capell," she whispered, "but I—I feel—I declare I feel *frightened*. The thought of so much space—empty space—under the very soles of my feet, and of what would happen if——"

"Oh, but it won't," he interrupted. "The conditions are perfect. I should not otherwise have arranged to take Dot."

Unnerved or not, Miss Jessamine Rodd started and set herself squarely towards the aeronaut on her camp stool.

"You must not call her by her Christian name, Mr. Capell," she said.

He folded his arms. The car caught a more positive puff of wind than hitherto, and swayed to it. He swayed with it, like an old salt on a rolling ship. His companion uttered a little cry and grasped the rim of the basket as if her life were at stake. And then all was serene and vertical again, with nothing but the blue ether about them. The old feeling of contempt for commonplace human existence on that mud spot they had left recurred in Nigel. He was as free as any bird. The glorious blue air was nectar and ambrosia

to him. He was less man than god. And she—this one unpleasant link which connected him with the earth he despised and pitied at such times—she presumed to enunciate laws of conduct for him!

"I happen to love your niece, Miss Rodd," he said, calmly, "and she loves me. We have every intention of marrying, and neither you nor any absurd *ex parte* matrimonial arrangement of her late father's shall stand in the way. I'm afraid that sounds theatrical, but it conveys my sentiments."

"You speak like a Capell, Mr. Capell," said the lady, "but I am sure you will also act like one. A Capell of Moss Court has a reputation to maintain. Poor Sir Barker Brown——"

"Oh," cried Nigel, lifting a clenched fist, "I don't care *that* for Barker Brown." He brought the fist into his other palm with a whack. "Neither does Dot. The fellow must find someone to teach him sense if he hasn't got any of his own. Does he think, and do you, that girls grow up like—er—asparagus, to be cropped without more voice in the matter than that?"

"It is an honourable obligation, Mr. Capell. Families like ours are bound by their birthright to take broader views of life than ordinary persons. Dorothy herself, from her thirteenth year, has fully understood the advantages of her destiny. But—this is all very painful to me. Such a waste of my opportunities too, Mr. Capell."

He controlled himself well.

With the words "What ancient stuff!" breaking from his lips, and his brain aboil with impatience, he could yet remember the lady's natural interest in the adventure upon which she had foisted herself.

"Let us change the subject then," he said, courteously. "I'm sorry I can't take you to the sun or the moon, but we'll see what we can do. If you want to write, don't mind me."

He tossed out sand. Miss Rodd said "O-h!" as she watched the grains scatter into apparent nothingness. She gazed with agitated breath at the blurring medley of patches and lines now nearly a mile beneath her; then at the blue sky, and then at Nigel himself. Nigel was busy with his instruments.

"It's wonderful," she whispered.

"Wind's shifting nicely to the south," said he. "We might run a whole day or so before a south wind. That's the worry of living on an island. You've always to be thinking of the sea. But a south's all right. Those chimneys down there are Chesterfield, I believe. We've gone up like the feather we are because we're a couple of ethereal individuals, I suppose; but there isn't much driving power in the wind."

He sat down, and it was as if already he had cast overboard his trouble about Dorothy as easily as that sand. His smile was one of good fellowship. Dorothy's objectionable aunt seemed displaced by someone else—a colleague in his own enthusiasms.

"It's a record afternoon for this kind of thing," he added.

"And it's so enchanting, Mr. Capell!" said Miss Rodd, as if she also were only too willing to leave earthly cares to the earth. "I'm not in the least afraid now. Please to smoke if you wish—Oh, I forgot! How inconsiderate of me! (He had pointed cheerily to the "Feather's" great gas bag above them.) I ought to shudder at the thought of such a danger, but I—I feel only as if I could live on like this for ever."

"Yes?" said he, and he couldn't help it if it flashed to him that this was the very sensation he had hoped to evoke in Dorothy herself. Being involuntary, there was nothing ungenerous in the flash. "That's the beauty of the sport, Miss Rodd. It transfigures a man, and is death on brain cobwebs. But I'm sure you want to be writing. I'll read the paper while you're at work."

Someone had pitched a newspaper into the car when it was about to be released. He had had no time to devote to terrestrial news all the morning. The gas people had bothered him. Social responsibilities and Dorothy were also in his way. Chief of all, there had been the stirring anticipation of the afternoon's pleasure, when he and Dorothy were to be alone far above the heads of the world for so long as he chose. But this aunt (Dot's guardian) had suddenly turned up and—well, things were as they were. Instead of a foretaste of the joys of honeymoon in a sublime solitude of two, there sat Dorothy's determined aunt, and here sat he! Miss Jessamine's pencil began to plunge; and, over his paper, the aeronaut watched her.

Was that, he asked himself, how she manufactured the novels which had made her so passably famous? She wrote and wrote. Now and then her eyes turned upon him, only to revert promptly to her note-book. Her mind was evidently teeming. He interrupted her once.

"Do you know, Miss Rodd," he said, gently, "I think you ought to be rather grateful to me."

"Yes," she said, "I am. It's perfection. I never dreamed I should be so fortunate. But I—I mustn't talk. I have so much to visualise with my *mind's* eye, Mr. Capell."

Her business-like smile with the words interested him. On earth it had seemed to him that she seldom troubled to take him into serious consideration. He began to understand. That mind's eye of hers had perhaps stood in the way of her fleshly pair of

eyes, spectacles included. Any other girl's guardian would surely have perceived the developing, if not the very birth-moment, of his love for Dorothy. She, preoccupied soul, had assumed that Dorothy's future was as precisely mapped out as the vicissitudes of her own paper puppets. From Dorothy's report of her aunt's fiction, it was impossibly romantic stuff. And this was the woman to whom was committed the charge of steering Dorothy's sweet life to the haven which best befitted it!

He dropped the paper and put his foot on it; welcomed the freshening air current, jettisoned more sand, and yet more, and marked the westering of the sun in that hot white blue of its own particular environment. And still the lady remained in thrall to her inspirations.

"I'm afraid I'm disgracefully unsociable, Mr. Capell," she glanced up suddenly to remark, her eyes sparkling now with an electricity of exultation. But he read their appeal aright and humoured her.

"Not at all; my time's yours," he said.

"One's perspective of things is so marvellously altered, I find, when one is outside them—above them, I mean."

"I'm glad," he said, smiling, "you agree with me to that extent. Off the earth like this, its little bothers and cantrips don't seem worth fussing about, do they?"

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "So you have made *that* discovery also. How very extraordinary!"

"Yes, it's much like discovering a chop or a steak under one's nose when one has ordered it from the waiter, you know. Is that rude? I hope not. This is about my fortieth ascent. I want you to realise that I'm seasoned to the jokes of skyflying."

She nodded her acquiescence in his point of view and resumed her scribbling. He caught himself yawning twice in a minute or two. Well, who could wonder? It had been an exciting day, with a certain flatness in its outcome, and Nature was reminding him that he could well afford to feel tired. It wasn't as if Dorothy were opposite to him. At the third yawning fit he made an effort.

"Pardon me, Miss Rodd, but if I drop off to sleep, will you wake me?" he asked.

She gazed at him with sphinx-like solemnity.

"Yes, of course," she replied.

"It's a day in a hundred, with every promise of a night to match it, but I don't suppose you'd care to make Iceland by breakfast time."

"Iceland!" she murmured. She looked over the basket and then at him. "*Could* we do that?"

"Not at this rate. Pretty well if we sighted Inverness. But (he yawned again)—oh dear, pray excuse me—I'm wondering what scandal would get into the newspapers if we did chance to be benighted."

The lady's sphinx-like calm broke all to pieces.

"Don't be so monstrous," she laughed.

"Very well," he said, giving her laugh for laugh. "I repeat, I'm in your hands and—Ah! another rush of beautiful thoughts. I'm a dumb dog, Miss Rodd."

She was writing anew as if her salvation depended upon her pencil's speed when he yawned again; this time with eyes shut, bent head, and folded arms. A very little later he nodded and nodded and nodded.

The "Feather" sailed on, and the sun began already to draw its bedtime gold around it.

II.

When he opened his eyes darkness reigned. He had been dreaming strangely. It was a steeplechase, and his mount's antics were something incredible. He had a passion for horses as well as ballooning, and was known as a daring and successful rider. But this horse! *Was* it a horse or an intoxicated sea serpent? So far as he could judge, he was leading in the race; at least there was no one else in front of him; but the thing's gyrations and undulations discomposed him so that there was no room in him for triumph of the familiar kind. It had got out of hand. The more he pulled to restrain it, the worse it heaved; and it was at the crest of one of its most astounding bounds when he awoke.

Darkness reigned. Nevertheless, there was a faint silvery light nearly overhead where the masses of inky cloud were lothe to coalesce; and by this momentary gleam he saw the balloon's bag dart forward as if it were trying to shake free of the encumbrance of its car. The car swung after it with a jerk that almost sickened him.

Without even an exclamation, he reached for the cord and opened the valve. Then he remembered.

"Miss Rodd," he shouted, "what's the matter?"

She lay in the well of the basket at his feet. A regiment of anxieties charged at him. They had struck a hurricane, or something like it. The "Feather's" caracolling was simply awful. The wind above the basket threatened to blow his head off and fought with the escaping gas to drive it back. He understood this risk and let the cord go. The "Feather" was a fine-weather lady. Her silk

was not meant to be a battlefield for contesting vapours in a temper. He had never been in such an unholy mess. And—was the lady dead? He dropped on his knees by her.

"Miss Rodd!" he cried. That silvery gleam had gone and all was dark now. But he found her neck and supported her head on his arm, laid his ear to her mouth, and was comforted to find breath in her. A little brandy did wonders. She struggled against it, but he forced some between her teeth, and presently she could speak.

"What *have* I done, Mr. Capell?" she wailed, when he had roused her mind by a more or less jocose report on the situation.

"Fainted, I expect," he said. "There!" He propped her against the sandbags. "Don't get up. I—haven't the smallest idea where we are, or what time it is, or anything. Can you help me? What happened to you?"

He felt her tremble violently in the curve of his still-supporting arm.

"Oh, Mr. Capell!" she sobbed.

"Pray don't distress yourself," he said, soothingly. "Try and drink another spot or two."

"I'm an abstainer—a total abstainer," she exclaimed, reproachfully. "I—but I deserve it all. I—this darkness terrifies me. I remember now. I overtaxed my strength. It occurs sometimes when I write for long without a rest. I felt it coming over me and tried to call out to you, and before I could touch your arm I must have fallen. Oh, Mr. Capell, how ashamed of myself I am!"

"I see," he said. "Never mind. We must wait till the clouds roll by, as the song bids us. It's something to go on with that you're not dead. Do you know, you gave me one of the worst quarter-minutes or so I've ever had. I wish I knew what the wind was doing with us. What an ass I was to tumble off like that! Oh, it's no good; we *must* get down a bit."

He stood up and, clutching the stays and rim of the basket, strained his eyes and ears towards the nether void; then, seizing his chances in the lulls of the storm, managed to part with a few hundred cubic feet of gas.

"It's an experience anyway—something for you to write about for those dear stay-at-home souls asleep in their warm beds!" he shouted in an interval of his toil.

His tone was quite blithe now. He was no coward at any time, and face to face with his responsibilities he nerved himself for the duel with circumstances. No doubt his nap had done him good, untimely though it was. If Miss Rodd had been dead, he would have felt in a very bad way; but, as it was, the main thing he wanted to know was where they were. If the wind had shifted and swept

them out to sea—— But he wouldn't contemplate that calamity until it was forced upon him.

Miss Rodd among the sandbags interjected penitent words off and on. Later, her remorse gave way to admiration.

"How splendid men are in emergencies!" she said.

"We're meant to be. We're not much good if we can't be," he laughingly replied to that.

She even had a mild attack of philosophy.

"At least, Mr. Capell," she said, hoarsely, when he had just proclaimed his belief that the dawn would soon break, "I can assure myself that I am dying in brave company, if we are meant to die together. I had no idea your character was so full of resources and—nobility."

"Nobility be bothered!" said he. "Any fool would cling to a straw to save his life. I'm doing the only thing there is to do: letting off steam and—hoping."

"Yes, hoping," she echoed.

"They're feather-weight hopes, you know, Miss Rodd, but I daresay they'll be enough for us. I don't know how you feel, but I could eat some breakfast. We've missed a dinner as it is, but it is quite permissible for weak human flesh to long for—breakfast."

"Yes," said Miss Rodd.

Then, for a spell, there was silence between them, and Nigel's thoughts flew to Dorothy. He did not know it, of course, not being accomplished in thought-reading, but Miss Rodd's own mind was also engaged with her niece. If she had not thus come upon the scene, Dorothy's little pleasure-trip would have ended with all conventional seemliness, and she—she herself—would be asleep in bed. Well, it was her own fault. She deserved all that had come upon her and was to come. But he, Nigel Capell—supposing his death were to lie upon her conscience, whether in this world or the next!

The wind, though fierce, was not now so vicious as an hour ago; and day was at hand. They were lowering in the atmospheric world. This was certain. While he carefully paid out gas, Nigel again and again endeavoured to see things. His watch had stopped, and so had Miss Rodd's. He was quite prepared therefore for surprises when his eyes could do their work. They might have travelled hundreds of miles. At any moment he was ready now for the rhythmic voice of the sea, to hint of doom or salvation, as Fate pleased. But it was, in his opinion, very like Fate to spring the least expected of surprises upon him. In the stealing greyness, he suddenly beheld a dark something loom, if he might guess, not a hundred yards ahead of the car, almost in line with it. He dashed at a sandbag, heaved

it over, and then another. The mysterious something was just avoided, and, looking back at it, he proclaimed his news.

"We're in the land of mountains, Miss Rodd. That was a near shave. A cairn on the top too. It would have knocked us silly. But we're all right now. It's Scotland, I'll warrant. And I'm going to land first chance."

They could see each other now. Miss Rodd ventured to rise to her feet.

"Thank God!" said she. "Thank God, Mr. Capell."

And then, almost ere the words were out of her mouth, there was a startling commotion above them. A dull explosion, followed by a hissing sound, and a sudden oblique movement of the "Feather" which made Miss Rodd scream in fear, as she collapsed into the car's well again.

"A rip, by all that's unlucky!" cried Nigel. "Never mind; stay where you are and trust our stars. We mayn't have far to fall anyway, and ——"

But it was no time for talk. The "Feather's" movements became increasingly erratic and alarming. Nigel clung to the braces, ready for anything. Glimpses of other mountain-tops were showing to the left—the left one moment, the right the next, the next after that in front—no, behind. Reckonings and anticipations were futile in the midst of these mad whirling kicks and capers of the balloon.

The speed of the fall became greater. Miss Rodd shrieked and shrieked. Nigel cried, "Don't do that!" and then felt sorry. The poor woman was being tumbled about among the four or five remaining sandbags. He also, as touching his legs. But this was nothing. The end would soon come now, whatever it was.

And then the earth seemed suddenly to rise up and butt at the poor "Feather." The shock tossed them all high—balloon, inmates, and sandbags. For a few earnest seconds everything seemed indeterminate again. There was water, dark water, underneath; a spot of land with trees on it; more water; and then, with a crash, the "Feather" brought up in the midst of trees, and Nigel found himself gripping the bough of a Scotch fir with one hand, resolved that nothing should make him loose it, while with the other he was still fast to a brace of the balloon. He watched the detached remains of the "Feather's" bag sail away, and realised that they were saved.

The car was on the whole quite handsomely forked into this particular tree, which was very strong and not so very high. Yet though they were not more than twenty feet from the ground the task of getting Miss Rodd comfortably to the heather and granite of the surface was both long and arduous. Tokens of the risen sun had

shown crimson on a mountain-top ere he could cry, "There, Miss Rodd, that's something to be thankful for."

He had lowered her with the poor "Feather's" ropes as carefully as if she were Dorothy herself. She looked very anguished throughout the ceremony. As for her weight, it was of the dead kind.

"Here ends a jolly bad business!" mused Nigel. He wiped his face and prepared to follow Miss Rodd in much more haphazard fashion.

III.

"Well, Miss Rodd, I'm sorry I can't do better for you than this."

It was two hours or so after their fortunate escape with sound limbs from the perils of the night, and the sun's radiance was all over the lake. A hot day had begun. Miss Rodd was nested among heather and bracken under a thin wisp of a birch tree, with the placid water close to her boots. She had recovered her presence of mind and even something of her spirits, and was looking much less haggard and ancient than in the first half-hour of her sojourn on the island. Nigel offered her about ten bleaberries in the trough of a leaf. He felt pretty fit, considering. While Miss Rodd was composing her nerves, he had bathed on the other side of the island. This over, and a first survey of their surroundings giving no promise of immediate rescue, he had taken chivalrous thought of the lady's necessities. The berries among the granite were the result of his investigation. She smiled the smile of a convalescing invalid and accepted his gift.

"It is more than I merit," she said. Her voice was still tremulous, but her eyes were kind.

"By no means," he demurred. "Few women would have gone through it so well. But it's a shameful poor breakfast to offer to a lady; especially remembering that yesterday's luncheon was your last square meal. I sincerely hope it *was* a square meal, Miss Rodd."

She seemed to wince at the words, and her smile vanished.

"Was it, Miss Rodd?" he insisted.

"No," she said. "I was too anxious to put a stop to—you know what, Mr. Capell. You are heaping coals of fire upon my poor head. But I will be quite candid with you and tell you that the moment I got home and learnt what Dorothy was going to do, I—drove straight to Moss Court."

"Good heavens! Without luncheon?"

"I snatched a sandwich and a glass of wine."

"And that is all you have had since breakfast this time yesterday! Oh! It's worse than I thought. I must go on Robinson Crusoeing."

"Mr. Capell!" she exclaimed, when he was climbing afresh into the upper scrub of the island.

"Yes?"

"Do eat one or two of them yourself."

"Not for worlds," he laughed. "Who can say when you will get your next berry? Besides, I have a gill or so of cognac left. Only fancy my making you break the pledge last night! You haven't forgiven me that, I expect. Well, *au revoir*. I can't be long."

Miss Rodd shook her head at him and watched him scramble out of sight. But instead of looking for berries, Nigel sat on the highest rock-point of the island and renewed his scrutiny of the lake's shores. It was a charming lake, as a lake. Perhaps three miles long by from a mile to a few yards in breadth. There were four islets to it, and they were on the largest. But—and this was the fact that annoyed him—their island was in the middle of the lake, at its widest part. Unfortunately he could not swim. Not that this ought to matter in a civilised and well-peopled country like Great Britain. Rescue could surely be a question only of hours. Nevertheless, supposing no one came to the lake! It was compassed by very picturesque mountains, with the suggestion of lower lands only in one direction, where its waterway narrowed towards a parting in the hills; but there was not a sign of human habitation. Heather and grass and bracken patches, some shading of birch trees in two places, pinkish sand to the lake's shore; but not the ghost of a cottage.

Nigel knew quite enough of the wilds of the Highlands to know that there were such lochs as this, bedded in the mountains, on which for days in succession no human being set eye.

Now supposing——

But he had no patience to contemplate such a supposition. It had been an absurd last day or so, plus an element of the tragic which now in retrospect seemed only an added strain of the ridiculous. The situation of himself and Miss Jessamine Rodd marooned indefinitely on a Scottish loch, with nothing to eat and unable to help themselves, might become tragic in real earnest; but just at present the thought of its farcical side most affected him. It irritated him exceedingly. Why in the world hadn't he learnt to swim? Scanning his horizon with bent brows, he now discerned something. Four—no, five shapes outlined on one of the hills, the leader with a branch to its head! A stag and hinds, of course. Well, there was no comfort in them. They only proved that the island, like the mountains, was part of somebody's deer forest. The stalking season hadn't begun, and—why, it worsened the odds against a speedy rescue! The deer were an assurance of the dearth

of human beings in the neighbourhood. His and Miss Rodd's lives might depend on the mere mood of a gamekeeper. If the man were a lazy fellow neglectful of his march, in a fortnight's time there would be two corpses on this wretched little island, unless of course in the meantime they decided that it were better to commit suicide by drowning.

He found a few more berries and returned with them to his fellow sufferer. She was writing; her straw dish-cover hat was laid aside, and her long grey hair, spread upon her shoulders, stirred in the gentle breeze which had crept to the lake.

"Well?" she said, greeting him with a very pleasant smile.

"Well!" said he. "What a comfort a ruling passion must be, Miss Rodd!"

She nodded and smiled still more pleasantly. "Yes, Mr. Capell. The work I did yesterday in the balloon was—though I say it—very good. Excitement stimulates the brain. Even the want of food, in moderation, is no bad thing intellectually. I never remember being so full of ideas."

"Really!" said he. "Then I am perhaps in the way?"

Her smile now became as sunny as the lake itself.

"I'm not," she whispered, "likely to be so ungracious as to say so, but if you *could* let me write for half an hour alone, Mr. Capell. You don't know what it means to an author: the pride and animation of feeling—as I do at this moment."

"I can guess," he said. "And I obey."

Again he betook himself to the island's summit. This time he had a practical inspiration. What more easy than to build a bonfire and light it?

In less than Miss Rodd's prescribed half-hour, the island smoked like a sacrifice. The supply of half-rotten wood—alder, birch, and fir—was ample, and the last year's bracken fronds were as tinder to the pile.

He rejoined his companion. She welcomed him with all the goodwill imaginable, pocketed her note-book, and asked about the smoke.

"A distress signal," he told her.

"Oh, I see. But isn't there anyone in sight, anywhere?"

"Judge for yourself," he replied, with a shrug and a wave of the hand.

"But there soon will be—surely?"

"Who can say?" said he.

Then, sitting by her, he gave her the other berries, and told her how sorry he was that his education, physically, had been neglected. He hoped she believed, he said, that he was ready to do anything

in the world that was possible to get her out of the scrape, but it were worse than useless for a man unable to swim to attempt to swim. The only ally he could think of was the balloon's basket in the tree. By caulking that somehow he might make it lakeworthy, paddle ashore, and then hunt for help. Meanwhile, they must simply hope.

She seemed much more interested than alarmed by his gravity and the hints conveyed in his words.

"I wonder—" she said, and then stopped and looked at him, archly.

"Yes?" said he, still heavy with anxiety.

"—if I should shock you very much, Mr. Capell. You think no one may come for hours and hours. Well, we should get weak, shouldn't we, fasting so long a time? I feel quite strong now, and I'm sure I could swim the distance."

"You!" he cried.

"Yes. I have always been fond of swimming. Oh, it would be nothing for me to undertake, I assure you. Don't look so concerned. But, of course, there are inconveniences which—well, they would have to be made the best of. Mr. Capell, you are in command of this expedition; shall I do it?"

He was about to protest against such a step; but, turning his head, leaped to his feet instead, and pointed.

"*What* have I done?" he gasped.

Tongues of flame were springing amid the tree-trunks above them. There was no need for Miss Rodd to tell him what he had done. He rushed at the mischief, only to rush back and bewail his carelessness. And with him came a cloud of smoke, telling of a change of wind which would soon make that side of the island untenable.

"Miss Rodd, I'm a fool!" he declared. "With this breeze we shall be burnt out to a certainty. The water's shallower on the other side. Come. We may have to take to it in self-defence."

But Miss Rodd's mind was now made up.

"Go away, Mr. Capell," she said, "for two or three minutes. I mean to swim it. I wish I could feel sure of being able to take you with me, but it would be unwise to run that risk perhaps. You understand?"

She offered him her hand and he accepted it humbly.

"I shall be all right," he said. "But you have *no* doubt about yourself?"

"None, Mr. Capell. And you?"

"I can get twenty yards into the water on that other side. It's a shoal."

"Then, if you please, Mr. Capell, give me my directions, and say good-bye."

"You *will*?" he asked, still holding her hand.

"My dear man, it is no more to me than walking a mile. Do believe that. What shall I do when I am on shore?"

He pointed to the end of the loch and the nether valley there suggested, and with a lively nod and a last smile (replete with friendliness) Miss Rodd released her hand.

"There's no time to lose," she said. "Be as brave as you were last night, and all will be well. Run away, Mr. Capell, and don't get roasted."

With a parting word of advice and caution, Nigel began to work round the island's coastline, as far as possible from the heat and smoke of the conflagration. But Miss Rodd had something more to say to him.

"Mr. Capell," she called. "Don't look round, please, but I want you to know that I—I have altered my mind about Dorothy's future. You deserve her. Good-bye for the present. That's all."

"Thank you," he shouted. "Thank you, Miss Rodd."

Another quarter of an hour, and from the western cape of the island he watched her cleaving the water with strong strokes. She had a bundle on her head, and was in all respects a figure such as the lake had probably never before seen in its midst. But there was no doubt about her powers as a swimmer.

He watched her to the mainland, roared a "Well done!" which did not reach her, and then changed his standpoint. The flames were licking all over the body of the island, with greedy noises. It was time for him to take to the water on its shallow side and there stand like a hot and otiose cow, knee deep or so, until the island had burnt itself out.

IV.

He was thus in the water, smoking his pipe and very far indeed from miserable, when the final stage in the adventures of the last day and night opened to him. Miss Rodd had been absent about four hours. Now he saw her returning, accompanied by two men, curiously burdened. The men looked like walking mushrooms as they climbed into full view by that evident waterway from the foot of the loch. Their mushroom heads were in fact a couple of Berthon boats, and with these Nigel's rescue was easily managed.

Only three miles down the valley Miss Rodd had come upon a fine shooting lodge, with another and larger lake below it; and every necessary help was soon procured. From the shore she watched the man in one boat towing the other, even as Nigel had watched her

earlier in the day. She was in such gay spirits that the other man, who stayed with her, didn't know what to make of her. If her tale was to be believed, she ought to be an exhausted woman instead of what she was. She laughed and wrote in her little book; but her eyes were never for long off that short procession across the water. That Nigel was no cinder she knew, of course, full well. The waving of his pocket-handkerchief from the edge of the island ash-heap had been her best sensation of the last hour.

"Good morning," said Nigel to the boatman when they were alongside. "I'm in luck."

The man assented, with raised eyebrows at the charred island.

"I was to give you this from the lady, sir," he then said, "for she is sure you will be gey hungry." It was a neat little packet of sandwiches, garnered at the lodge. But there was more than that. A sprig of white heather was thrust between the string and the paper of the packet.

"Ah!" said Nigel, with a sigh of happiness, as he put the heather in his buttonhole. "I *am* in luck. I'm the luckiest beggar on this earth. As for eating, I don't want anything yet."

They made careful haste to the shore, and Miss Rodd's own hand helped Nigel from the boat.

"What do you think of me?" she asked him, looking almost handsome in her honest womanly pride. "But there, I'm not fishing for compliments. You may (and she whispered this) tell Dorothy if you think I'm worthy to be her aunt and—yours, Mr. Capell."

Nigel kissed Miss Rodd's hand by the side of the loch in token of his esteem and gratitude.

"I'm truly glad," he said, "that *you* were my passenger yesterday."





WAITING FOR DRIVEN BIRDS

CHICKEN-SHOOTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY R. LECKIE-EWING

(Illustrated with Photographs by the Author)

THE prairie chicken, or sharp-tailed grouse, is one of the best all-round game birds found in the province. It makes its home principally in open rolling country, more or less settled up and cultivated, where feed is plentiful, and does not frequent the wooded mountains, where varieties such as the ruffed, franklin, and blue grouse are to be met with.

The areas in British Columbia most suited to chicken are therefore limited in extent, and the birds at no place are ever too plentiful, even where their favourite food is abundant. Both in shape and colour chicken are very handsome and attractive, and if they are not equal in size to the blue they make ample amends in other ways, and are perhaps the best of all table birds in the country, more especially so when feeding in the wheat fields; and as a bird for the gunner they stand second only to the blue or dusky grouse. In the early fall they are found in coveys of ten or a dozen birds; later on, and when winter has well set in, they form into packs, sometimes as many as a hundred or more being seen together. At the opening of

the shooting season (*viz.*, September 1) chickens are tame and are very easy to shoot, as they lie close and more often than not rise singly, or in twos and threes, and never fly very far. If one shoots at this period, over well-broken dogs, the sport to my mind is almost too easy to be very attractive. Coveys frequent year after year the same feeding grounds, and it is an easy matter for the sportsman who knows the country well to come upon them almost any day, and at the same time, early morning, and again late in the afternoon. As the season advances, however, and the birds get shot over several times they become much wilder, consequently the pleasure of shooting them is greatly increased, although lighter bags are made.



TYPICAL CHICKEN COUNTRY

The favourite food of the prairie chicken is wheat from the stubble fields, various sorts of berries, and grasshoppers. When wheat and hoppers become scarce the birds, morning and evening, can always be found in berry patches either in open meadow land, or oftener still in gulches. As winter approaches the berries become scarcer, and the birds betake themselves to birch and such-like trees, where the buds and tender shoots form their main diet. When feeding on trees they are usually very tame, and fall an easy prey to pot hunters who, nothing loath, shoot the poor birds down as they sit. My favourite months for chicken-shooting are October and November. The days are then cooler, and the birds have had a chance to learn to take pretty good care of themselves.

Perhaps the best way to give your readers some idea of the sport will be to describe a day spent in their pursuit.

The fall weather is always lovely in the Okanagan, and on a clear, cool October morning I start off from my lake-shore cottage, accompanied by two of my well-broken retrievers, who are quite as much at home at this work as they are when retrieving the wily mallard who meets his fate at the evening flight. The walking is never hard, so I do not need to hurry. I am on likely shooting ground almost at once. My dogs are working steadily some twenty or thirty yards ahead of me, bustling about



SUNRISE

the bushes and clumps of tall grass, where the birds are usually found at early morn. It is not long till they show to my practised eye unmistakable signs of scenting birds. From the middle of a patch of snow-berry comes the first sport of the day. Three strong birds break cover and fly off in different directions. I am ready for them, however, and bring down my right and left. More are at hand, as I hear their loud "cack-cack" all around me. Quickly reloading, I am just in time to get a shot at a single bird, which Diamond flushes almost at my feet. The others, which have been calling have all gone off,



PRAIRIE CHICKEN



VIEW OF OKANAGAN LAKE FROM MY SHOOTING GROUND

These patches of thick brush form ideal ground for a single gun, as the birds seldom go off in whole coveys, but almost always singly or in twos and threes, and not too far out. I then



A MIXED BAG

proceed for some little time without seeing any more, begin to get a little careless, and pay the usual penalty, for a few yards ahead of me a single bird goes off, which I miss badly with both barrels.

No other birds are met with, so I make my way up a favourite gulch which leads to a long range of flat country, stretching for miles some thousand feet above the great Okanagan Lake. This gulch, like many others, is a never-failing resort of chicken, so I climb up the steep side, my dogs working the bushes below me. I have not long to wait, for, ere I have gone a hundred yards, a fine big covey is flushed. Most of them go off out of range, however, evidently having been shot at before. A few stragglers, as usual, wait till the dogs are almost on them before they deem it expedient to try to escape, and out of these I manage to bag three more.

Still climbing up the same gulch, I again hear some birds calling



A GOOD RETRIEVER

ahead of me, but these, like their relations, also rise out of range, and I only manage to secure a single straggler.

As I near the summit the cover grows scanty, and the birds therefore are not so plentiful. The sun has topped the high mountains opposite me, and the whole landscape is now bathed in its warm and welcome rays. The view I get is a magnificent one. A hundred miles away, the Selkirks loom up, their snow-capped summits ruddy with the first rays of the rising sun. Lower down, and closer to me, are never-ending ridges, clad almost to their summits with pine and fir, homes of the big game, whose haunts I hope ere long to visit.

On the bosom of the great lake, which lies at my feet, tiny skiffs are already astir, their white sails spreading to catch the cool morning breeze, while here and there may be seen the darkly painted boats of the Indian fishermen, trolling for their morning feast.

Truly a lovely picture on this glorious October morning, and one which I would fain rest awhile and gaze upon ; but already my faithful companions are getting restless, and remind me that I have come out to shoot, and not to spend the hours in idle dalliance. So, shouldering my gun and my bag, I proceed on my way to the summit. Here the country changes considerably ; instead of steep



A GOOD BAG FOR TWO GUNS

mountain-side, I now travel through rolling meadow land, which is dotted over with clumps of cotton wood and waving birch. Not such good ground for chicken, but roughly fenced-in patches of wheat fields, belonging to an Indian tribe, always contain a few coveys which are little shot over. Through this land also there is another great attraction : small lakes fringed with bushes and dwarf trees, ideal spots for mallard and teal, and almost the first one I come to a flock of some half-dozen mallard get up ; a long shot, but I manage to wing a fine old drake, which is quickly retrieved from the shallow water.

From out of the cotton-wood clumps, and along the fenced-in wheat fields, I have some pretty shooting; the birds are a bit wild, but none the worse for this. I follow along a chain of tiny sloughs, nearly all have duck on them, and my dogs thoroughly enjoy their water retrieving, as the mid-day sun is still hot.

I now find my bag getting uncomfortably heavy, so I am glad to rest awhile under the shade of a huge Douglas fir.

As I have many miles still to travel ere my day's walk is over, I do not long stay idle, but wend my way along the mountain ridge, avoiding, unwillingly perhaps, many tempting pieces of chicken



THE SPORTSMEN'S RETURN

cover. The short afternoon is now drawing to a close; I have brought down some long shots, so that I, and I am sure my dogs also, are perfectly content with our day's sport and my bag of eighteen birds, made up of six brace of chicken, one blue, one ruffed grouse, and two couple of mallard and teal.



RUGBY OR ASSOCIATION FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

BY ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN

IT has seemed within recent years that the old discussion as to whether Rugby or Association football were the better game had died a natural death. But last season, thanks to a circular from the Rugby Union and a spirited literary discussion between two exponents of the rival codes, we were brought face to face again with the apparently perplexing problem. And the matter is not without its importance when we consider that one of the largest schools in England has yet to decide as to which game she will adopt, and also that the smaller public schools—unsteadied by the ballast of tradition—are as fickle as a barometer in their allegiance to one style or the other.

It must by this time be sufficiently obvious to everybody that the schools are practically the sole feeding grounds for the amateur portion of Rugby or Association football players, and so it becomes not merely a pleasure but a duty for the partisans of both sides to lay before them the claims and superiority—real or imagined—of their favourite as clearly and effectively as possible. It seems to me that in a debate as to the merits of the handling and dribbling codes we must pay special attention to three points, first the game itself, secondly the physical effect it has on its players,

and thirdly its suitability for men when they have left school and the opportunities they will have for the enjoyment of the same.

The great objection that most opponents of Rugby have to urge against the pastime is the scrum; if all the players could be halves or three-quarters it would be nearly as ideal a game for boys or others as Association, but it does not seem at all right for a large portion of the fifteen to spend fifty per cent. of their playing time in a stooping position with their heads thrust into a sweltering mass of their companions. I am rather a believer in fresh air, especially for the young; but apart from this I should strongly object, whether as a player or spectator, to the necessity of half the proceedings being carried on, so to speak, *in camera*! Again, the individuality of a Rugby forward is almost obliterated in the common machine of the scrimmage; this is very different from Association, where the ideal is to blend the whole eleven into combination, but without sacrificing either in fact or in appearance one iota of individual brilliance.

Speed is one of the grandest of Nature's gifts, but it can to a great extent be influenced for good or bad by training; the tendency of Rugby, except again in the case of the three-quarters, is not to put a premium upon it. Indeed, the average Rugby forward is slow, and this fact does not detract much from his efficiency; but one of the qualities of an ideal Association team would be that every man in it, with the possible exception of the goalkeeper, should be able to do the hundred in under eleven seconds. Clumsiness in a man is a great nuisance to other people, if not to himself; it is a fatal fault where most games of skill are concerned, yet it is a very common attribute of the Rugby forward. Association, on the other hand, teaches all her players if they would make their mark to be neat and sometimes graceful. I know that in these days of the strenuous, simple life, in which we shudder at the "brutality" of the Association game, it is very wrong of me to talk of grace, but somehow I have a weakness for seeing a man move gracefully, and so have a good many other people, to judge from the number of Mr. Charles Fry's admirers.

Bearing therefore carefully in mind that the chief *raison d'être* of a game is to train the body, and that speed, activity, and grace are things to be aimed at in this connection, we are bound to admit that Association, as far as the players are concerned, affords the better curriculum to the greater number, and is therefore the better game *quâ* game. I would declare again in favour of Association on the second point of this discussion, for I believe that physically this pastime produces a more useful type of man than does Rugby. By "useful," I mean adapted to withstand all

the ordinary exertions of an active life in youth, in middle or in old age, including, of course, a man's first duty, *i.e.* military service in case of need, and at as late an age as possible. The product of Rugby football always seems a little top-heavy with magnificent neck, shoulders, etc., but so magnificent that they are out of proportion with the rest of his body. In course of time, when the actual field of play is beyond his powers, this magnificence has a tendency to turn into fat, and fat is a form of degeneration intolerable to any Englishman. As regards pluck and endurance, I do not think there is a particle of difference in the requirements of the two games. At either pastime a good many hard knocks are exchanged, and while Rugby is responsible for more minor accidents, those which do occur at Association are generally more serious, so that both of them are equally free from any suggestion of being kid-gloved amusements. Possibly Rugby has more of her players actually occupied at the identically same moment, but this advantage is counterbalanced by the fact that a game of Association lasts half as long again as does a match under the sister code.

One of the most valuable points in connection with Public School Athletics is that they instil into the boys a love of exercise for exercise's sake, which they will remember all their lives; it is important, then, to choose for the school winter game one which they can use as late in life as possible. Men who for various reasons are debarred from taking part in sport are solely dependent on games for their amusement for more than six months in the year; the choice at this period is not a large one, and passing over golf as being little more exacting than a sharp walk, we have only football left. It is obvious that the Association player here has the pull over the Rugby man; the former game may be played comfortably up to thirty years of age, a very little less so up to thirty-five, and in some exceptional cases as late as forty. We can place the limit of Rugby football at twenty-eight or thirty, and probably twenty-five sees the retirement of the majority of players. In the 'teens and the early twenties one may be thrown about with impunity, but afterwards the bones grow less elastic, and from this time onwards the risk of the Rugby footballer is infinitely greater, and therefore less justifiable than that of the Associationist at a similar or even much later age.

And now that at length we have reached the point as to which game will afford a boy leaving school the greater opportunity of continued adherence to itself we plunge straightway into the direct consideration of the comparative popularity of the two styles of football. I trust I shall not be accused of begging the question if I contend that herein Association wins all along the line, for I

intend before closing to justify that statement. The national game of England is at this present time Association football; it has even ousted cricket,¹ but this is a point which does not demand our present attention; the people of this country have declared it so with no uncertain voice. And it is the masses, quite irrespective of the classes, who alone can bestow the epithet "national" upon a sport or pastime. It is true that racing is supported almost entirely by the wealthy; but had not the people patronised it with their presence, it would no more be the sport of the nation than polo, shooting, or hunting. To a large extent all this is from the spectacular point of view, a side of the game which Rugby Unionists profess to despise. I personally, and I think many other Associationists also, am not so proud, and to my mind there is just as much difference between playing a game before a roaring crowd and before a handful of dull spectators as there must be between acting to a full and to an empty house. Turning, however, to the question of players, pure and simple, Association is in a similarly impregnable position. I believe I am correct in stating that the number of amateur clubs affiliated to the Football Association is no fewer than 7,500, while the Rugby Union has only 500. By a simple division sum we shall find that England has fifteen clubs of amateur dribblers for every one of amateur handlers. I require nothing further to support my claim that from a player's point of view the national game is Association, or that the boy on leaving school will have a fifteen times better chance of falling in with an Association club than he will with a Rugby organisation. To this superiority I am only going to add the well-known fact that under the former code amateurs and professionals are united, while in the latter they are at daggers drawn, and I think I have nearly exhausted the subject.

There remains to me only a brief recapitulation of what I have endeavoured to maintain. Briefly it is this: Association is the better game as games are understood, it produces physically a more useful type of man, it can be indulged in later in life than can Rugby, it is infinitely the more popular both among players and spectators, it is in fact the national game. To my mind, this last truth is quite sufficient in itself to settle once for all the question as to which game is the more desirable for the public schools; backed by my other contentions—albeit they are of an *ex parte* nature—I trust that I may convince all waverers that the inducements of Association football are quite irresistible.

¹ Of course, multitudes of cricketers and lovers of cricket will not for a moment agree with this.—ED.



PODGORICA

A LADY'S TRAMP ACROSS MONTENEGRO

BY MRS. FRANK SAVILE

"FOR me it is nothing—I am a Montenegrin," said Philippo, grandiloquently; "but I think that the Signora should have a horse."

It was at Scutari in Albania, and we were discussing our proposed expedition to the Moraca Monastery across the mountains. We had announced that we would take only a pack-horse to carry our kit-bag and food. The evening was hot, and after wandering through the bazaar and up and down the main street for an hour I had announced that I was dropping with fatigue. Yet we were discussing glibly a walk of over a hundred miles in stages which would average five-and-twenty miles a day! It was, perhaps, not wonderful that Philippo's mind was beset with doubts.

"Philippo," said my husband, firmly, "in Montenegro one certainly does not ride for *pleasure*. The Signora has walked fifty kilometres in the day with me before now."

"Has she, in God's name!" said Philippo—the Montenegrin invokes the Deity at every sentence from a sincere sense of piety. "Then I will see about a pack-horse directly we reach Podgorica. Bravo!"

As our servant left the room we looked significantly at his shoes. They were polished patent leather—not in its first youth—with elastic sides.

"It is to be hoped he will change them before the day after to-morrow," I aspired.

F. smiled grimly.

"I know which shoes—and *feet*—will give out first," he remarked.

Yet forty-eight hours later as we stood outside Jovan Bulgaro's hostelry in Podgorica, superintending the preparations for our start, Philippo's footgear was unchanged. The previous day we had voyaged down the lake of Scutari in the little *Danitz* launch which



ON LAKE SCUTARI

plies between the broken bridge across the Bojana and Rijeka in Montenegro. We had landed at Plavnica, and thence ridden in a rickety omnibus to within a mile of Daibaba, the home of Simeon Popovic, a famous hermit of the rock. Thence we had strolled across the flank of the hill to be welcomed enthusiastically by the landlord of the little Hotel Europa—a friend of former years. And we had got a *front* room. Ye who visit Podgorica, listen to words of warning! The *back* rooms are *always* occupied by permanent inhabitants whose passions are vampire-like.

Philippo's unsporting footwear had had a baneful influence. Spiro, the youth who had charge of Durat, our little pack-horse,

had eyed the shining toecaps and had fallen under the spell of their glossiness. He departed suddenly and came back, not wearing the sensible "opanki" of leather and string in which he had first appeared, but strutting haughtily, as gaily shod as Philipppo's self. We groaned at the change, though we were fully aware that it was in honour of persons of "such great distinction" as our humble selves. To attempt the craggy track to Kolashin in shoes congruous on Parisian Boulevards seemed to us the height of absurdity. But we could do no more than shrug our shoulders, shake our heads, and—march.

For the first three miles the road is a road. Montenegro can boast only three completed. One runs from Cattaro through Cetinje and Rijeka to Niksics. The one we had used the previous day links Podgorica with Plavnica, the port upon the lake. A third, only lately finished, joins Rijeka with Antivari and the sea.

The Montenegrins are poor but ambitious. Multitudinous roads to connect together all the outlying districts are in contemplation, but the projects of the Government are vastly deeper than its purse. So the road, after displaying a blameless surface for a few miles, began to show signs of decrepitude. The surface grew broken, recovered again, and then allowed portions of the foundation boulders to appear, bare and uncovered. A little further on the whole highway dived under a recent landslide which had been suffered to remain where it fell. Further on it leaped to life again, endured for a hundred yards or so among the clefts, went out, flickered, stretched its length for a few unfaltering furlongs, and finally, about ten miles from Podgorica, was extinguished by the overhanging crags. It behaved exactly like a guttering lamp. Thenceforward the bridle track was the only break in the vista of green turf and dust-grey rock.

After the first three miles we had not been allowed to use the road. Spiro shook his head. The bridle track had been good enough for him and his fathers before him, and the jerkiness of the new route was unsettling to a conservative mind. So we strode along the footpath which overhung the river, looking down into the boil and rush of the eddies below, and congratulating ourselves that we had refused to ride. The care of one's own foothold is an amply sufficing occupation in such circumstances. To guide a horse would brim one's mind to the exclusion of all other interests. And we wanted to see the view.

It was worth seeing. We had entered the ravine by now, and the cliffs overhung between us and the glare. Cool draughts whirled up from the torrent below. Ancient avalanches had engineered green slopes on each side of the gorge. In distant peeps gleamed

the snow. The Montenegrin sky roofed in the valley with an indescribably lucent blue.

In such surroundings one's physical powers are at their highest. We stepped out—we strutted along bravely. Yard by yard patient Durat and the kit-bag receded into the distance, goaded at times by Philippo's scorn . . . Spiro defended his charge unabashed.

"The Gospodin may distance us upon the flat," he cried; "but wait till we reach the hills—the hills!"

We smiled patronisingly. Had we not beaten the complacent Mr. Baedeker's averages across many a Swiss and Tyrolean pass? We sauntered down to the river's brim and drank lingeringly while we waited for our little pack-horse to overtake us.



ON THE ROAD TO KOLASHIN

Ah that drink! If we had only known! It was practically our last for six long and arid hours. We halted, munched our bread and eggs, and then rose to confront the steeps which soared out of the sparse woodland to the bare and rocky tops.

What a path it was! Boulders as big as one's head were strewn upon it. Rocks the size of one's body erupted into it. And water, save the silver gleam in the gorge 2,000 ft. below, there was none. The hours went wearily by. Little Durat, with a contemptuous flick of his mane, overtook us, shouldered us on one side, outstripped us. We let him pass without a murmur. A couple of peasants, seeing from afar my husband's European clothes, came clambering down tumultuously to greet him as a doctor. Our lips

were too parched to enter into detailed explanation. F. merely shook his head to deny any medical knowledge, and stumbled on. They explained that the patient was no more than eight or ten miles away—a mere nothing. We could only endeavour to express finality by another vehement gesture while we stared hopefully into the distance. Was that not a hut? Huts surely meant water. We quickened our pace.

The inhabitants swarmed out, greeted us, swept us into a low-roofed room, and stared at us to their hearts' content. Tersely Philipppo demanded liquid.

They nodded and smiled, and a woman bustled away. She came back with a wooden bowl. Something was in it—something the colour of chocolate. I put my lips to it and—shuddered. F. for the sake of mere politeness managed to sup a mouthful, but it was no good. If the water had been merely dim—*cloud-becast* as the Germans say—we might have attempted it; but when we could not even see through it——! We shook our heads.

They were plainly astonished. Philipppo explained.

“It is melted snow, kept from last winter,” said he. “Here there is nothing else.” He took a great gulp to show his appreciation.

We assured him that we were not really thirsty at all. What we had thought was thirst must have been in fact something else. We must be going, too—there was a long stroll before us—we had already bothered them too long.

“Photograph them,” said Philipppo, diplomatically, and F.'s Kodak came out to cover up an awkward situation. We left eventually amid cheers. Two hours later our scruples had entirely vanished. We wished we had drunk gallons of that cocoa-tinted abomination—we were frantic with thirst.

Fate must have been listening, for another cottage broke into the grey distances among the boulders. Philipppo entered it, shouting our needs.

This time the contents of the proffered bowl were absolutely black. I drew my breath and—sipped. It was liquid earth—and other things. I passed it on to F. With a fine disregard of all sanitary precautions he drank voluminously. But I? For the second time I found that my thirst had completely disappeared, and so with disingenuous thanks we went out to toil again upon that endless path among the boulders.

The snow heights which loom so far from the plain of the Zeta had now become our near neighbours. For a mile or two we crossed a table-land and then began to descend. The forest grew about us, the green of grass plots showed not so very far away. And then,

spouting out of a little conduit of wood, a spring shone upon the hillside, cold, crystal, clear. How we drank and drank and drank! How we surfeited ourselves with drinking! As we paced on beside the growing brook the arid leagues behind us were forgotten. Every minute the grass grew lush and long. Other streams broke out—we were in a land of plenty, fertile, green. We reminded ourselves that we had been promised a bed to sleep in. We put a question to Philippo as we noted the westering of the sun.

"Two hours," said he, after conferring with the guide.

Two hours in Montenegrin means anything at all. We were near a cottage and we promptly sat down.



OUR HOSTS AT LIJEVA RIJEKA.

"Food!" said F., laconically, and the perpetual brown bread made its appearance, to which the cottagers cheerily added a couple of eggs, coming to watch us eat them.

"How the Gospodin drink!" said they, and for company's sweet sake began to wash their feet in the runnel from which we were drinking!

Two hours later, in the dusk, we staggered up to the door of the little han of Lijeva Rijeka. Being Saint George's Day the inhabitants from the surrounding district had gathered in to greet the Commandant and to drink coffee. I don't know if the festivities had grown a little tame, but the enthusiasm caused by our arrival was stupendous. The Governor, the Commandant, the schoolmaster,

the priest, with all the local big-wigs, vied in showing us attentions. What heads they credited us with possessing! If we had drunk all the tiny glasses of raki pressed upon us, how inordinately intoxicated we should have been! But what an evening to remember it was! The low-roofed room, furnished with pine trestles alone, was crowded to suffocation with those splendid men. The glow from the hearth upon their tanned faces, the quaint songs they sang to the accompaniment of that barbaric instrument the one-stringed viol or guslar, the red light falling upon gold embroideries and steel revolver-barrels—all these things made up a whole which will hang in our memories always. And then, after simple ablutions at the torrent brim, we slept—gloriously. Twenty-seven miles we had walked—we, who for weeks had scarcely paced as many furlongs. How puffed up we felt—how haughtily we held ourselves! In the morning pride had a fall.

“How far to Podgorica do we call it?” said the Commandant. “About eight hours.”

We thanked him prettily. We forbore to mention that we had taken ten hours and a half, but we asked for an estimate of the distance on to Kolashin. His reply showed that we were already betrayed.

“For *us*—about seven hours,” said Captain Popovic, smiling. “For *you*—about nine.”

We laughed, photographed him and his, and made our farewells. And we *creaked* as we breasted the slope into the forest. How stiff we were—how hideously, indescribably stiff!

The parching terrors of the previous day had disappeared. Everywhere springs spouted from the red earth—every furlong streams tinkled across the path—every few yards Durat nearly bogged in a mud hole. The difference between these alluvial glens and the dry crags of the previous day was extraordinary. We seemed to have entered a new world.

The climate, too, seemed to have changed with the soil. Frequent showers fell from a sky which twenty-four hours back had been of brass. And then, suddenly, about mid-day, our old friend the road leaped into life again.

We looked at it with incredulous eyes. There it was, trim, levelled, winding away down the gorge without any of the aberrations of its commencement to discountenance us. We crossed the stream, stood upon the road, and—sat down.

It was a fraud! Beautifully levelled as it seemed at a distance, the surface was of cobbles unbound with earth. In reality it was more trying to the feet than the rocky bridle-way it superseded. And Kolashin was nine kilometres away.

Again F. solved the situation monosyllabically. "Food," he remarked to Philipppo, and this time we broke out into debauch. We opened one of our ounce bottles of Bovril and used it to make a thick soup with the inevitable eggs. What a tonic it was! We strutted along that deceitful road for the few remaining miles as if the morning hours were before rather than behind us, and when on entering the little inn at Kolashin we understood that *meat*—actually a quarter of freshly killed lamb—would be at our service in an hour we got vociferous in our joy. They had a basin, too, at the inn. We could wash in comfort. Civilisation of a kind was about us again.



OUR PARTY FROM KOLASHIN

Tidied and clean we received with equanimity Philipppo's intimation that the Governor of the district was waiting to interview us. We went down into the public guest-room to be confronted by a blaze of colour.

Brigadier Martinovic, with a glorious staff, had arrived to give us greeting to Kolashin. No lady, not of Montenegrin birth, he informed us, had ever crossed Montenegro into his town *on foot*. The courtly old gentleman congratulated me with empressement, but when he heard that we proposed continuing our peregrinations right over the mountains by way of the Moraca to Niksics his face fell.

"Signora," he said, commiseratingly, "let me assure you that you are proposing what you cannot understand. You have come along bad paths. To-morrow you will encounter worse ones. But these are nothing to what you will have to use the day after if you persist in your intention. There will be much snow—there will be no accommodation. I cannot approve—I cannot indeed!"

He turned to his aides-de-camp. They murmured assentingly, looking at me with incredulous eyes. Were not the English a rich luxurious people? How *could* an Englishwoman desire to do such things? To walk for the sake of walking—for *sport*? That was plainly absurd.

We smiled deprecatingly. We had been at some pains to collect information about this walk—we were a trifle proud of our exploits in having got to Kolashin at all. Mountaineering was not an unknown experience to us, and we were not paying our first visit to Montenegro. We thought we knew what we were about. So, though we listened deferentially, we hinted that we were not convinced.

The grim old soldier shook his head and strayed from Italian to French and back again in his endeavour to persuade us. We thanked him prettily—we were as well-mannered as we knew how—but we were not to be turned. We promised to think matters over, exchanged assurances of our infinite esteem, and retired to another room and the quarter of lamb.

The next morning, rambles about the village, more photographing, and a little shopping, filled an hour. Then came Philippo with an enormous smile to say that a priest from the Moraca Monastery was in the town and would be honoured by serving us as guide to his home. We naturally accepted with effusion.

He appeared, bowing and scraping, and wearing, in spite of his peaceful profession, the usual enormous revolver. Philippo interpreted our sense of obligation, to which our new friend's smiles were abundant answer, and we set out.

No more boulders this time. The path was well worn and in parts level. We strode for several miles along the river's edge, plunging at last into the delightful glades of a forest. So thick was the foliage that a heavy thunder shower which rolled up hardly discountenanced us at all. We sat upon the boll of a great beech and the talk became general. A couple of mountaineers had joined us; cigarettes and stately affabilities were exchanged. One of the newcomers began to tell a story which Philippo received with laughter and the priest with grave shakings of the head.

An innocent German journalist had once penetrated to Kolashin, it appeared, and our host of the previous night had emulated the prices of Piccadilly in making out his bill. The Teuton had gone

back to Podgorica fuming, and the countryside had been moved to much innocent laughter. The subjects of the Kaiser are not beloved in the realms of Prince Nicholas. But his reverence was much vexed. "It was *most* dishonest!" he said, quietly, and, as the rain had ceased, led on. A quarter of an hour later an opening in the trees let us out beside a tiny chapel upon the bare hillside.

The view was magnificent. Far below lay the gorge of the Moraca, and it came with quite a shock to us to realise how high we had risen during the two previous days. The track led down and down interminably, and though the grade was almost precipitously steep at times, an hour went by before we seemed to have made perceptible progress. We stopped to lunch, then slid on for another



THE MORACA MONASTERY

hour, and so reached the level of the river. Along this we walked till the forest opened to show a glimpse of the monastery a couple of miles away.

Half an hour later we walked into the courtyard. It had the deserted stillness of a cemetery. Not a soul seemed about. We passed through it and out to the other side where the track ended at the door of a tiny han. And coming along the path towards us was the Archimandrite.

His greeting was a mixture of pleasure at receiving us and criticisms of Philipppo's want of tact in not sending him word of our coming. He would have liked to make preparation to welcome

us suitably. We must excuse him a moment while he returned to put matters in train. He must be allowed to show us *some* little hospitality.

And so for half an hour we rested in front of the little hostelry, lounging upon the grass and watching the cloud shadows chasing each other across the hills. It was infinitely peaceful and infinitely beautiful, and a delicious change from the hard work of the last three days. As the shadow of the hill behind us covered the gorge we rose and returned to the monastery.

It is famous throughout the land for two reasons: The first, the covering of frescoes which ornaments the whole of the interior of the chapel. They might have been designs of Cimabue and date from centuries back. The monastery's other claim to notoriety is more modern. Before its walls in '76 a great Turkish army sat down. A small force of Montenegrins effected a surprise attack from the rear, flung the huge force into confusion, and routed it with enormous slaughter. And one of the battalion officers concerned was Michael Dozics, the Archimandrite who was entertaining us!

Through Philipppo we questioned him about the battle. He shrugged his shoulders gently and smiled. "We defeated them," he said, laconically. "They fled over the hills."

"Not all?" we questioned, breathlessly.

"Not all," he agreed. "Fifteen hundred lay dead before these gates."

"And on those slopes?" asked Philipppo, pointing across the ravine.

"Some thousands died there," admitted the benignant-looking old man, shamefacedly, and smiled sweetly as he handed me a glass of raki. He turned to the lighting of a fire to make us coffee.

We looked at Philipppo. He understood.

"No," he whispered in Italian, "I must not help him. The rule of the order prescribes that they must do such things themselves."

And so the dear old gentleman made us most excellent coffee, and talked of many things. We did not switch the conversation back to slaughter, much as we should have liked to hear of feats with which all the Balkans have rung, but instinctively we felt that the man of God desired to leave in the limbo of things forgotten the deeds of the man of war. In the dusk we walked back to our inn. Not soon shall we forget our entertainment by the Archimandrite of the Moraca.

For supper a truculent-looking rooster had been caught and killed, but not—alas!—cleaned. He had been spread-eagled, and

boiled, and was presented to us in his entirety! Frankly he was horrible. After a few reluctant mouthfuls we relinquished him and fell back on bread and eggs. Soon after we were stretched upon the heaped bedding in the room in which we had dined, fully aware that we were by no means alone. How they preyed upon us, the original inhabitants! How they massed their battalions about our bodies—how they gorged!

We welcomed the dawn. To sleep in peace we should have had to win not one but a hundred fights, and the reserves of the enemy were countless. We turned out, found a little forest stream fifty yards away, washed, and returned to coffee and bread. Then



A TYPICAL MONTENEGRIN

straight up the hillside behind us we breasted at an angle of forty-five, poor little Durat stumbling and panting painfully.

We went up and up and up. The forest dwindled. The beech gave place to shrubs, and in two hours' time we gained a ridge to see below us a valley as deep as that from which we had mounted. The path was as good as could be wished, and we hinted to Philipppo that our friend the brigadier had been unduly anxious for our welfare. He agreed dutifully but with an obvious reserve. We had not come to the worst.

We swung down to the very bottom of that valley and up the other side. Three hours had gone by, and early coffee had become a

very dim memory. We sat beside a stream and ate bread and drank water modestly, while F. amused himself by sketching impossible dinners at a Ritz which he unconvincingly pictured as just round the corner. As a bid for popularity his conversation was not a success, and we moved on. Two hours later we moved out on to a table-land bounded by snowclad rocky heights. Here water failed. We paced along moodily and thirstily till a collection of huts rose into view, circling round a mound on which was built a house of some small pretensions.

"This," announced the guide whom we had hired the night before, "this is the home of a Baron."

Philippo exploded. "A baron!" he repeated. "Why not a duke—a prince?" He seemed to think the joke the most poignant he had heard during the course of his travels. "What things these peasants will say!" he added, loftily, and debouched from the path with F. to see if his lordship would supply us with a little baronial milk. But the great man was from home, and the wizened old caretaker in charge extremely laconic. "*Nema—Nema—I have none!*" she repeated as we went on thirstily down the worst descent which it has been my bad fortune to encounter in all Montenegro. The rock was a slippery shale, sloping out obliquely from the cliff, and Durat's descent of it will always remain in my mind as one of the wonders of the age. He skated, his four little feet spread abroad; he stumbled, he rolled, at times he appeared to be standing on his head. But he arrived, and our kit bag with him, unscathed at the bottom of the ravine, a spot which Philippo declared we might be assured no Englishwoman had ever visited before. "Not even *Missdum!*" he added, thoughtfully, alluding to that very adventurous lady Miss Durham, whose delightful descriptions of the Balkan lands are too well known to need any advertisement of mine.

The collection of huts which was ranged upon the river's brim was dignified with the name Dzubrok. We sat down, and Philippo produced another fowl of indescribable tastiness. So accentuated, indeed, was its aroma that we passed it on to Spiro and the guide, who picked it to the bone. We contented ourselves with bread, eggs, and this time a little chocolate. After that the real and final ascent began.

For two hours we toiled up and up and up. Top succeeded top. We met the snow first in patches, then in irregular sheets, and finally, as we passed over an edge which cut off views of the ravine below, on to a wide and unbroken slope, sentinelled by peaks on either hand.

We had been so taken up with the toils of climbing or in admiration of Durat's acrobatics that we had scarcely noted the change

which had come over the weather. Suddenly a violet streak cut across the sky and the roar of the thunder echoed from cliff to cliff. We looked round. The heavens were of an inky blackness—we were in for a real mountain storm.

Some way ahead was what looked like a haystack. Philipppo pointed to it. Sliding over the surface slush we managed to reach it as the first fury of the downpour burst upon us. We found that it was a pyramid of poles, hastily roofed with bundles of grass. Here the hay-getters find their summer shelter, and here we sat and munched bread and snow while the lightning blazed about us. Outside little Durat chewed the *roof* with fine unconcern.



A WAYSIDE HAN

As the storm rumbled off westwards we came out and for another three hours *ploughed* through the drifts. The snow had become of a sort of treacly consistency after the rain and hail, and we sank in it—often into streams which it had deceitfully arched over. We got inordinately wet, and even the imperturbable Durat showed signs of flagging. Finally patches of open ground, carpeted thickly with gentian, crocus, and snowdrop, began to show. As we got lower and lower they grew more numerous, and brighter than ever in the freshness of their storm washing. Then a couple of hours of beech shade and we walked out on to a bare hillside to see, eight or ten miles away, Niksics, our goal.

We had now been on our feet over thirteen hours. We had walked over desperate paths about thirty miles. As we had agreed with our new guide the night before that if we found the whole distance beyond our powers we would stay the night at the monastery of Zub we reminded him of our compact. He looked thoughtful.

We mentioned the matter again.

He shrugged his shoulders, stared round him, and finally led off the main track to the left. Tiny dots a mile or two lower down revealed themselves as peasants working. As we drew nearer he began to shout to them.

Our suspicions were aroused. Philippo confirmed them.

"*Brutta bestia!* After all his promises he does not know the way." He struck a dramatic attitude and directed a torrent of rhetoric at the guide.

Over the next hour and a half I draw a veil. Suffice it to say that after questioning every mountaineer we met we found ourselves at last still a couple of miles from the monastery, but at the door of a most unpromising-looking han. It consisted of two rooms crammed with men, smoke, and babies. The two latter were got rid of by the simple expedient of opening the windows. The former politely crowded into one room and gave us the sole tenancy of the other. Time produced eggs and coffee and there were beds of sorts. We slept—a little. But hostilities were acute throughout the night. The usual thunderstorm chased us into Niksics the next morning, and thence by the highroad and a carriage we returned to Podgorica. As we drove restfully along Philippo stared mournfully at his no longer glossy shoes.

"Next time we'll take a tent and do it in shorter stages," said F. cheerily.

Philippo smiled—a dark sardonic smile.

"Next time!" he repeated. "Sooner than undergo those four days again I would spend twenty in Podgorica gaol!"

All the same we have good hopes there will be a "next time." For those whom Montenegro fascinates are lost to sedater loves. They turn to Her again and again.





LAWYERS AND SPORTSMEN

BY ONE OF THEM

THE Bar Point-to-Point Races help to emphasise the close connection which has always been maintained between the Law and Sport, and it often happens that the better the lawyer the better the sportsman. In proof of this it is scarcely necessary to recall the names of Lord Russell and Lord Brampton, better known respectively as Sir Charles Russell and Sir Henry Hawkins (who, by the way, was on horseback on Wimbledon Common the last time I had the pleasure of seeing that grand old man of the law), not to mention Justices Bucknill, Grantham, and others. Mr. Justice Grantham is by way of being a double-barrelled judge, for he acts in that capacity at the already mentioned point-to-point races.

To show how little Londoners at any rate know of the doings of their neighbours in private life, a K.C. friend of mine expressed great surprise on hearing that Mr. Justice Buckley was a horseman. Yet have I seen him frequently making his way to the Row on the neatest of hacks, immaculately clad and booted, and with the air and style withal of one who is no novice. I flatter myself I can sum up a man on horseback in a very few seconds. There are some who ride much, but whom no amount of dress or grooming can convert into horsemen—while others, in any old mufti, are “workmen” unmistakably.

Merses profundo, etc. You may disguise him in a wig and gown, you may dress him up in a frock coat and top-hat, with umbrella and black bag all complete, or in anything else that is businesslike or professional and unsportsmanlike; but the scent of

the sportsman will hang round him still—by which I do not mean to infer that he will smell of the stable!

Lawyers have reason to congratulate themselves and each other on the fact that the rational and unconventional in costume is gradually being permitted to replace the rigid, funereal, and uncomfortable. In these enlightened days lawyers, parsons, and doctors are quite as much disposed as anyone else towards common sense and comfort in the matter of their attire, and pay far less heed to the rigid and tyrannical conventions which prevailed a hundred, fifty, or even twenty years ago.

The old family solicitor, with his shabby tall hat and suit of shiny broadcloth, has become a thing of the past; and now when business takes him into the country, or when he resides there, he almost invariably dons a suit of tweeds and a bowler or straw, according to the state of the weather. There is of course no reason why lawyers should not garb themselves in a manner similar to other gentlemen; nevertheless the change is most welcome.

In the country, quite naturally, the first symptoms of the variation manifested themselves, tall hats and customary suits of solemn black seeming there even more ludicrously out of place than in town. But now it is in town that wholesome sartorial liberty has made itself apparent, and particularly so during the Long Vacation. In that prolonged period of laxity and idleness (too prolonged for the majority, who cannot afford a three months' holiday) one sees most reputable lawyers of all degrees in every variety of tweeds, flannels, and straw hats; and clients are not so particular or prudish as to be scandalised or prejudiced thereby. Moreover, many solicitors whose practice seldom demands their presence in the courts habitually dress unconventionally all the year round; and who is the worse for it?

Within the hallowed precincts of the Courts of Justice it is certainly fitting, and indeed most proper, that professional men should wear garments suitable to the solemnity and dignity of the locality, though even this may be carried too far; as when solicitors are required to wear a gown in order to qualify them for wrangling in a County Court over a laundress's bill of 30s. or some such trifle.

Talking of County Courts, I have a pleasing recollection of encountering His Honour the late Judge Martineau on the road from the station to attend one of his courts in Sussex. He was on foot, and I was driving a tandem of ponies. Divested of my overcoat, I duly appeared before him in orthodox garb as an advocate; and I can see now the humorous twinkle in his eye when I stood up in court to address him. If report be true, His Honour was as good a judge of a horse as he was of a case, which is saying not a

little. On another occasion I was passing through the same town on horseback when I was hailed by some yokels on the pavement, who wanted me to defend a friend of theirs charged with poaching. The court was to sit in a quarter of an hour, and I was four miles from home, in breeches, boots, and spurs. While debating what was to be done I espied a magistrate on horseback in precisely similar attire, riding in to sit upon the Bench.

To him I confided my difficulty, when he replied: "Well,



MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM

Mr. A., as I am in the like costume, I don't see how I can raise any objection, and I think that I may promise that nobody else will do so, especially since your legs will be concealed by the table." So I went into court as I was, and I venture to say my experience was unique.

Oddly enough, the only person I ever saw booted and spurred at a funeral was a solicitor, a man of dignity and weight in the city of London. His whole costume, however, was of black, and the

occasion was the funeral of a Master of Hounds. He had ridden in fourteen miles in order to be present, a solid token of his respect for the deceased, which I think far outweighed the possible peculiarity attaching to his costume.

Lawyers were men before they were lawyers, and are naturally only too glad to cast off professional trammels when opportunity serves. They are none the less lawyers because they allow themselves reasonable relaxation, and their very partiality for sport may be the means of putting work in their way. I have pleasure in



MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL

recalling the fact that the most profitable bit of business in which I was ever engaged I picked up in the hunting-field.

A surprising number of lawyers manage to put in a certain number of days' hunting more or less regularly throughout the season. It refreshes and stimulates their brains, weary with the harassing strain and monotony of their practice; and who shall say that they are not only better men but also better lawyers in consequence?

I knew a lawyer weighing some eighteen stone as he stood, a whilom President of the Incorporated Law Society, who used (and he was then an old man) to go down every Saturday at an unearthly hour by train to hunt with the Puckeridge. He rode so heavy that only by changing horses several times a day could he be carried from start to finish, *and he always saw the day out!* Some years ago this old gentleman was believed to be dying, and his sorrowing family were gathered round him to see the end. Suddenly, after a



MR. J. G. BUTCHER, K.C.

prolonged stupor, he roused himself and said, "Get me a beefsteak." The doctor on being appealed to said hopelessly, "It doesn't matter, it will make no difference; get him anything he likes." They got him a steak, a big one, and he ate it all, revived, and lived to hunt again for years afterwards. I was dining with him once in Westbourne Terrace, when we heard that that very afternoon the Queen's, having taken their deer down in the Harrow country, had actually passed his house on their way to entrain at Paddington for the

kennels. "Damme!" said the old man, "if I had only been at home they shouldn't have gone by without stopping. I'd have had 'em in here, hounds and all, in my dining-room;" and I quite believe he would.

I remember once being sent for to take instructions to make an old lady's will. She thought that she was in a bad state of health. I made the appointment to fit in with the time that the harriers met in the village where my client lived. Seeing my costume, she began to ask questions; and hearing what was going on, she devoted but scant time to the will, and dismissed me. A couple of hours afterwards, landing over a stile, to my astonishment I nearly rode over the old lady, who was tearing along the footpath through a turnip-field, as excited as a four-year-old. To the best of my belief she has not signed the will yet, and that was some ten years ago.

The country lawyer shares with the doctor to a great extent his privileges and opportunities for enjoying sport of all kinds. Naturally, the bulk of his clients are either landowners or farmers, and in the course of his practice he has to get about the country a good deal. Hence he keeps horses, and by a very natural sequence of events he hunts. Numerous also are his invitations to shoot, especially if he be a decent fellow and can hold his gun straight. In fact, a popular country lawyer must either be a rich man or must have a good deal of self-control to avoid the error of neglecting his business by spending too many days in the week in the saddle or behind his gun.

I once utilised my legal knowledge in a rather curious way. It had been my lot at times to defend before the magistrates several poachers, although it went somewhat against the grain to do so. We had a lovely harrier country; but hares became very scarce, and I knew the reason why. At the beginning of one season I visited several of my poacher clients, and asked them to tell me in confidence how much they could get for a hare dead. It proved to be about two shillings.

"Now," said I, "the harriers meet at — Cross Roads on Friday next. If you will show me a live hare sitting, within half an hour from 11.30 on that day, I will give you five shillings." The very first time we found at once, and by keeping up this system for a few months we had quite a decent lot of hares in the country; and when I was at the meet we never had to look for a hare for very long, because my disreputable friends would always take the trouble to get up early enough to locate one or two for us, and show us where to draw. They had the sense to see that one live hare might with luck earn them several crowns in the course of a season, whereas a dead one could not possibly get them more than

a couple of shillings, and that with a chance of a month's hard labour thrown in. Moreover, the poachers enjoyed seeing the sport, which to them had a double interest, as they always wanted to see the hare escape. If anybody likes to write a moral essay on this subject I shall be most interested in reading it.

One little personal episode I shall always look back upon with considerable pride and amusement. During my career as an articled clerk I so convinced one of my principals—a most sedate and dignified gentleman—of the pleasures and glories of riding, that on his own proposal we reversed the respective positions of master and



FINGALL

pupil, and, almost with a leading rein, quite late in life, he took to the saddle, I am pleased and proud to say with pronounced success. So thoroughly keen and self-confident did he become that on the revival of the Goodwood Hunt he turned out in faultless style, became a regular follower, and acquitted himself with credit and satisfaction to himself and all others concerned. I honestly believe he became ten years younger as the result of his new and healthful recreation—at any rate he did if one might judge by appearances. Should he or his friends recognise this pen portrait let me here

express the hope that I shall not offend, for I had and shall always retain the greatest respect and liking for him, although at times my sporting proclivities caused us to be at variance.

Reverting to the Bar Point-to-Point Races, what fun would be created if the organisers were to add to the programme a race for horses owned by solicitors to be ridden by counsel only, and *vice versa*! In the former case what a rush there would be to retain and brief the best riders at the Bar! Surely it would tend to strengthen the *entente cordiale* between the two branches of the profession, though happily there is at present little of that much-talked-of commodity lacking.

The secretary of the Incorporated Law Society is "as keen as they make them" where sport is concerned, and is a firm believer in manly exercises. He has been in his day, in common with his brothers, who were also in the profession, the keenest of cricketers, and is an old member and staunch supporter of the M.C.C., a "rum one" to tackle at tennis in the court, or at rackets, a horseman and a hunting man whenever opportunity served. The name of Williamson is far from being unknown in sporting annals.

Some people go to extremes, but this is a truism applicable to every calling and pastime. Excess is equally baneful whether in work, whisky, or what-not. But I had in mind the case of a solicitor who sold his practice in order to give his undivided attention to horse-racing. Possibly the course he has adopted (the pun was quite unintentional) may be as well for his clients. For himself—who can tell? Nevertheless he has the courage of his convictions, and I wish him luck. In our profession we do not get rich suddenly, if at all. In racing you may—or you may not; probably the latter, as the boy said about the ferret.

But to conclude. The professional man, so long as he does not allow the love of sport to lead to the neglect of his business, is, I repeat, much the better for indulgence in his hobby; for on the principle of *mens sana in corpore sano* it is calculated to invigorate his body and thus improve his capacity for work.

R. ALWYN.

BOOKS ON SPORT

THE OLD SURREY FOXHOUNDS. A History of the Hunt from its Earliest Days to the Present Time. By Humphrey R. Taylor. Edited by H. G. Harper. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

We recognised the reason why a history of the Old Surrey should be compiled before we read Mr. Taylor's preface. "The passing of the Old Surrey," he truly remarks, "can only be a question of time;" we fear that it is so, for we must confess to a regard for the pack with which Mr. Jorrocks used to hunt; and if anyone says that Mr. Jorrocks was a creature of fiction, it can only be remarked that he was, and is, infinitely more real to multitudes of foxhunters than innumerable other people who ride about and suppose that they are alive. Whyte-Melville used to tell a story of some straight-goer in the Shires who was once asked whether he had ever hunted with the Crawley and Horsham, and who indignantly replied, "No, sir, and I hope to heaven that I never shall!" So one might be expected to apologise for close acquaintance with the Old Surrey, but it happens that the present writer was some years ago a regular follower of the pack, and is inclined therefore to treat Mr. Taylor's book sympathetically. He admits that Surrey is not the Shires, and no one supposes that it is—no one, that is to say, who takes an impartial view of the subject; for it is natural that a man should vaunt the pack which he follows, and when I first rode with them it used to be confided to me by old members of the hunt, that any disparagement of the Old Surrey was merely a proof of ignorance and conceit. Certainly we used to find foxes and gallop after them. Obstacles supervened, which a small percentage of the hunt were accustomed to jump; we used to admire the way in which the then secretary, Mr. E. B. Forbes, kept his place, whilst a good many others went round to find a gate or a gap, and a certain contingent stuck to the roads so long as there were any roads to stick to, and ventured on the grass only when it was a question of going there or going home.

Mr. J. B. Dudin, once a faithful follower, informed the author that early in the last century the kennels were at East Hall, Bermondsey, and that the hounds hunted on Peckham Rye and Forest Hill. Mr. Dudin, one would suppose, ought to know, seeing that East Hall was the residence of his father; but Mr. Taylor has produced other authorities who place the kennels near Godstone at this period. Foxhounds at Bermondsey seem strangely out of place, but for the matter of that hunting over districts where the present writer has had many a gallop will in a very few years appear equally preposterous, if the idea does not seem so now. There used to be

districts—we are speaking of the seventies—within twenty miles of London which were as sparsely populated as are many other places thrice that distance from the metropolis, and we are quite prepared to accept the story of the Bermondsey kennels and the drawing of coverts on Peckham Rye and Forest Hill. Mr. Edmund Byron remembers, when he was a boy, seeing Tom Hills kill a fox near what is at present West Croydon Station. The hunt used to dine at the end of the season at the Greyhound Hotel, Croydon, and I well recollect an old member telling me stories of the great sport that used to be enjoyed within a very short distance of that hostelry.

Our chief complaint against Mr. Taylor's book is its brevity. The chapter on "Some Ancient Surrey Masters" only extends over eight pages of big type, and there must be many good stories to be told of them. Mr. Maberly, for instance, was evidently a "character." He lived at Shirley Hall and was so well known that a race at Epsom was named after him. He flourished before the battle of Waterloo, and was so violent and irritable of disposition that, though these were the days of sport when the leaders of it had pretty much their own way, many of the farmers warned him off their land. He once fought a duel with his successor in the mastership, Colonel Jolliffe, M.P., as the result of an angry correspondence, but no damage was done. Colonel Jolliffe is recorded to have had "a great screech with hounds," which reminds the writer of an occasion when he once took a good sportsman (the late Lord de Clifford) to Covent Garden to hear the great tenor of the period in *Faust*. The vocalist's efforts were much approved. "He *can* sing!" my friend remarked. "Wouldn't it be a lovely voice to call hounds out of cover!"

There are a few excellent chapters on Tom Hills and Sam Hills, huntsmen who will always be famous so long as the Old Surrey is remembered; but one story is told of the former, or rather in connection with him, at which one is slightly inclined to refuse. Tom Hills was painted on his favourite horse Paddy, a hunter that carried him splendidly for thirteen seasons, and Mr. Taylor says: "A wonderful critic of the portrait was a sheep dog, who frequently paid Tom a visit. On seeing the picture he wagged his tail joyfully, and asked for food with his usual method of petition. It is related, too, that when Tom had a bad cold, and a screen was put between the door and fireplace, the sheep dog came, covered with mud, so that Tom told his daughter to turn him out. Hearing the well-known voice, he would not be denied, and entering, he jumped on the sofa, stood before the portrait, and wagged his tail, obviously believing he saw his old friend in the frame." It would be pleasant to think this was true; but the sheep dog as art critic takes a little

swallowing. So does the story of Sam Hills and the highwayman. Sam had been sent to Leadenhall Market to buy a fox, and returning with it over Streatham Common met the "stand and deliver" man, who addressed to him the usual formula, "Your money or your life." Sam invited him to help himself, and indicated that his wealth was secreted in the pocket of a big coat he wore, the pocket having been made to enable him to carry cubs about the country. What happened need not be described, for the fox was naturally not in a good temper. Mr. Taylor remarks that some of Sam's badger stories "are what may be termed 'extra.'" His fox stories seem to be well on in the same direction.

We like the anecdote of Sam Hills's fondness for animals. "At one time during his reign over the Old Surrey he had a tame fox and a tame deer at the kennels. Both used to trot along with hounds at exercise, also lying and feeding with them—the warmest friendship used to exist between that happy family. Hounds missed their fox and deer if the latter happened to be absent. 'They would have no doubt hunted with them,' Sam declared, 'if we could have managed to have them out on those occasions, and they enjoyed sport as much as any of us.'" The book is illustrated, and cannot fail to appeal forcibly to all who are interested in the Old Surrey.

SPORT INDEED. By Thomas Martindale. Illustrated. London: Everett & Co. 1906.

Mr. Martindale is an American man of business in the second place. We say this because in the first place he is emphatically a sportsman, and he writes about his adventures in a cheery style which makes them excellent reading. Most of his time in wood and wilderness has been devoted to the pursuit of moose and caribou; but he has shot birds, caught trout, and, in fact, played the game all round. The moose seems to have had most attractions for him. It is a quaint and capricious beast, apt to do what is least expected of it. Thus, as a rule, it is generally afraid of smoke and fire, but the author tells a story of a bull charging into a camp where a big log-fire was burning with a French-Canadian cook washing dishes in front of it. The cook made record time to the river, jumped into a canoe, and paddled away, exclaiming: "Sacré, mon dieu! It is a meestake—I did not make ze call!"

The reader will follow Mr. Martindale's expeditions with much interest, and realise the difficulties and exasperations which overtake the hunter before they are forgotten in the moment of triumph. Once, for instance, after six days of searching and stalking, he came upon a big caribou, and when almost within range stepped upon a twig, which snapped, and the quarry, hearing the sound, was off

like a shot. "I recognised the big fellow as he passed between the trees, and that was all." On another occasion the stalk appeared to be entirely successful. The sportsman came upon a big moose—a bull with upright antlers. He fired, and to his astonishment the creature remained motionless. Again he fired, and yet a third time, feeling confident that he was on the mark. At this moment his guide arrived, and pointed out the folly of wasting cartridges on the turned-up root of an old cedar stump. The volume gives an excellent idea of sport in the districts which Mr. Martindale chose for his excursion.

THE LIFE STORY OF A FOX. By J. C. Tregarthen.
Adam & Charles Black. 1906.

How does a fox talk? One can only imagine, and somehow or other we are inclined to think that the supposititious author of this memoir—the fox who tells his own story—is somewhat too formal in his diction. He begins very much at the beginning by describing his birth. "There on the bare dry ground the vixen laid us, my two sisters and me," he says, and confessing to ignorance of fox language, we have an idea that he should not have called his mother "the vixen," for a little further on he declares that she was the kindest of mothers, and the anecdotes he relates of her bear out his eulogy. Only once she seemed unkind. He describes how she stalked and captured a rabbit; he and his sisters rushed up to her for their share, when she turned on them snarling fiercely, and they watched her as she devoured every bit of the luscious morsel, though she knew well enough that her children were ravenously hungry. In reality, this was intended for an object-lesson; she had been showing them how rabbits were captured, so that they might go and do likewise; she had been cruel only to be kind, and they profited by the lesson.

The little fox goes on to talk about "our vulpine wits," which is again phraseology that seems somewhat high-flown, and he discusses the nature of foxes with too much philosophical acumen. "One of the strong points of a fox is his attention to detail. We go over and over every turn; we weigh every chance and try to foresee every contingency. Indecision and flurry are not in our nature; we know what we are going to do, and we go coolly through with it."

The little fox has all sorts of adventures; he kills a number of geese, is captured by the farmer, condemned to death, has his life saved by a kindly labourer, who gives him a habitation in a barrel, and endeavours with more or less success to tame him; fights other foxes, lives in terror of a gigantic hound who has escaped from the neighbouring kennels, and takes to hunting on his own account; is,

of course, run by the pack, but is necessarily left alive or he would not have been able to tell his story.

On the whole the book gives a realistic description of the fox's existence, and the illustrations in colour, reproduced from drawings by the Countess Helena Gleichen, are well done.

DOGS, BY WELL-KNOWN. AUTHORITIES. Edited by Harding Cox. Illustrated. London: Fawcett, McQuire & Co. 1906.

The first volume has been issued of what promises to be the most important work on the dog that has so far been compiled. The editor, an ex-Master of Hounds, a well-known judge and breeder



CH. LONGMYND CHAMBERLAIN, CH. LONGMYND ENCHANTRESS

(From the picture by Miss Maud Earl)

of dogs, is an incontrovertible authority; he has secured a number of writers many of whose names are not less familiar than his own in the dog world, and the work is rendered notable by the superb illustrations in colour and in black and white by Miss Maud Earl, of whom it is, of course, impossible to speak too highly, together with Misses Margaret Collyer, Frances C. Fairman, and Messrs. Thomas Blinks, John Emms, and Arthur Wardle. It may be noted that a hundred sets of proofs signed by the artists are to be issued at half a guinea each; but the reproductions could really hardly be better than they are, and the twenty-four parts in the ordinary way are to cost 12 guineas.

We scarcely agree with Mr. Harding Cox that a few decades ago "it was considered a degradation to be in any way connected with the breeding, rearing, and selling of dogs." Surely there were many enthusiasts whose efforts on behalf of their favourites were appreciated; but with regard to the showing, the editor has a great deal to say about shows in the way of adverse criticism which will certainly command attention. The matter is too elaborate to be entered upon here, but cannot fail to lead to discussion which should have beneficial results.

Where to begin was, of course, a difficulty. The editor, who himself writes on fox-terriers, starts off with those delightful creatures, declaring the fox-terrier to be "undoubtedly the most popular of all breeds, as evidenced by the number of his votaries, and the unusual esteem in which he is held, not only as an all-round sporting dog, but because his size, his beauty, his intelligence, his loyalty, and his affectionate nature mark him out as a boon companion for those who value at its true worth the devotion of a canine friend. You cannot put a fox-terrier in his wrong place, and so we put him first. More power to him! the editor heartily observes.

It is agreeably amusing to note how writers on the different breeds of terrier stick up for their own favourites. This is of course as it ought to be. The man, for instance, must be absolutely insensible to canine charm who does not appreciate the two delightful dogs whose portraits, taken by Miss Maud Earl, we have the pleasure of reproducing, "Ch. Longmynd Chamberlain" and "Ch. Longmynd Enchantress," and we may confess to having spent a long time in choosing subjects for reproduction from among the fascinating pictures to which the brushes of Miss Earl and her coadjutors have given life. If anyone who can find the money does not buy this book and become possessed of the likeness of these enchanting dogs we can only express sorrow for him or her.

We are, however, going to quarrel with Mr. Harold Warnes, who writes about the Bedlington terrier. "This dog," he says, "is by far the gamest of all the numerous varieties of terriers." We entirely object to the superlative. Without saying one single word against the indomitable pluck of the Bedlington, for whom we have the very highest admiration, we cannot admit that he is "the gamest," still less that he is "by far" so; though, nevertheless, as aforesaid, we like to find a man standing up for his fancy.

The writers in this first volume, besides those named, include Lord Decies, Lady Evelyn Ewart, Sir Claud Alexander, Bart., Colonel Malcolm of Poltalloch, Lieut.-Col. C. S. Dean, Messrs. T. Ramsay-Ramsay, W. S. Glynn, Holland Buckley, W. L. McCandlish, E. W. H. Blagg, R. De Fonblaque, and E. W. Jaquet.

COMPLETION OF THE "HUNTING IN LONDON" COMPETITION

WE published the sixth and last instalment of this new competition, which began in May, in the October number. Twelve photographs of well-known buildings or localities have been given: all the competitor has to do is to write underneath each the name of the structure or place, tear out the pages, and send them, addressed "Hunting in London" Competition, *Badminton Magazine*, to 8, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C., not later than the

FIRST OF DECEMBER.

To the successful hunter who has named the entire twelve correctly

A PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

will be awarded, together with further prizes of

FIVE GUINEAS FOR SECOND,

and

TWO GUINEAS FOR THIRD.

In the event of several competitors gaining an equal number of marks, the money will have to be divided. Should no one name the whole twelve, the first prize will be awarded to whoever comes nearest.

Of the photographs for

"HUNTING IN LONDON,"

we may perhaps as well repeat, each represents some conspicuous View, House, or Object within four miles of Charing Cross.

It has not been our intention to be unduly puzzling by selecting out-of-the-way scenes. Each picture is of some place which thousands of people pass daily—how many of them really see what they pass the competition will help to show.

* * Copies for May, June, July, August, September, and October, containing the twelve pictures of this new competition, can be obtained from the "Badminton Magazine" Publishing Office, 6, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

[Copyright registered at Stationers' Hall.]

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

THAT half the pleasure and satisfaction of racing is derived from seeing distinctly what the horses are doing need scarcely be said. A really good glass is therefore a first requisite, and it is to be noted that the lenses of Messrs. Voigtländer & Sohn have again been awarded first prize "for perfection in materials and workmanship" at the exhibition under the auspices of the German Photographic Union.

* * * * *

Those who are undecided as to the best material out of which to have motor and shooting coats made—leather-lined or otherwise—are recommended to try the genuine Irish frieze and homespun Harris tweed specially manufactured for Messrs. Robert Starke & Son, of 195, Upper Thames Street, E.C. So confident are the firm of the attractiveness of their goods that they undertake to send articles for inspection before purchase if customers wish.

* * * * *

It is certain that many persons who contemplate setting up motor cars will visit the Olympia show, and come away from it more confused than they were when they started, if left to their own devices. Mr. Kane, automobile consulting engineer, 28, Victoria Street, S.W., undertakes to give absolutely impartial expert advice as to choice of cars, together with instructions in driving if desired, at his Motor Training Garage.

* * * * *

Some years since a journalist of reputation started a school for the instruction of those who desired to adopt his calling. He and many of his pupils did well. A somewhat similar idea is put forward by the Literary Correspondence College, 1, Arundel Street, Strand. The directors undertake to give young authors advice and assistance, so that would-be contributors to periodical and other literature may be put in the right way before they send in their work to editors.

* * * * *

One of the most interesting, and at the same time instructive, of toys is certainly a model railway, and an extraordinarily perfect miniature of the veritable thing, including points, signalling, and every detail, is turned out by Messrs. W. J. Bassett-Lowke & Co., of Northampton, contractors to the Great Western, London and North-Western, and other companies. Mr. Bassett-Lowke has written a handbook on the subject, which he emphatically declares is not a trade catalogue.

* * * * *

Messrs. Curtis's and Harvey, of 3, Gracechurch Street, E.C., issue their convenient little "Shooter's Year Book," which will be sent to readers of this magazine on receipt of stamped envelope.



A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the November competition will be announced in the January issue.

THE SEPTEMBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the September competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Miss Rumboll, Melksham, Wilts; Miss Constance Peel, Ebury Street, S.W.; Captain W. J. W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire; Mr. A. C. Butt, Barnes, S.W.; Mr. B. N. Wood, "Castelnau," Barnes, S.W. (two guineas); Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County; Mr. H. E. Tatt, Tiverton; and Mr. John C. Smith, Lincoln.



GOODWOOD, 1906

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



ESSEX OTTER HOUNDS AT BARNHAM BRIDGE, NORFOLK—"FORMING A STICKLE"

Photograph by Miss Rumboll, Melksham, Wilts



AN EXCITING MATCH AT HURLINGHAM

Photograph by Miss Constance Peel, Ebury Street, S.W



"GOVERNOR" AT WORK—WINNER OF SEVERAL PRIZES

Photograph by Mr. N. H. Addison, Stake House, Andover



JERSEY SUMMER RACES, 1906

Photograph by Captain W. J. W. Kerr, Prestbury Court, Gloucestershire



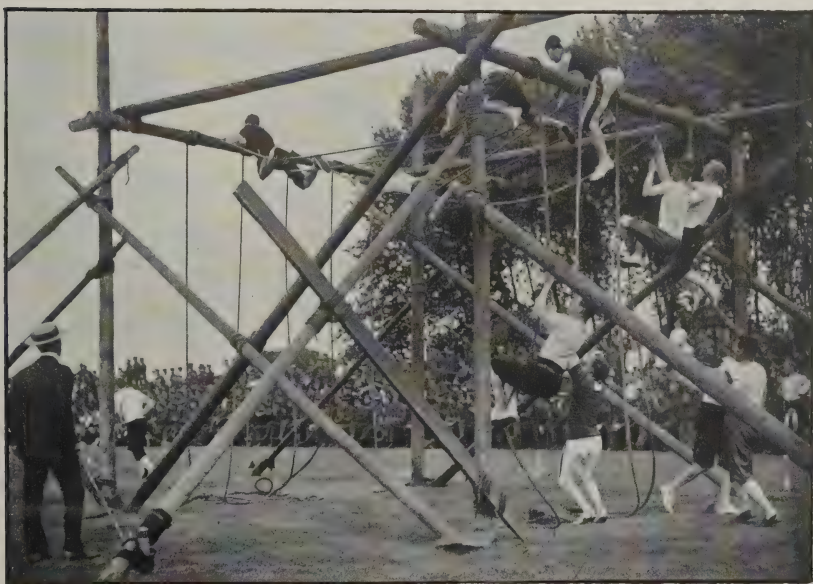
DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS AT CROWCOMBE PARK

Photograph by Mrs. Carne-Williams, Bridgwater



HARVARD V. CAMBRIDGE—HARVARD LEAVING THE BOATHOUSE AT PUTNEY DURING PRACTICE

Photograph by Mr. A. C. Butt, Barnes, S.W.



ARMY SPORTS AT ALDERSHOT—THE OBSTACLE RACE

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, "Castelnau," Barnes, S.W.



NATIVE CHILDREN PLAYING CRICKET IN THE KUMAON HILL DISTRICT, U.P.

Photograph by Miss E. E. Pallin, Muttra, U.P., India



DIVING BOYS AT ST. VINCENT, CAPE VERDE ISLANDS

Photograph by Mr. J. R. Davies, R.M. College, Sandhurst



11TH HUSSARS POINT-TO-POINT—JUMPING OUT OF THE ROAD

Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County



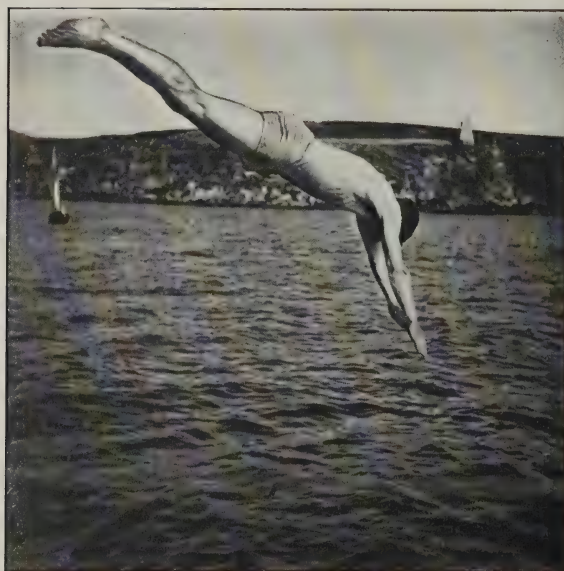
A KNOBKERRIE FIGHT BETWEEN ZULUS

Photograph by Mr. A. M. M. Bell, 2nd Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment, Colchester



OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE HOCKEY AT SURBITON—FIRST GOAL FOR OXFORD

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, "Castelnau," Barnes, S.W.



A DIVE FROM A HIGH ROCK AT MALTA

Photograph by Mr. A. St. John Wright, 2nd Essex Regiment, Malta



OUR VILLAGE ELEVEN—BOYN HILL CRICKET CLUB V. MESSRS. HUNTLEY AND PALMER'S

Photograph by Mr. W. O. E. Meade-King, Boyn Hill, Maidenhead



MASTER IVOR PETHICK, EIGHT YEARS OLD, ON HIS EXMOOR PONY

Photograph by Mr. H. E. Hatt, Tiverton



FRANKLIN-SHOOTING AT WUCHOW, WEST RIVER, CHINA

Photograph by Mr W. L. Martin, Surgeon R.N., Leacinn, Rostrevor, Co. Down



THE LADIES OF THE BLANKNEY HUNT

Photograph by Mr. John C. Smith, Lincoln



MANIPURI POLO PLAYERS

Photograph by Major A. B. Harvey, 16th Rajputs, Manipur, Assam, India



GROUSE-DRIVING IN PERTHSHIRE—READY TO START

Photograph by Miss Mary Best, Abbott's Ann, Andover



A CLOSE FINISH IN THE ONE-DESIGN RACE, OFF CALSHOT, AUGUST 1906
Photograph by Miss Mary C. Fair, Eskdale Vicarage, Cumberland



ARMY SPORTS AT ALDERSHOT—THE POLE JUMP
Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, "Castelnau," Barnes, S.W.



LORD MONTAGU AND SHOOTING PARTY
 (The late Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley on the back seat.)
 (Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

XIV.—LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

It is to be supposed that the predecessors of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu distinguished themselves in various ways prior to the thirteenth century. In the year 1296, however, we find the first mention of the family and a record of how Sir Walter Scott swore allegiance to Edward the First; after which date the Scotts appear to have held their own conspicuously. Sir Walter the poet founded his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" on the adventures of his namesake, a devoted adherent of his King, James the Fifth, in attempting to rescue which monarch from his enemies he performed wonderful exploits. Like Macbeth, he seems to have had a very warlike wife, vastly as she differed in many respects from the ruthless spouse of the Thane of Cawdor. Her husband was killed in the streets of Edinburgh in a fight with Sir Walter Kerr, one of whose family,

presumably a niece, married a subsequent Sir Walter, first Lord of Buccleuch, and at the chieftain's death the lady was accustomed to ride at the head of the clan. This first lord evidently, to use the modern phrase, made things hum, and being summoned to the presence of Queen Elizabeth to explain what Her Majesty regarded as an outrage, was asked how he dared. "What is it that a *man* dares not do?" was his reply, and it abated Her Majesty's wrath, causing her to express wonder as to what she might not do with ten thousand men similarly minded.

The late Lord Montagu was the second son of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, and dying last year was succeeded by the present peer, John Walter Edward Douglas-Scott-Montagu, who was born on the 10th of June, 1866, and went to Eton in due course, where he distinguished himself in athletics and on the river. His branch of the family had settled in Hampshire, his father occupying the Palace House, Beaulieu, built on land which King John gave to a band of Cistercian monks seven hundred years ago. It is an ideal estate for sport, ashore and afloat, and here it was that the youthful John received from an old keeper those early lessons in the use of the gun which he has since turned to such remarkable account. Rabbits were his first quarry, as they are with most boys, and his elderly mentor was emphatic in insisting upon that careful handling of the weapon which, to judge from what we see on occasions at shoots to-day, has sometimes been very inadequately inculcated or absorbed. By degrees the boy was advanced to partridges, and used to hunt regularly with the New Forest Deer and Fox Hounds. Of late years Lord Montagu has been a stranger to the saddle, but he had large doses of it at this period, it being no uncommon thing for him to attend a meet twenty miles off—and to arrive at it very likely without having crossed more than two roads on the way, so wild was the country. A meet twenty miles off may mean a longer or a shorter ride home, according to circumstances. One must be very keen to undertake such a journey, and so if Lord Montagu cannot be properly described as a "hunting man" he was decidedly a "hunting boy."

From Beaulieu the river of the same name runs down to the sea, eight miles off, and the district constitutes a paradise for the wild-fowler, whose delights are in no way marred by what those who do not enjoy the sport regard as its discomforts, if not actually hardships. Before he was far advanced in his teens, the youthful sportsman was often afloat in his punt, or hidden in a pit awaiting developments; and besides the fowl which usually frequent the southern coast, many rare birds have been seen and shot at



LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

Beaulieu, when shooting them was desirable—for Lord Montagu is a naturalist and a lover of nature as well as a sportsman. In 1880 the arrival of a flamingo created much interest and astonishment, and eider have been obtained. On one occasion, lying out from early morning one day to the same hour the day following, Lord Montagu shot and gathered 116 teal. He has no record of geese, but a certain number have been secured; there are also wild turkeys on the estate—rare birds in England, as need scarcely be added—and Beaulieu is a famous place for wild pigeons, over one thousand a year having been bagged.



PALACE HOUSE, SOUTH SIDE

Swans, too, frequent the place. It was not until about fifteen years ago that the sporting capabilities of the estate were really developed. The late lord, who was not particularly keen about shooting, entrusted the matter to the extremely competent hands of his son, who had ideas which he carried out with notable success. One of these is the mistake of overdoing the care of pheasants, that is to say the desirability of leaving the birds to look after themselves more than is generally done. With regard to this, no doubt much depends upon the nature of the demesne. In one recent year, however, fifteen hundred pheasants were reared, and rather over six thousand killed, and this is only slightly over the average since the present lord took the business in hand. Being



THE DINING ROOM, PALACE HOUSE



THE BUNGALOW ON THE SHORES OF THE SOLENT—THE RESIDENCE
OF LORD MONTAGU

allowed to run wild improves the mothering qualities of the hen, and here at any rate is something for owners of shooting properties to think about. Of course this part of Hampshire is still among the wildest on the south coast. Otters and badgers are plentiful, and that picturesque little beast the marten has been shot. Very few of the breed have been recorded of late years in England. One was trapped at Bardon Mill in Northumberland in April last year, and it is said that one was also taken near Horsham in Sussex in 1904; but the marten appears to have gradually died out; indeed,

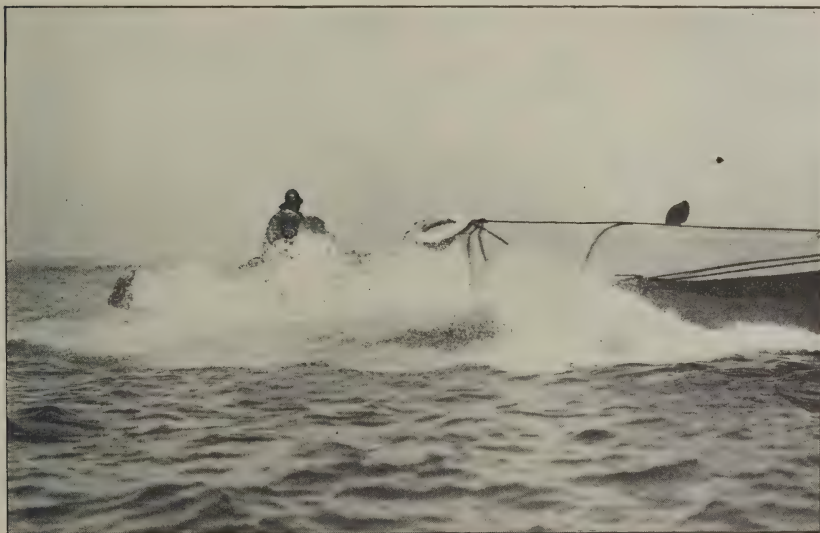


PART OF RUINS, BEAULIEU ABBEY

in Wiltshire it is said to have been exterminated as long ago as the end of the seventeenth century.

With regard to shooting, Lord Montagu expresses much satisfaction at the fact that quality is now coming to be regarded as better than quantity. With a little luck anyone can ensure the making of enormous bags; quantity means money, quality brains, and the idea is happily spreading that three or four hundred really good high pheasants constitute a better day's sport than thrice or four times that number of birds that are battered at a range of about eighteen yards.

Beaulieu is a wonderful place for fish, and probably the very best place in England for sea-trout, which are exceedingly difficult to take owing to the stillness of the water. But enormous numbers are netted. In August last year, at a place called Hartford Hole, no fewer than two hundred were taken at one haul, forty-four of the largest being kept. Three of these were over eleven pounds, one beauty was eleven and three-quarters, six weighed sixty-three pounds. Most excellent oysters also come from the river; and though I have no idea what the record haul of grey mullet may be, the year before last on one occasion the net contained a ton and a quarter; on



MOTOR BOAT, "NAPIER II," WINNER OF BRITISH INTERNATIONAL TROPHY, 1905.

LORD MONTAGU STEERING

(Photograph by Topical Press Agency)

another, three-quarters of a ton rewarded the exertions of the fisherman.

Lord Montagu is perhaps best known to the world at large as an enthusiastic pioneer of motoring. Two or three years ago, when a great gathering was held at Bexhill-on-Sea for the purpose, amongst others, of a competition over a measured mile, he kindly asked me to be his passenger, an opportunity I gladly accepted; for though at the end of the mile the car had to run through one of two gates with a large brick structure between them, the hitting of which would have led to awkward results, I had the utmost faith in my pilot. Shortly before our turn came to go up to the starting-point, the attendant chauffeurs found that there was something wrong

with the machinery, and spoke to their master, who looked at it and told them what to do. For the best part of a quarter of an hour they diligently worked, but without repairing what was wrong. We were almost due at the start, and at the last moment Lord Montagu undertook the job himself, carrying it through in a very few minutes with complete success. I was greatly surprised at his skill, though less so when he told me that he had been through the shops at the South-Western Railway works at Nine Elms, had undergone a regular course of training in engineering and mechanics, and had also had what he described as "a good deal of plate experience," the technical term for engine-driving. There was every reason, therefore, why he should understand the machinery of the automobile. It was about the year 1897 that he foresaw how inevitably the introduction of the motor would become one of the great movements of the world in the way of revolutionising travel, and also, it may incidentally be observed, as an aid to sport. The Beaulieu estate is triangular in shape, with a base of some five miles on the shore of the Solent, and in the shooting season motors play a great part, enabling the host and his guests to reach rapidly distant points of the property where drives and beats have been organised for them. Most readers are aware that Lord Montagu's paper, *The Car*, to which he devotes constant and diligent attention, has done a vast deal towards the instruction of men—and women—who are actively engaged in motoring, and in extinguishing many of the prejudices of those who are still enemies of the machine.

A branch of motoring is of course the motor-boat, and Lord Montagu has naturally studied and experimented with the aquatic car, if so it may be called. In conjunction with Mr. Lionel de Rothschild he owned the winners of the British International Trophy, *Napier II.* in 1905 and *Yarrow Napier* in 1906.

Whilst in South Africa for *The Times* in 1896 Lord Montagu saw something of savage warfare, and though it is a subject upon which he is reticent, those who were out with him are less so, and it is known that he more than once comported himself gallantly in tight places, besides doing excellent service as correspondent. A particular friend of Lord Northcliffe, Lord Montagu has of late years contributed to the *Daily Mail*. The work he gets through is indeed altogether extraordinary, and it has been a special satisfaction to welcome his contributions to these pages. Amongst his clubs is the Beefsteak, membership of which is understood to mean a delight in cheery companionship, and it is easy to believe that the popularity he enjoys is not least conspicuous at this resort. In all respects he is essentially a practical man, and affords most valuable service to any cause in which he interests himself.



THE LAST FENCE BUT ONE—A CLOSE RACE

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

POINT-TO-POINT RACING

BY AN AMATEUR

THERE is no institution which does more good to hunting than point-to-point racing, for the privilege of attending the races and the functions connected with them is practically the only direct benefit which the non-hunting farmer derives from the existence of the sport. His fowls are taken by foxes, his land is galloped over by crowds of strangers, his fences are broken down, and yet he himself is implored not to strengthen them with the useful and inexpensive wire. It is not to be wondered at if he sometimes asks himself whether all these drawbacks are compensated for by the amount of money which statisticians assure him is spent on hunting, very little of which, however, seems to come his way. But give him, his wife, and his daughter a day in the open, with plenty of racing and good fellowship thrown in, and back he goes to his farm, vowing to himself that there is something to be said for hunting after all, and resolving that in future he will not put any obstacles in the way of it. Under these circumstances it seems to me that it is the duty of everyone who has the interests of hunting at heart to support point-to-point racing, and I therefore hope that the following article, which deals with the sport from several points of view, and which

is the result of personal experience, may be of interest to the readers of the *Badminton Magazine*.

First of all with regard to the courses. The old system of racing from one point in the country to another three or four miles away, without any flags or marks except those at the start and finish, is almost a thing of the past. It was supposed in theory that a course of this description would provide the best possible test of a horse's cleverness and staying power, and of its rider's eye for a country. But in practice it was found to be by no means satisfactory. The spectators, for whose benefit the races were mainly held, saw very little of them beyond the start or finish, and the races themselves too often became a mere procession, with the competitors following one another over the practicable places in the fences. Moreover, however carefully the course had been chosen, there were generally two or three riders who knew it like a book, and so gained an advantage over the others. On such a course, too, the element of luck played rather too large a part, as it sometimes happened that a good horse got stuck in a bog, or jumped on a harrow which a careless agriculturist had left under a hedge. For these reasons it has now become the custom to have circular, oval, or **S**-shaped courses, which are point-to-points only in name, but on which the spectators can as a rule see most, if not all, of the fences jumped, and enjoy both the start and finish, while there are no hidden dangers such as those referred to above.

In some hunts a fresh course is selected every year, but this generally leads to a good deal of grumbling on the part of disappointed competitors, who too often imagine that the track chosen has unduly favoured the winning horse. Many hunts, therefore, having found a good course, keep to it, and this to my mind is the most satisfactory plan. It largely reduces the labours of the secretary and committee, the course and the fences can be improved from year to year, and there is an absence of grumbling on the part of the competitors, who know exactly what to expect. As regards the fences, these may be divided into three classes—natural fences which are left untouched, fences which are trimmed and bushed up, and purely artificial fences. The last-named are seldom required, except perhaps in the case of water-jumps, and need not be dealt with here; but there is a bitter difference of opinion as to the respective merits of the natural and the made-up fence.

The old school argue that the fences in a point-to-point race should be as much as possible like those which are met with out hunting, so that to interfere with them in any way alters the character of the sport, and makes it too much like a steeplechase. The modern school say that racing is not the same as hunting, that

nowadays point-to-points are generally run at a greater speed than the fastest run with hounds, and that it is absurd to expect a horse to get up at its fences when going at racing pace, unless you give him something black and thick to jump, which he sees he cannot take liberties with. The latter is probably the correct view, and coming from those who, after all, do most of the riding, is entitled to every respect. One thing is certain—the more fences are made up in reason, the fewer bad accidents occur; whereas through thin and gappy fences a tired horse will often try to rush, with lamentable results if there happens to be a ditch on the far side.

The conditions under which point-to-points are run are next to be considered. These are generally framed with the idea



GOING TO THE START FOR LADY DUDLEY'S CUP, THE WORCESTERSHIRE HUNT
OPEN RACE

of attracting the largest number of entries. Experience has shown that the best way of effecting this is to exclude or penalise horses that have won under National Hunt Rules, and to insist that every horse competing shall have been fairly and regularly hunted during the preceding season. Unfortunately, except in the case of a very few hunts, no one has yet attempted a definition of what is meant by "fair and regular" hunting, with the result that a great deal is left to the owner's code of ethics; and whereas A conscientiously hunts his horse right through and up to the end of the season, B contents himself with sending his animal two or three times to the meet and then considers him fully qualified. An attempt is sometimes made to get over this difficulty by requiring every com-

petitor to produce a certificate from a Master of Hounds to show that the horse entered has been properly hunted; but this again is unsatisfactory, as probably no two masters are agreed as to the standard which ought to be applied, and in some cases a certificate has been granted on the sole condition that the horse requiring it should be at once removed from the field! Moreover, it is putting rather an unfair onus upon the Master if he is asked to grant certificates. If he hunts the hounds himself he is seldom in a position to see what individual horses are doing; and in the case of a covert owner or large subscriber wanting a certificate, it might be an awkward matter for the Master to have to refuse. It would probably be more satisfactory if a small committee were appointed



JUMPING INTO THE ROAD

in each hunt to deal with the question of certificates. Such a committee, if composed of subscribers and farmers who hunted regularly, would have no difficulty in deciding whether a particular horse was or was not a *bonâ fide* hunter.

The following is a not uncommon form of the conditions governing a Hunt Point-to-Point.

“LIGHT WEIGHT RED COAT RACE.

“A Sweepstakes of £2 each for horses the property of Subscribers of not less than £5 to the Blank Hunt, which have not won under National Hunt Rules, and have been fairly and regularly hunted with the Blank Hounds during the Season 1905-1906. Catch-

weights over 12 stone. To be ridden by Subscribers to the Hunt."

But these conditions are subject to many modifications which are introduced with the view of including or excluding a particular class of horse or rider. For instance, horses which have won under National Hunt Rules are sometimes qualified to run by putting up a penalty.

Sometimes, on the other hand, horses which have merely started under National Hunt Rules are excluded, though considering the hopeless quality of some of these, the restriction appears to be rather absurd. Then again, at most point-to-point meetings there



MR. H. R. M. PORTER'S RAJAH, WINNER OF SEVENTEEN POINT-TO-POINT RACES,
INCLUDING LADY DUDLEY'S CUP THREE TIMES

(From an oil painting by Miss Margaret Collyer)

are races confined to farmers, and also races open to subscribers to any hunt or to certain specified hunts. The open races are usually ridden in colours and are productive of excellent sport, as the class of horse competing is generally good. The weights, too, vary from 12 st. or 12 st. 7 lb. in the Light Weight Race to 14 st. in the Heavy Weight, while extras, where employed for the purpose of penalising previous winners, run from 7 lb. to 14 lb. for a win, with usually 21 lb. as a maximum, and the distance of the race is generally not under three or over four miles. As regards riders, these are sometimes confined to subscribers to the hunt, as in the above conditions; but it often happens that a man

who has a good horse considers himself either too old or too heavy to ride, or has been forbidden to ride by his wife, who, poor soul, little realises that racing, like hunting, is sometimes a refuge from the perils of the fireside. In such a case, if the riders are confined to subscribers, it is sometimes difficult to find a jockey, as the number of subscribers to a particular hunt who are able or willing to ride other people's horses is generally somewhat limited. It is therefore advisable to extend the class of riders by including farmers and subscribers to other hunts, and in some cases puppy walkers. By doing so many a man may be induced to enter a horse which would otherwise have been unable to compete for want of a rider.



OVER THE WATER

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

And now, one word with regard to the stamp of horse required to win a point-to-point race. Other things being equal the horse with the largest supply of brains is best, as he has to accommodate himself to every kind of obstacle, to jump in and out of roads, and to balance himself when the take-off is down hill or on a different level from the landing side. In a point-to-point race there is no nice, kind guard-rail to warn him of an insidious ditch on the near-side of a fence; and he must jump clean, lest haply a hedge should contain a piece of timber run along the top of it. For these reasons he requires more cleverness than is wanted in the average steeplechaser, who is only called upon to jump fences of a regulation

pattern containing no hidden traps or dangers. And it will be found in practice that the horse which is not quite thoroughbred is generally more suitable for point-to-point racing than his clean-bred brother. There are exceptions, of course, to this, but the price of a blood horse which is capable of winning an open race under 12 st. to 14 st. is generally beyond the reach of the average hunting man. As to the advisability of sending a horse to be trained before competing in a point-to-point race, opinions differ. It is generally forbidden by the rules, which in most cases render a horse ineligible to compete if he has been in a training stable



A WINNER OF THE MEYNELL HUNT OPEN 14 ST. POINT-TO-POINT

within so many months before the race. But, even when permissible, my advice to the owner is—Don't. Apart from the satisfaction of conditioning the horse oneself, if he has been fairly and regularly hunted during the season, the less galloping he has in reason the better. To keep on galloping him will only make him staler than he probably is already. Plenty of walking exercise and air, so as to get him as fresh as possible in himself and on his legs, is the best preparation. It is true he requires a certain amount of sharpening up over his fences, for other things being equal the horse which is quickest over his jumps and soonest

away on landing will win. But sharpening up can be done in the hunting field provided that the rider knows the country and takes a line of his own.

There remains only the question of riding the race to be considered, and I feel that it would be presumptuous in an amateur to say much about this. Moreover the conditions under which the actual race is run vary so much that it is almost impossible to lay down rules which shall be of universal application. However, a sound, general rule, where the rider is not certain of his horse's form, is to keep with the others and neither to make the running nor lie too much out of his ground. Knowledge of pace and of the psychological moment when to finish can only be acquired by experience, and it goes without saying that the more a man practises the sooner will he gain the desired knowledge. Finally, the rider should be as fit as, if not fitter than, his horse, and if he is only in really good condition he will find that there is no more delightful or interesting form of sport than a well-contested point-to-point race. It is true there are, as in other sports, certain drawbacks to contend with, not the least of which is the criticism of the Disappointed Backer, whose mission in life appears to be to say unpleasant things about the rider of the horse which he has supported, but which has not won. Fortunately, the D. B. is in a minority, and the rider can rest assured that if he always does his best, ample justice will in the long run be done both to himself and to his mount. In any case, whether he wins or loses, he will at all events have the satisfaction of knowing that by entering a horse he has supported an institution which, as I have already pointed out, is second to none in respect of the good which it does to hunting.





STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

* XXII.—THE CLAN OF THE FOOTLESS

A Tale of Kashmir Shikar

BY FRANK SAVILE

MAINWARING stirred uneasily in his sleeping bag. A pebble was grooving a hollow beneath his shoulder-blade and chafed him into wakefulness. His eyes blinked up at the mighty cliffs, and on beyond them to the shine of eternal snows. The first glint of sunrise was touching the great ridge which closed the valley, and its rays outlined half a dozen dark objects against the dazzling white. Mainwaring blinked again, for the dark objects appeared to move. He slipped out of his bag and reached for his binoculars. He focussed them and breathed an ecstatic sigh. He turned to nudge Sitka, his Balti tracker. The man was already alert. He stood up, shading his eyes and following the direction of Mainwaring's gesture. He nodded.

"Ibex!" he announced, and for a moment was silent. He gave a peculiar shrug of the shoulders. "They will give us no chance, sahib!"

Mainwaring showed surprise.

"Why?" he asked. "If they follow that direction——"

"If," agreed Sitka, with emphatic intonation. "Watch, sahib! In five minutes—or less—it will be all over."

The Englishman seized his glasses again and concentrated his gaze upon the herd. Suddenly the buck, trotting gallantly at the head of the file, stumbled. The doe behind followed suit. Within a second all six were down, sliding helplessly and with stupendous swiftness towards the brink below. As they slid the snow ridged up round them—half-buried them—mounted in layer upon layer—grew to huge bulk—doubled and redoubled its mass at every yard.

* Copyright by Frank Savile in the United States of America.

With a thunderous roar thousands of tons of snow and ice poured over the verge into the ravine below. The herd was slain and buried by the one resistless stroke—Nature their undertaker as well as their assassin!

Mainwaring looked at the Balti.

"I have seen it so again and again!" said the man, simply. "Even from here I could mark the break in the smoothness of the slope—the cleavage which showed how the old snow was shifting. A herd of passing ibex—nay, even the settling of a bird has sufficed—and the avalanche starts. How it ends you have seen."

Mainwaring gave a little shudder.

"I have seen," he said, "and have lost the desire for sleep. We will breakfast and start while the drifts are hard."

Sitka gave one of his taciturn little nods. He found the spirit lamp, lit it, packed the saucepan with snow, and set it to boil. Meanwhile he busied himself in rolling the sleeping bags into a neat bundle.

Mainwaring watched idly. As he watched he told himself that this suddenly improvised shooting expedition had already done for him what he asked. It was detaching him from all but the vivid interests of the moment. Up in these great hills of Baltistan the emotions—the passions—which had dominated him in the plains could be viewed from a perspective which was more dispassionate. Five days ago Violet Markham had—jilted him? No; that put the case harshly. But she had made it evident that he was no longer supreme in her regard—that others shared what he considered should have been a pedestal—that one man, indeed, had come near to displacing him. And so—he had come away for reflection. And he had learned to reflect. The snows, the crags, the interests of shikar were anodynes to his unrest. In another two days he would go back and Violet should choose. He had gained strength to meet that choice unflinchingly.

The silence and his abstraction were suddenly shattered. Sitka gave a violent cry.

"Drop!" he thundered. "Drop, sahib! Behind the boulder!"

Mainwaring's experience of hill-shooting had already made it clear to him that obedience to your tracker is of all things necessary. He slipped down. Sitka was extinguishing the lamp and thrusting the pack into a cleft. He beckoned his master towards him.

"In here, sahib!" he commanded, pointing to a crevice between two boulders. Mainwaring crept in and then turned for an explanation.

The Balti's face was grey with fear.

"You have seen—what?" asked his master.

"What no sahib has seen—and lived!" faltered the man. "Tell me! Did we cross snow yesterday in coming here?"

Mainwaring reflected.

"No," he said, at last. "We were on rock all day."

The tracker sighed in his relief.

"So I thought," he answered, "but my brain whirls. There will be no trail, then, for them to trace."

Mainwaring stared.

"Them?" he repeated. "Them?"

Sitka pointed to the narrow slit between the boulders. He made a gesture towards the valley on the south.

Mainwaring searched the foreground, discovering at first nothing but the endless vista of rubble and crag. Then it appeared as if some of the boulders themselves moved. Finally he discerned that a company of men, clad in garments of dusky grey which matched the rocks, came hurrying up the centre of the ravine.

He looked round at his companion.

"May Allah in His mercy grant that we have not been seen!" prayed Sitka. "Dawn must have surprised them—they are miles from their fastness. It is the Clan of the Footless, hot from a raid!"

For one wild moment Mainwaring told himself that his shikari raved. Perhaps Sitka read something of this in his master's face.

"Watch them, sahib," he whispered, "but for your life's sake do not move. Need of haste goads them. They may pass us yet."

Gluing his eyes to the tiny cleft, Mainwaring stared again. He noted suddenly that the men walked with a high-stepping action which gave to their stride a most curious appearance. The last four bore between them something slung from a couple of poles—a sort of rough palanquin. So swift was their advance that within five minutes they were abreast of the two watchers behind the stones. Then the mystery of their stilted stride was a mystery no longer. Each man was shod with stout cloth slippers, poised upon a wooden sole, and this last tapered almost to a point. The termination of this point was a cloven hoof.

Leaning upon staves which had for ferrule the same device as the footgear, they swept by with such a clatter as a herd of ibex would have made, and, as they crossed a patch of drifted snow, left just such a track. They did not speak among themselves as they passed, but each, from beneath a crown of matted hair, darted keen glances around him. One sound alone broke the patter of hoof on stone—a sound from the palanquin as of weeping.

Not till they had paced on a full furlong did Sitka venture to break silence. His voice, when it came, was intense; filled with a sort of wondering anguish.

"They have taken a woman!" he breathed. "A memsahib!" Mainwaring whirled round.

"An Englishwoman?" he cried. "An Englishwoman in their hands?"

Sitka made a significant gesture.

"Ay—assuredly a woman of your race. Our daughters do not sob. They cry from the throat, shrilling their grief. Nay, sahib—do not move. They have the eyes of eagles—keep hid!"

Mainwaring shook him savagely.

"In Allah's name why should they seize a memsahib—why?" he cried. "What proofs have you?"

For a moment the tracker was silent. Then a sudden inspiration shone in his eyes.

"You ask me why?" he cried. "A moment back I could not have told, but now an instinct whispers to me. They are the revengers of Malik Kel, these men. Think, sahib. You remember the taking of that outlaw in the marches of Kashmir?"

"For brigandage," said Mainwaring. "What have these men and their captive to do with that?"

"This much. The cateran was doubtless a brother of the clan; one of these men whom no man tracks, who work in the night alone, upon whom the sun shines but once—as now—in a span of years. As djinns and afreets they go about their lawless work—unseen. They have captured one of your kin to hold her against the freeing of Malik Kel!"

Something told Mainwaring that he was hearing the truth. He fought against the intuition.

"Mere empty words!" he cried. "You give me no proofs that a woman was there at all!"

The tracker glanced keenly up the valley. The men were passing out of sight round an angle of the cliff. As the last one disappeared he drew his master forward.

"Come!" he said, curtly, and in the centre of the ravine began to search the ground.

Suddenly he gave a cry. He held up a tiny shred of amber silk.

"Twice—thrice—I saw such a thing fall from the litter. The prisoner hoped for rescue and so left a sign for those who followed."

He pressed the thing into Mainwaring's hand.

The other looked and—his heart seemed to stand still!

Two letters flared upon the silk, traced with the crimson of the writer's blood—"V. M." Who else in the distant hill station owned those initials save Violet Markham, his promised wife! And had he not seen her wear—and admired—a sash of that amber hue!

He wheeled upon his companion.

"We follow!" he cried. "We follow—upon the instant!"

The Balti laughed—a high-pitched, nervous laugh.

"Sahib!" he cried, "who are we to match ourselves against—the Clan—the Clan which holds all the mountain peoples in its thrall? There is no talk of rescue here. Ransom or exchange—yes, but that is a Government matter, outside our handling. Let us thank the Almighty for our own escape."

Mainwaring shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"We follow!" he insisted. "She whom they have taken was to be my wife—my wife!"

The tracker's limbs grew rigid with surprise.

"Nay!" he protested. "Nay, sahib, you deceive yourself——"

Mainwaring struck at him. The Balti crouched, looking up with dog-like, unresentful eyes.

"Sahib!" he pleaded, "strike me not! If thou goest I go, but—but, is it indeed the truth?"

Mainwaring's passion made him incoherent—he stormed, he issued vehement commands. He lifted his rifle and strode forward a dozen steps before the other could grip his elbow and stay him.

The incredulity had left the tracker's face.

"Listen!" he cried, earnestly. "All my powers shall serve you, but here is need for infinite caution. By daylight we walk to certain death. Night alone can give us our chance."

"Have we no rifles?" cried Mainwaring, furiously. "We carry the lives of sixty hill dogs in our bandoliers!"

"And they?" asked the Balti, quietly. "Have they no knives? Will they leave her whom you seek unharmed for your rescuing. If we won a way to her side, what should we find? Think, Sahib—think well!"

With a groan Mainwaring sat down and covered his face. It was all too true—Sitka's arguments were unanswerable—force could carve no road to Violet Markham's rescue. And yet? How could he wait the long twelve hours till dusk, bearing his anguish through a whole inactive day?

Sitka watched him anxiously, and then, as if struck with a sudden impulse, unpacked the spirit lamp and for the second time set the water a-boil. Ten minutes later he pressed a steaming cup into his master's hand.

"Drink, sahib!" he entreated. "Drink and gain strength to bear your sorrow. The event is with Allah—who is merciful!"

Mechanically Mainwaring put his lips to the cup and drained it. A sudden drowsiness stole upon him. He shifted his position, tried to rise, and finally rocked back to stretch himself at full length upon the pebbles. With careful, kindly hands the tracker slipped

the sleeping bags beneath him and then sat down at his side. Mainwaring slept dreamlessly.

When he woke the dusk enshrouded him. He started to his feet.

"You used opium—you drugged me!" he cried, menacingly.

Sitka nodded.

"Even so, sahib!" he answered, quietly, "and so saved for you the strength which you would have wasted in sorrow. Here is food. Eat!"

Mainwaring took the bowl of rice and stew. He swallowed the contents with great gulps. Within a minute he set it down, seized his rifle, and pointed up the ravine.

"Forward!" he cried. "Already we have wasted hours!"

"Nay, not a minute," replied Sitka, meekly, as he stuffed the pannakin in his pack and followed. "Even now the darkness barely hides us, though it deepens."

In the centre of the ravine they picked up the track, and Mainwaring, trained to hill shikar though he was, realised how the trail would have deceived him. It was absolutely as if a herd of ibex had passed. On the patched snow, on the infrequent outcrops of soil, the hoof-marks were defined into distinctness, a distinctness which might have duped the keenest eye. Yet Sitka was never in doubt. Through six hours he traced it, lost it, found it again on snow or rubble, speeding steadily on through the gorges at their darkest. They saw nothing, heard nothing. The silence of the crags was unbroken. Once, as the tracker halted to shift his pack from shoulder to shoulder, Mainwaring took the lead. For a furlong or two they kept this order. Then the earth seemed to open at the Englishman's feet! He toppled forward, to be dragged back into safety by the Balti's sinewy hand. A snarl echoed up from the pit which had nearly engulfed him.

"A wolf trap!" explained Sitka, curtly. "We approach dwellings."

Mainwaring peered into the hole. Two pairs of green iridescent pupils glared back at him as the caged brutes pawed at the overhanging walls. He shuddered at the narrowness of his escape.

"With infinite silence now!" whispered Sitka. "These pitfalls often protect the outskirts of a village."

The trail failed upon a patch of rock. A long, sloping snow field stretched beyond it, but they searched the edge of this in vain.

Sitka sighed wearily.

"Fresh fallen!" he breathed. "We must go on, trusting to chance." For twenty minutes they ploughed steadily upwards. This time it was the tracker who came to a sudden halt, gasping.

"In Allah's Name!" he panted wonderingly, and pointed downwards.

The perspiration of sudden fear bathed Mainwaring's forehead. The slope broke off into a sheer, an overhanging, crag!

They looked down. A hundred feet below a huge shelf cut deep into the face of the cliff, a plateau, many acres wide, carved in the rock as if by the action of a gigantic punch. Black shadows dotted it here and there, and it was not their eyes alone which told them that these were the habitations of men. The faint reek of smoke hung in the still, crisp, mountain air.

Mainwaring searched the cliff side keenly. The moonlight lit it into distinctness, but look where he would he could discover no access to the stronghold. The tracker twitched at his sleeve.

He made a significant gesture towards the far side of the ringing crags, to a point where a thin shadow, as it seemed, was flung across the stone. Mainwaring, as he gazed, realised that it was down this narrow foothold that they must go.

"There is a watcher, leaning against the boulder where the path sinks over the edge," whispered Sitka.

Gazing keenly, Mainwaring at last marked how now and again a darker dot among the shadows moved. How could they approach across the last bare furlong of snowfield unseen? He whispered his doubts in his companion's ear. The Balti nodded silently and drew him back down the trail up which they had climbed. He did not speak till they halted beside the wolf trap.

"There is but one way, sahib!" he said simply, and leaning over the pit, snarled with an uncouth, mocking sound.

With an answering snarl a wolf leaped up, its jaws snapping in unavailing effort to reach its enemy. The tracker's knife darted down. With a thick cough the brute fell back and lay still.

Again the tracker voiced his beast-like challenge, and again it was accepted. The second wolf shared its comrade's fate. Sitka slid into the hole and passed the bleeding carcasses out to his master. He scrambled back and began to strip the pelts from the bodies.

"Let us learn wisdom from those we seek!" he explained. "As men we have no chance. As wolves Allah's Will may favour us!"

A quarter of an hour later Mainwaring stood up, eased himself of his outer clothing, and with Sitka's deft assistance bound the raw hide about his body and limbs. The grinning mask fell over his forehead to the level of his eyes. He helped to disguise the tracker in his turn. Leaving their packs and rifles beside the pit and taking only their revolvers they climbed the snow-slope for the second time. As they came within view of the cliff head they sank upon knees

and elbows. They were half way across the open patch which lay between them and the boulders which crowned the crag before they were observed. Then a stone came whizzing through the air.

"A-r-ré!" growled a hoarse voice, following the execration with another stone. With all the speed they could devise the sham wolves padded into the shadow of the rocks and were lost to sight among the crevices.

Silently they neared the verge. At a sign from his companion Mainwaring dropped behind.

Sitka crept forward inch by inch till his face overhung the drop. Mainwaring saw his body suddenly stiffen, as the cat stiffens when she is within leaping distance of the unconscious bird. The tracker's limbs were drawn in beneath his body, his muscles tautened. He sprang out into the air! There was a thud, a faint scuffling sound, a smothered, whimpering cry. Mainwaring drew himself forward to the brink. A dark mass lay upon the footway below him. As he stared it divided into two parts. The tracker stood up; the stark body of the hill man lay stretched at his feet.

"So it befalls a watcher who does not watch!" whispered Sitka, grimly. "Those eyes were cast down which should have ceaselessly looked up. Come, sahib! We are but at the beginning. May Allah's Protections follow us! We need them!"

Without another glance at the corpse he led the way carefully down the succession of narrow ledges which was the only path.

The moon was sinking by now and the velvet shadow of the cliff was falling aslant the collection of stone-built, earth-roofed huts. In this thicker darkness Sitka moved with confidence, dropping from hold to hold with the lithe grace of the animal he simulated. Mainwaring followed, his knees and palms bruised and aching from contact with the stone. The pair sidled softly up to the first of the huts. Sitka tried the door. It gave smoothly under his touch. He relinquished it, shaking his head.

"We have to find one barred—*on the outside*," he explained softly, and led on. Half a dozen latches were examined and passed by. A sense of keen anxiety began to fill Mainwaring's heart. Were they on the right track—was this the lair of the Clan at all?

Suddenly Sitka halted with a significant gesture. They had reached a small, stone-built circular tower. The one entrance was near the roof, ten feet from the ground. Access was gained by a ladder—a ladder which lay upon the ground at its foot. A sound sank down to them through the night—the same which they had heard as the raiders passed them in the dawning—the sound of a woman's weeping.

Silently they raised the ladder and poised it against the wall,

Mainwaring waved his companion back. He climbed, tapped softly, and breathed the prisoner's name.

"Violet!"

The sound of weeping ceased. There came a tiny incredulous gasp.

Whispering a caution, Mainwaring laid his hand upon the rude bars and drew them from the sockets. The door swung back. His hand groped into the darkness. From within it was seized, pressed, passionately kissed. With a sigh that told of weariness and pain and hope all too long deferred, Violet Markham crept into her lover's arms. He held her to him. For a moment he halted as his lips sank down and touched her brow, her eyes, her hair. The next instant he had lifted her and was stepping delicately from rung to rung. Her face was pressed against his shoulder. She raised it as he dropped from the ladder. She saw Sitka—the wolf! Her self-control deserted her. Suddenly, too, she saw the grim mask which dropped over the eyes of the man who carried her. She made a little inarticulate cry.

There was a stirring in the nearest hut. With a wild gesture which expressed the very limits of despair Sitka led the way towards the ledges at a run. They gained the lowest step. Mainwaring drew Violet after him from hold to hold, while the tracker, revolver in hand, crouched upon the narrow way. A voice pealed into the stillness. The cry was answered from twenty different points. The first faint streak of dawn filtered over the ridge to show a hundred ghost-like forms break from the huts and join concourse at the foot of the empty tower. Then the rush swept headlong for the cliff.

Mainwaring, as he dragged Violet over the topmost shelf on to the safety of the slope, turned to see the crouching figure rise. A red flame streamed across the morning dusk, and the leader of the charge fell prone. The hill men halted. Another shot filled the echoes and a second cateran fell. The pursuers broke and fled to cover. Imperturbable as ever Sitka turned and sped up the pathway like a cat. As he reached the summit his voice rang down to the pair who were flying down the slope.

"Take the rifles, sahib, but leave the packs! Then to the right—to the right! I can hold them, but have haste, sahib—have haste!"

Mainwaring heard. He paused beside the wolf-pit to snatch up the rifles and the bandoliers. He looked towards the right. A succession of snow-covered terraces rose, tier on tier, to the shoulder of a knife-edged ridge. Below were cliffs, sheer and ledgeless. The way led up and ever up towards dizzy heights. For a moment he hesitated. Would they not cut themselves off from

every avenue of escape? So it seemed, if they climbed thus higher and higher into the very heart of the hills. He half halted, looking round.

The Balti saw.

"To the right, sahib!" he reiterated. "Climb! Climb! It is our only chance!"

Mainwaring hesitated no longer. Gripping Violet's hand he set off at a slow, dogged run across the slope and gained the first of the terraces. Here the snow crust was weaker than on the wind-pressed slope. Their feet sank into it. Try as she would the girl staggered, gasped, showed her distress. Grimly Mainwaring linked his arm through hers and drew her on. They passed the second terrace and panted up the ascent which led up to the third. As they gained it Mainwaring looked round. The tracker was speeding towards them, and motioned them to halt. With incredible strength he raced up the steep to their side, and took his rifle from Mainwaring's grasp. He waved them on and up.

"Here again I hold them!" he explained, pointing to the crowd of dark figures which suddenly appeared upon the brink of the snow-field far behind. He shook the rifle. "For half an hour I will bar their path with this before I again join you. The top of the ridge is our goal, sahib—the very top!"

Again the two dragged themselves at the slope, ploughed the yielding snow, stumbled desperately on. Leaning over the edge of the terrace behind them the tracker covered the leader of the pursuit and fired. The man fell, and for the second time the hill men wavered and fled to the cover of the boulders, not daring to tempt that unerring aim. For another half-hour the Balti waited and then looked round. The fugitives had passed the terraces and gained the ultimate slope—the one which led upon the summit of the ridge. He leaped to his feet and raced after them. He took his final stand behind a boulder which rose grey and naked from the surrounding snow. Above him the two climbed doggedly on. Violet had reached the limits of her strength. Mainwaring saw it in her white face and glazing eyes, heard it in the short, quick gasps which burst from her parted lips. The end came suddenly. With a groan she sank upon the snow and lay helpless.

"I'm finished!" she cried, despairingly; "I'm finished!"

Mainwaring looked keenly ahead. The crest seemed little more than a hundred feet above them. He stooped, swept Violet up into his arms, and stumbled on.

She sobbed—she protested.

"No!" she cried, weakly. "You have done your utmost! You are throwing away your life for me—in vain—in vain!"

He laughed fiercely—scornfully. He set his teeth in grim determination—step by step he climbed—fought through the yielding drift—and won! With a satisfied gasp he laid his burden down upon the very summit of the ridge. She rose—she locked her hands about his neck—she whispered in his ear.

“This is the end!” she panted, but not despairingly—almost, indeed, with a kind of triumph. “Together—with you—I can bear it. And to think that I doubted you—played with your love—persuaded myself that you did not care! Forgive me—forgive me!”

His hand caressed her hair.

“My darling!” he said, quietly. “My darling!”

She still clung to him, averting her face.

“And he—that other one,” she went on. “Do you know what his admiration was worth? I was riding with him—alone. Then these men rose out of the dusk like phantoms—snatched me from my horse—bound me! Did *he* stay—did *he* risk his life to save me? He put spurs to his horse and galloped—galloped, shouting for assistance! And I had fancied him your equal—*yours*!”

A great joy was shining in Mainwaring’s eyes. How little other matters loomed—how the import of life or death dwindled in the light of that confession. He had found his love—he had found her again!

The sound of a voice rang up to him. Sitka was climbing towards them, while over the brow of the lowest terrace the hill men scrambled into view. The Balti flung himself down beside them at last, panting.

“And now to crush them!” he cried, shaking his fist at the dark dots which swarmed upon his track. “Hide below the crest, sahib, and then—watch!”

A sudden hope grew in Mainwaring’s breast. There was confidence—even elation—in the tracker’s tones.

“How?” he cried, incredulously. “You have a plan?”

Sitka showed his teeth in a grim smile.

“One that will not fail, sahib!” he replied. “They will reach this open slope below, thinking us already flying down the far side of the hill. Then we shoot. What protections will they have from our bullets?”

Mainwaring shook his head.

“You mean that we shall destroy them all?” he asked. “That is beyond our powers, even if each bullet accounted for a man. We have but fifty cartridges left.”

The Balti laughed.

“Would the cowards remain in the open to be shot down?” he replied. “Nay—when we begin our fire they will break for the

nearest cover—for that patch of boulders far to the right, *and immediately below us.*”

He laid a curious stress on the last four words.

Mainwaring looked at him.

“Well?” he asked.

Sitka laughed again.

“Watch, sahib!” he said, curtly.

The men were off the last terrace by now, and breasting out on to the slope. They shouted fiercely, waving their muskets and encouraging each other along the trail which the fugitives had left. They drew up at last within four or five hundred yards.

The Balti brought up his rifle to his shoulder. As the report rang out a hill man pitched upon his face and lay still.

The others halted.

“Shoot, sahib!” cried Sitka, and fired again. This time two bullets found a billet.

The hill men looked wildly round for cover. With one accord they made a rush for stones which the tracker had indicated.

As they reached them Sitka flung himself forward upon the snow and swept a mass of it together. In the form of a roll he set it moving.

He repeated the process—he did it a third time.

The lumps whirled down the slope, gathering bulk—doubling themselves yard by yard.

And then Mainwaring *knew*—knew what would happen even before he had marked the huge crevice which seamed the slope—the ragged breakage which told of the cleft below. The first of the huge snowballs lumbered into it. The whole hillside below that point seemed to shake. A moaning, quivering sound echoed up among the peaks. And then the other two monstrous missiles joined the first. The snow moved—slid forward, gained speed and bulk—crested up ridge by ridge till vast acres of it were in motion. It thundered down into the ravine irresistible!

Shrieks rung out from among the boulders in its course. The hidden men rose—leaped wildly right and left—flung helpless, gesticulating hands towards the sky. And then were gone—blotted out—sucked down! Buried beneath unnumbered tons of ice and snow, the avalanche carried them over the brink of the final drop and poured into the depths of the valley below.

Up on the summit Violet Markham hid her face upon her lover's breast, while Sitka laughed again fiercely, triumphantly, the wild mirth echoing from crag to crag.

“The Clan of the Footless” would raid no more.



THE ENGLISH SKI CLUB

A DAY IN ADELBODEN WITH A CAMERA

BY LIEUTENANT P. S. GREIG, R.E.

Give me health and a day,
And I will mock the pomp of Kings.

I PULLED a sleepy form from the bed and looked out of the open window. In the west the first rays of the morning sun had just caught the summit of the Bonderspitze.

The sunbeams streak the azure skies
And line with light the mountain's brow.

In the east the light was creeping up the fir-clad slopes, while a thin white cloud rested on the top of the Hahnenmoos Pass.

The sky was clear, and the air still, cold, and crisp. A sudden twinge of that rare complaint *joie de vivre* came with that scent of Alpine freshness, and a positive *embarras de richesses* in the thought of what to do in the glorious day of snow and sunshine that was in prospect—skating, ski-ing, curling, lugging, tailing, walking, climbing, photography—which should it be? Finally the vote went in favour of the last: my camera and I were to be onlookers for a day, and each incident should be recorded.

By 10 o'clock the sun had appeared over the "Mountain Giants," and the valley was ablaze with light. It streamed into

the glass verandah of the hotel, where several people were enjoying an after-breakfast read, or discussing plans for the day.

Having secured some lunch and stowed it in a "rucksack," we started on our pilgrimage (we being my faithful camera and I, myself, and me). Outside the hotel—on the roof and balconies of which the blizzard of New Year's Day (with its 46 deg. of frost) had laid its kiss of snow—a Canadian toboggan was already being taken out by its energetic owners.

Passing down the diligence road the first object of interest proved to be a female form, semi-recumbent in the snow of the



OUTSIDE THE HOTEL

adjoining field. What was the matter with her, and why did the three onlookers not come to her assistance? Had she been overcome with mountain sickness or succumbed to sunstroke? No, it was only her first attempt at ski-ing, and the sudden possession of feet some 72 in. long had been too much for her. As we drew near a plaintive cry rent the air, "It's all very well to say 'Get up.' I can't get up!" Her friend, I regret to say, showed her sympathy by going into peals of laughter. Further down the road was the English ski club-house, and near by a group of skiers preparing for a run.

The subscription is three francs for the season, and skis (pronounced shees) can be hired by members at fifty centimes a day. Its walls are placarded with notices of test runs, ski expeditions, etc., and much useful information to novices. It is a fascinating sport, ski-running. It bears a resemblance to a much-advertised food in that there is nothing *quite* like it.

Walt Whitman is said to have once tried his hand (or would it be more correct to say his feet) at the art, and to have expressed himself as follows :—



A CURLING MATCH ON THE SKATING RINK

SONG OF MY SKIS.

Apart from the cold feet and sun-baked head stands what I am,
 Stands musing, on skis, hardly complacent, perplexed, unitary,
 Looks down, is erect, or comes a cropper over some unforeseen drift,
 Looking with side-curved head, fearful of what will come next,
 Both in and out of the snow, and watching and wandering at it.

Not so sure as I might be, but pole in hand, well-strapped, braced round the heels—
 Not full of aplomb, outwardly calm, keen but inexperienced—
 I and my skis—here we stand.

Wet and cold is the snow, and wet and cold is much that is not the snow.
 I have heard what the ski-ers are saying,
 The talk of the beginning and the end.

But I have not yet started—nor do I see the end.

I believe in you, my skis—the physical “I am” must not abase itself before you.
And you must not elevate yourselves before me.

Glide with me over the snow, loose the caked snow from under you.

Not skating, not tailing I want, not climbing nor lugging—not even glissading,
Only the swish I love, the swish of your gliding feet.

The skating rink outside the Grand Hotel next met our photographic gaze. A curling match was in progress, and strange words and terms greeted the unprofessional ear—“So much ice”—“In the house”—“They lie two”—“Over the hog”—“A shot



“FOUR WERE CONSTRAINED TO FACE THE CAMERA”

stone”—“In elbow”—“Bring it on”—etc., etc. We were just in time to hear the shout of them that triumph and to see the uplifted broom, the signal of victory.

To the left of the rink a little path winds down into a wooded glade, every bough of which was touched by the pencil of the frost. To lugers (*i.e.* tobogganers) it is known as the “Wood Run,” and scarcely had we descended into its snowy regions when the loud warning cry of “Achtung!” smote our ears. On they came one after another at a breakneck pace (a special providence, I trow, watches over both the luger and somnambulist). Four were constrained to face the camera’s cold gaze and then continued their giddy flight.

Looking up between the rime-covered boughs I saw that another plate was doomed to exposure, "A wintry mountain stood with glory topt," framed in against the azure sky. A long focus lens, yellow screen, one-eighth second's exposure with f. 11, and we were off again.

In a few minutes our lugging friends appeared in sight, resting awhile from their labours. The tall firs "with icework crowned" on the opposite side of the valley were all in keeping with their



A WINTRY MOUNTAIN

white jerseys and Balaclava caps, and tempted the exposure of another plate.

The run from this point down to the main road is a regular switchback, and seeing a quartet of lugers preparing to start *en bloc* from the top I took up a commanding position to one flank. The resulting pictures speak for themselves.

How mad and sad and bad it was,
But, oh! ye gods, how sweet!

The art of tobogganing has been aptly defined as "Swish! walk a mile." They had had their "swish," and the "walk a mile"

was now their portion. Three minutes' run down, to half an hour's walk up, is the usual rule; but nothing deters the luger, he is the nearest approach to perpetual motion to be found in Switzerland. "You English—ah! you are so earnest over your sport. The Germans—they sit in the verandah all day and complain about the food," as our hotel proprietor remarked one day in discussing the subject.

From the bottom of the Wood Run the diligence road winds away to the right, mounting up to the village of Adelboden. Ten minutes' walk brought us in view of another scene of energy—the large skating rink in the Oey. All hands were at work clearing off the snow of the previous day—to the undisguised astonishment of



THE START

the regular sweepers, who could not understand how those "mad English" could do for pleasure what they had to do for pay.

Skating may not give the thrills of ski-running, nor the tense excitement of curling. There are, however, not a few who have a "bias" in its direction, and on this lower rink at Adelboden the novice and the semi-professional may gyrate to their hearts' content.

The first day's skate of the season is a painful one, and right heartfelt is the Shakspearian ejaculation that bursts from the lips at its close, 'O my prophetic soul! mine ankle!' After a few weeks, however, the beginner feels differently:—

The skating round my daily task,
The outside edge is all I ask.
Oh that the figures 8 and 3
Would very shortly come to me!

But his ambitions are not allowed to rest here undisturbed. Day by day strange words greet his ears as he sits in the sun eating his lunch on one of the side benches round the rink—words full of unplumbed meaning: “rockers,” “mohawks,” “brackets,” “inside forward off centre turn,” “forward reverse and out and forward about and forward meet,” etc., etc. Presently he will see the said rockers and mohawks carried out in a combination figure by a quartet of those who know how, and he will begin to grasp something of the meaning of first, second, and third-class certificates.

Leaving the sweepers, we followed the course of the stream which winds its way past the rink through fir-clad banks and



THE DÉBÂCLE

picturesque snow-covered boulders. The path leads over some level fields to a little stone bridge at the entrance to a wooded gorge. A sharp “Achtung!” from high up on the steep snow slope to the right brought us to a standstill. “Are you ready? Go!” and a Canadian toboggan came hurtling down the hillside. There was just time for a hurried snap as they whizzed by (one-hundredth of a second, alas! is no match for the pace of a Canadian).

Then a small whirlwind of snow at the foot of the slope, through which neither toboggan nor occupants were to be seen, and finally when the run was ended three laughing forms emerged, powdered as for a *bal poudré*, only from head to foot, and proceeded to drag their chariot back for a second venture. They insisted on my taking a seat—the front seat. . . .

It is a fearful and wonderful sensation !

One of the illustrations shows how the Canadian toboggan is held in position previous to starting—every hand and foot must be on board—with a heavy load of four or more the “holder” has perforce to jump aside with some agility, if he does not wish to be left a smudge upon the mountain side.

After taking the finish of a run I proceeded on my way, deeply musing on Newton’s laws of motion, and was soon joined by the Canadians, who invited me to join them at an al-fresco lunch on some logs outside a neighbouring chalet.

Do good people in England, who sit shivering round fires all the winter, indulging in colds, coughs, and influenza, realise what it is not



“A CANADIAN TOBOGGAN CAME HURLING DOWN THE HILLSIDE”

to put on an overcoat from November to March—what it is to be able to take out one’s lunch almost every day and eat it in the open air of heaven—seated on a log (but feeling quite different from the “expiring frog”)—bathed in sunshine, yet surrounded with snow, and not feel cold ; what it is to have cloudless skies, crisp invigorating air, warm sunshine from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m., and your fill of winter sports all for seven francs a day toboggans included—why, it is less than the price of many a dinner in town !

Crossing the bridge I wended my way by a little path up to the other side of the gorge “to the place that is called Boden.” Here the valley broadens out into undulating fields and gentle slopes, a veritable paradise for skiers.



CANADIAN TOBOGGAN HELD IN POSITION PREVIOUS TO STARTING



THE SKATING RINK DOTTED WITH DEVOTEES

It was the second day of the three days' "Winter Sport Festival," and all the rank and fashion of Adelboden were there assembled, every man on his own luge, watching the toboggan races open to both visitors and villagers.

These were followed by ski-jumping competitions, which excited great interest. The number of entries struck me as surprisingly few, but all who have tried their hands at this, the "cream" of the art, know what exceedingly unstable conditions of equilibrium are set up, and can sympathise with the reticence felt by those who are only moderately proficient at making fools of themselves before so august an assembly. I photographed the winner doing his final jump, but the hero of the day was a village youth of fifteen or sixteen, who faced that perilous glissade with the utmost *sang froid*, and finished up two out of his three jumps with the air of a professional—without hitch or flaw amidst a chorus of cheers.

We then retraced our steps by the "Red" path. The Society for the Improvement of Adelboden (I will spare you the German equivalent or rendering) have had all the picturesque and important walks in the neighbourhood marked out by coloured lines on trees, rocks, railings, etc., green, yellow, black, red, etc. The skating-rinks and toboggan-runs are also under their control and management, and all visitors are taxed to the tune of twenty-five centimes a day for the up-keep.

At the head of the path the Bonderspitze appeared above a belt of firs, and a little further on one had another view of the skating rink, now swept and garnished and dotted with devotees.

Then we turned our footsteps homewards to tea, to sit round the festive board and hear of the adventures of others and to recount one's own.

Porte after stormy seas,
Rest after toyle doth greatly please.

Then to sit in an armchair by the open window, and listen to the village sounds—the tinkle-tinkle of the bells of the arriving diligence slowly plodding its way up the hill; the loud prolonged cry of "Bo——ob!" as a bobsleigh comes spinning down the road; the scrunch-scrunch over the snow of many luges as the village children troop out for their evening run. Then as the evening wore on 'twas pleasant to watch the sunlight fade on the mountain opposite until only the topmost pinnacles were bathed in light—

Holy turrets tipped with evening gold,
and such a gold!

The west now burned like one dilated sun,
A crucible of mighty compass, felt
By mountains glowing till they seemed to melt.

Here is a picture of the village of Adelboden and the mountains opposite one's window; but the light that lit them at that hour must be seen to be believed; it slowly changed from burnished gold to purest silver, as by seven o'clock—

Cynthia came riding on her silver car,
And hoary mountain cliffs
Shone faintly from afar.

So ended the day.



THE VILLAGE OF ADELBODEN



A RECORD CATCH OF YELLOWTAIL

SEA-FISHING ROUND SANTA CATALINA (CALIFORNIA)

BY LT.-COL. COUNT GLEICHEN, C.M.G., D.S.O., C.V.O.

"No, sir, there ain't none others anywhere—nowhere except round this island, and not always that. San Francisco? No, there's none there, nor elsewhere that I ever heard of.¹ They ought to come here in June—'bout the middle of June to August is the time—but this year" (the date was July 8) "there's been none caught yet at all. I don't know how it is: there's been plenty of them seen, round away by Goat Harbour and the rest, but they don't seem to be taking at all."

The speaker was "Mexican Joe," *doyen* of the professional fishermen of Santa Catalina Island, 40 miles S.S.W. of Los Angeles, California, and home of the mighty tuna fish. Place—his little gasoline launch skimming over the blue waves round the southern coast of the island. We had been out after tuna the day before, to the north-eastward, but had not even caught a glimpse of one all day, so were going out this morning after yellowtail and barracuta: but an easterly wind was springing up and shrouding the hills with a fine blue mist, so the prospects were not favourable.

¹ I found out afterwards that this is not strictly accurate.

"Mexican Joe" is a tough old specimen—fifty-three years has he been on the island, and forgotten all the Spanish of his boyhood at Sonora. Many a fine fish has he been the death of. But let him



RECORD TUNA, CAUGHT WITH ROD AND REEL AT AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

speak: with his bristly black moustache standing out at right angles from his lips, his eye glistening as he recounts his deeds, his brown jaws chewing steadily and punctuating his periods with colossal expectorations.

"Biggest tuna I ever killed? Why, that will be a 146-pounder, when I was out with Mr. Parridge of Missouri, three years back. Yäah"—(Californian for yes)—"Mr. Parridge had been trying hard for three years to be a member of the Tuna Club, and didn't even get to it then. You know, you *must* kill a 100-pounder to become a member: there was a gentleman here two years ago who landed a tuna, big fish he was, after trying for three seasons, and he was as pleased as anything about it. And he didn't even get a button—by gosh, no, he didn't! For when we came to weigh it, there was the jury of the Club—solemn and serious, same as a law-court—and they weighed it and made it just 99½ lb. And they sat and argued about it for an hour: some wanted to make him a member as it was so close, but others wouldn't have it, and in the end he didn't get it—no, by gosh! and he was mighty sick about it.

"Oh, the 146-pounder? Yäah, Mr. Parridge he played him for two hours and a hälf, and he wasn't very strong, and he got weaker and weaker; and at läst there was the fish, belly up, near dead, only ten yards from the boat, and Mr. Parridge was so played out that he hadn't strength to bring him in—his wrists gave out, like so, and to save the fish I had to take the rod and bring him myself up to the boat and gaff him. No—that's against the Club rules for anybody else to handle the fish before he's gaffed: he must have done it all himself, yäah.

"Many English come here? No, not a many, as far as I know—but then I don't always know the names of them as come out with me, unless I see it on their lunch baskets, maybe. I've a bad head for names. Let me see, there was an English lord here some years back, Lord—Lord Wern his name was. Know him? No? Why, he married Lady Clementina, and she was out with him. And then there was another, an earl, a little man with one eye and a wife and two nurses. Earl of what? I dunno, just the Earl, from England."

I could see that I had gone down in his estimation through not being acquainted with these members of the peerage: but he went on:

"Yäah, the tuna give good sport when you get them on. They only take flying-fish—dead bait, yes, not alive; and they don't jump much when they're hooked, though they do sometimes. No, they're not like the tarpon in that way, though they do call them the 'leaping tuna': that's when they're after live flying-fish. They're just like a big albacore, without the wings. Mackerel tribe? Yäah, I s'pose so. By gosh, when they're hooked you've got to look out—whizz! they sometimes take the whole of your line directly they've struck and leave you looking at the empty reel. Why, I've seen the

wet line go out so quick that it smoked—yes, really smoked, by gosh, though he had his thumb on the leather too. And fight? Why, yäah, there was a fish hooked last year, in the afternoon it was, and the two men in the boat played him—both did—for fourteen hours till next morning, and then, when they'd got him up to the boat, the man gaffed him all crooked like and he gave a kick and broke the line. Why, I know a gentleman, from Canada he is, and he's hooked eleven tuna in two seasons and not landed one of them. Not one, by gosh! No, he's not a bad fisherman—but always something went wrong, line broke, or badly hooked, or got tangled with the screw, or bad gaff, or something. And another gentleman has been here four seasons and never even hooked one, though he'd give his



SEALS

eyes to be a member. Yes, you get a silver button for every fish over 100 lb., and the boatman with whose boat you catch the first tuna of the season gets a silver-mounted rod. And whoever catches the record tuna, he's President of the Club for the time until somebody catches a bigger one. Record tuna now? 251-lb., Colonel Morehous of Pasadena.

"Black bass? Yäah, they're the biggest sea-fish ever took on a rod and line. People call them jewfish, too, but they don't give you much fun. You go out and anchor and drop a line over, baited with 5 or 6 lb. of fish, albacore maybe. They tug a bit, of course, and sometimes take you half an hour to land, but they don't rush like the tuna. Mr. Murphy, of Indiana, got the biggest last year;

436 lb. the committee made it—Mr. Murphy made it 442 lb. himself, but the committee used other scales, and that's the official record."

So much for the big fish. As regards other fishing, it is a real paradise. Albacore (a bonito sort of fish, with wing-fins two-thirds of its own length) give capital sport in the deeper waters, and run from 5 to 60 lb. (record 63), averaging 8 to 20. Looking over the side of the boat on the albacore grounds one sees them sometimes in shoals fighting and dashing for the bait, their odd fins and fat tight bodies making them look from above more like penguins than fish. And when your fish has given you five or ten minutes' gallant sport and is being towed, exhausted, to the boat, the iridescent gleam of his sides and belly through the sunlit depths of clear blue water give an added and æsthetic zest to the sport.

Yellowtail, running from 5 to 50 lb. (record 58), averaging about the same as albacore, are also very game fish. They are more widely distributed than albacore, and are present most of the year, chiefly in the shore-waters of the southern coast. Barracuta, a long, narrow fish with pointed snout, running from 5 to 10 lb., are numerous in the summer up to the middle of July, when they seem to disappear almost entirely, reappearing in the early spring. They are fairly sporting, but as they always make towards the boat in their first rushes, give less fun than the yellowtail. On good days two rods should catch anything from 30 to 70 yellowtail, barracuta, or albacore.

Bass are too well known to need any description. The big black bass, or jewfish, already referred to, haunts the southern shores, and of other varieties there are the rock bass, running from 3 to 15 lb., and the white bass, which reaches 40 or 50 lb. (record 58). Of other fish perhaps the oddest is the sheepshead, ranging from 3 to 10 lb., a heavy, square-headed brute with black head and hinder third, and the rest of him bright scarlet, with a crimson eye. He gives little sport, and is useless as food.

The above can all be caught with a (dead) sardine or smelt threaded on the hook, and the usual method (except for the jewfish) is trolling out of the stern of a gasoline launch. The bait-fishermen supply bait to the professional boatmen, and receive in return the result of the day's catch. Sometimes they score heavily by the arrangement, and sometimes the reverse. To go into financial details: fish generally bring 5 cents a pound in the local market, barracutas 25 cents apiece. The usual hire of a launch (2 rods) with boatman, tackle, and bait complete is 5 dollars for a morning (6.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.), 4½ for the afternoon, or 9 for the whole day. Flying-fish bait is extra.

Of other sea attractions there are plenty. There are whales, sharks, swordfish, sunfish, and seals or sea lions, the last being very numerous and not at all afraid of human beings. At Seal Point thirty to a hundred sea lion can be seen any morning, yelping like a pack of hoarse hounds, or stretched lazily out on the rocks in the sun; most human are they with their yawns as, snuggling into more comfortable positions, they wave their flippers in apparent greeting, or blink lazily at us as we pass along a few yards off.

Then of smaller fry there is a plethora. The "sea-gardens" in Avalon Bay, close to the town, to which one repairs in glass-bottomed boats, are well worth the visit. Waving forests of seaweed, with green-covered rocks in the transparent depths, form a beautiful home for the most gorgeous fishes—vermilion, dark blue, violet, and brilliant yellow, besides numberless other grey and striped varieties, simply swarm below. Nor do they seem the least shy of the boats. If one wishes to see them still closer, the Aquarium in the town provides all sorts of species, together with turtle, anemone, fish-eggs, lobsters, and the weirdest varieties of skate, muraena, crabs, and sea animals of all sorts.

I feel this is becoming like an advertisement, so must stop; but before doing so must take this opportunity of recommending anyone travelling near Los Angeles not to miss the chance of getting really good sea-fishing at Santa Catalina. There are one or two daily boats from San Pedro. The climate is absolutely perfect, and the hotel accommodation at Avalon is good. The only pity of it is that the town is rapidly becoming a Saturday to Monday watering-place, with all concomitant attractions and corresponding evils.

Further up the coast, especially at Santa Cruz, a hundred miles south of San Francisco, excellent salmon-fishing is to be had in the bays during July. The fish is the "steelhead" salmon, a close cousin of the British one, and for two or three weeks they swarm in certain parts. You take them trolling, with spoonbait or half a smelt, of course with rod and line; and they give you excellent sport, though they won't look at a fly. Four of us, in two mornings, caught (between us) 19 the first day and 12 the second, besides other sea-fish; they averaged 12 lb. to 15 lb., and among them were two of over 24 lb.



BY W. PARKINSON CURTIS

ON the south coast of England is a large harbour into which runs one sizeable river, and something like a dozen or so smaller streams. It is bounded seaward by the lyme-grass-grown sand hills, and its entrance is guarded by a moaning bar, on which the breakers driven by the easterly winter gales hurl themselves, to be instantly changed from white-crested green mountains of water to acres upon acres of dazzling foam half hidden in a cloud of driving spindrift.

Landwards the harbour breaks into numerous bays and runs in long, winding channels almost to the foot of the solemn chalk downs, which, proud of their mantle of verdant green, seem to look down with an air of quiet contempt upon the purplish-brown expanse of heather lying at their feet, and imperceptibly melting into the rough, tangled marsh growth of the seashore.

The harbour itself covers a very considerable superficial area, and though intersected with several very large and deep channels, and dotted with islands, it has a number of large mud flats, bare at low water, and covered with a rich growth of *Zostera marina*, the sea-wrack, so much beloved by wildfowl. The sea-wrack and other weeds too which grow with it are the haunts of numberless crustacea, molluscs, and other small deer that afford many full meals to the dainty little wading birds that haunt the expanse of mudland. The mudland has that peculiar seaweedy smell which at once calls up to the mind of the wildfowler the angry chatter of the noisy teal, the hoarse laugh of the herring-gull, and the startled cry of the wary curlew. When the writer is away from his home among the mudflats, how he longs for a taste of the clean salt breeze that blows wild across the flats, and how caged and shut up he feels in an inland town away from the ceaseless soothing "ssooo-ssooo" of the waves on the edge of the land!

To the non-fowling member of the community the punt gunner with his semi-nocturnal habits, his heavy garb, long boots, his

energy and endurance, is little better than a maniac; but once persuade a man with any remnant of a soul left in him to spend a night amid the speaking silence of the mudflats, once let him feel that he is face to face with the purity of Nature, and free from the discordant jar of the daylight human fight for money, money, money, and he also will at every opportunity cease to be a self-respecting, frockcoated, top-hatted citizen, and will don the heavy sweater, the curtain cap, the mits and seaboots of the fowler, and will hie him to his lonely estuary, there to seek out the wariest fowl that fly, and to pit his shikar against their manifold and keen senses. The writer and his brother got bitten by the fever some few years ago, and mudlarking has become their favourite pastime.



READY TO START

Before describing the pleasures and pains of a night behind the big gun let us descend to practical detail. The "Mudlark" (*Alauda liminis*) is the name we have given to our punt. She is a flat-bottomed canoe with a slight curve in her floor, 19 ft. long, and 3 ft. 6 in. in the beam; she draws about 1 in. forward and 4 in. aft, and has a freeboard including coamings of about 11 in. forward and 8 in. aft. She is fine in the lines, rows easily, sculls lightly, and sails like a bird. She is, however, only fitted for the particular water she is used on, as she is a trifle pinched and requires careful nursing in a seaway. For more exposed waters a boat of at least 22 ft. is required, with more beam and freeboard.

Our armament is a muzzle-loading punt gun 7 ft. 6 in. long in the barrel and about 4 bore, weighing some 40 lb.; this is exceedingly light for a punt gun, but nevertheless the gun does remarkably good work. We have likewise a first-rate double 10-bore, which carries $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. cartridge cases, and kills with great certainty, with a double 12-bore for cripple stopping and collecting waders. We also have a locker for big-gun ammunition, and a cartridge magazine carrying 75 cartridges of assorted sizes of shot. Add to this a pair of mudboards, a setting pole, two pairs of oars, a 30 sq. ft. mainsail, a clean cover of straw, and our catalogue of accoutrements is complete.

The straw is a necessity; this keeps one warm and dry, and also prevents the stiffness arising from lying on hard bottom boards for an hour or two whilst going to birds. It also saves the noise of slight movements, and last but not least prevents scratching of the varnish and paint on the bottom boards. We have our bottom boards painted and varnished with hard yacht varnish, which the local gunners regard with a mingled air of contempt and envy as a piece of unnecessary extravagance. In practice, however, the bottom boards wash beautifully clean, and it is astonishing how far a little dirt will go towards making a boat uncomfortable.

So much for the outfit. Now let us take ourselves to the actual work in hand. About 11.30, when other good folk are snuggling amongst warm blankets and thanking their lucky stars that they are in out of the biting wind, we dress in many wool undergarments, put on our grey flannel trousers, grey coat fitted with a tall collar to button up at will, our curtain caps and sea boots, have a cup of coffee, pick up our guns, and then go out into the silent moonlit street. We move noiselessly in our rubber boots and make our way to the moorings, arousing the curiosity of the policemen on night duty, who wonders whether our ditty bag only contains straw and field glasses or the best part of the family plate, and who, when he recognises us, assures us that smoking is not allowed on duty—but that the sergeant will not be round his way for at least an hour. We reach the field at the edge of the harbour and go across to our canoe. As we walk the easterly wind stings our faces and the grass crunches crisp and white beneath our boots. Ten minutes' struggle with the frozen ropes of the gun breeching, then a hard shove over the frozen mud, and we are off in the channel. We start at the last of the ebbing tide, for we want to work to the birds on the rising tide and also up to the setting moon. We sit and wash our boots clean from the mud before getting aboard, put ourselves ship-shape, and proceed silently as a shadow down the glittering lake.

Silent we must be ; for we never know where the game may lurk, and widgeon and mallard hear most acutely. The click of the gun barrels striking anything on board the boat, or the careless putting up of an oar, may make birds lie silent for half an hour, giving no sign whatever of their presence.

Our destination is the other side of the harbour from two and a half to three miles distant ; so as we have a beam wind from the corner of the lake we put up the mainsail and glide quickly across the deep channel to our hunting ground. As we skirt the mud-flats we see many little waders dabbling along the edge of the now rising tide like so many little black mice, and as they catch sight of us they rise with a shrill cry, and hark back along the edge of the mud away from us. They will be mostly dunlin, which continually talk



"A GUNNING PUNT UNDER CANVAS"

to each other in a low sweet "tōōēōōē tōōēōōē tōōēōōē," with a sharp "pēēt pēēt pēēt" as an alarm signal. Intermixed with them will be the ringed plover which acts as a sentry for all the little waders, and rises with a sharp "tchuē tōō" on the least approach of danger. Anon we meet a bunch of redshanks which disappear into the darkness with a "tchu tchuee." Hark! what is that? as a long-drawn "whēēyou, whēēyou," comes through the silvery haze which lies on the water. We down the mainsail as quietly as possible, and listen again. Once more we hear the long-drawn "whēēyou, whēēyou," and we get out the night glasses for a survey of the flats. No sign of life! We scull on, single oar, both lying flat in the boat, the one working the glasses, the other the single oar which is out through the sculling crutch. Presently we hear a low guttural "gurr, gurr," and more of the "whēēyou, whēēyou"

whistling. Ah! there they are, about twenty strong, widgeon feeding on the edge of the quag by the old broken-down quay, too far in to get to for half an hour at least. We scull slowly back a little way, stick the nose of our boat on to the mud, and wait for the tide to make, hoping that the birds will not move, and that no other gunner will fire near. We wait, lying in the straw, with the wind whistling across our coamings, and the ice accumulating on the after-deck where the water splashes. Will the tide never rise? Minutes seem hours, hours years, as the tide slowly and sluggishly crawls in over the oozy mud. The easterly breeze hurries it on, but still it seems a lifetime rising over the spit that bars our way.

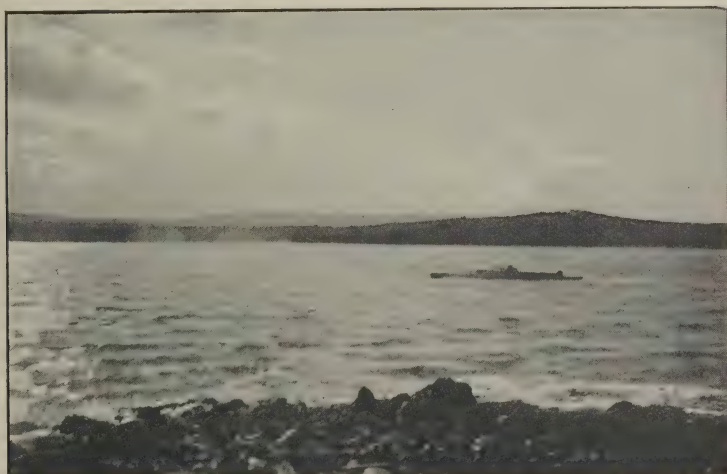


SETTING TO BIRDS

We must not wait too long, for should the imperceptible film of water which goes over the mud in advance of the tide touch the feet of the widgeon they will rise silent as death, and go away to other feeding-grounds, or perhaps to the inaccessible retreat of a brackish lagoon hidden in the heathland near. We scull slowly down the lake, the sculler taking his directions from the man behind the gun. As we go a curlew starts with a fiendish yell "tütütütōō tütütütōō," sounding like "Here they do come, here they do come." We mutter curses on the curlew between our teeth and cease sculling. Through the glasses we see the leading cock widgeon silhouetted in the moonlight, with head erect, scanning the still expanse. We hold the boat bows on to him, keeping her as still as we can, and

trusting that our grey punt, grey clothes, and grey big gun may tone so well with the greyness of the moonlit water that he may not notice it. Five minutes of tense anxiety pass, and the old widgeon begins to feed again. By this time we can hear them sifting the mud through those wonderful pectinated bills of theirs, and making a peculiar "fit-fit-fit" as they feed; and the occasional whistle of some old cock or the purring growl of a hen sounds as near as the end of the boat, although the birds are still over two hundred yards away.

The lake narrows here, so the punter silently puts up his oar and takes to a setting-pole, stealthily pushing up. We get nearer, the big gun already cocked and elevated to the right position, the gunner has the lanyard in his hand, and he whispers directions to



A SHOT WITH THE CRIPPLE STOPPER

the punter. Ah! the lake twists here. Round we go, giving a portside view to the birds. They begin to move uneasily. The gunner murmurs, "Port, port hard." The wind and tide sweeping over the corner of the lake hit her bow, and we wonder if she will ever come round. Through the weird silence of the night one seems to hear one's heart thump on the bottom boards, and speculates whether the noise will rouse the birds. Round she comes at last, and we go on, ready to fire the moment the birds start to jump. A hundred and twenty yards—they are all standing in the moonlight, heads up, watching this low grey thing imperceptibly creeping up; eighty yards, sixty yards, and up goes the leading bird. A sharp pull, a streak of fire leaps thirty feet from the boat, and there is a deafening crash. The boat leaps back in the water like a frightened

horse—frightened at the noise she makes herself. Almost lost in the echo of the big gun, the ten-bore speaks twice with a voice peculiarly its own, and another bird comes down from the skies with a thud on the mud. We hear a few calls from startled birds in the neighbourhood, and then the uncanny silence we so rudely broke settles once more on the mudflats.

We shove in rapidly with an oar, out with the twelve-bore, and finish those wounded birds which show any sign of life. Now we don the mudboards, and taking our setting-pole go cautiously squelching over the shaking mud to pick up the dead. We go carefully, probing the mud as we go, for the edge of a quag is a dangerous place. Better men than we have gone in out of sight in the treacherous ooze on the edge of the land. We get six birds; two others have dropped in the quag. These we must wait to get till the tide rises. We return to the boat and wash our feet and mudboards in the icy water, which makes our hands tingle and burn as if we had dipped them into acid. The tide which is now sweeping rapidly in over the level expanse of mud soon enables us to reach the birds lying in the quag, and then, having picked them up and reloaded the big gun, we go off down the lake to look for more birds.

It is no good trying close at hand, for we have raised the whole neighbourhood by our shot. We go on straight down the lake into the big channel beyond, and up the channel to where a promontory covered with fir trees juts out from the distant hills. The hills are lying wrapped in a silvery mist as in a shroud, for the valleys at their base are full of springs of constant temperature, from which the vapour rises on the frost-bitten air, encircling the foot of the hills, mounting higher and higher till their heads peep out from the coverlid of downy-white, and they sleep away the night, waiting for the winter sun to wake them for a few brief hours in the daytime.

As we approach the trees gradually lose their blurred outline, and standing like sentinels dressed in the deepest indigo watch the old pier and the spit where the mussels grow. Here we may perchance find a flock of sheldrake feeding, beautiful birds, our largest British ducks, and much the most cautious of those which are fit for the table. We turn the bend of the channel and scour the mud with the glasses. Yes, there are some birds higher up, but they are off in the deep water. We scull up the channel and to leeward, for wildfowl have the keenest olfactory organs, and they will quickly smell both us and the blood of the dead widgeon in the fore peak if we go across their wind. We work round to leeward of the birds and then turn and approach them. We get within two hundred

yards or so of them, and they swim quickly away, almost as quickly as we can scull. As we draw toward them they line out till not more than one bird presents itself to the gun. We reach 150 yards, too far yet for even the ten-bore at a single bird. The leading bird puts his head up and his crimson bill skywards, and utters a sibilant whistle through his nostrils. All the heads go up, and with a harsh "higherrùp! higherrùp!" they rise easily out of shot and betake themselves elsewhere. We try up another lake to a spot frequented by teal, we hear the curious "gweebe! gweebe!" of the mallard ahead of us. We scull up the lake, but they rise well out of shot. Then we hear the whistling "wiss! wiss! wiss!" of the wings of a mob of teal as they rush headlong through the darkness. The mists begin to



HOME THROUGH THE MOONLIGHT

creep over the moon, and we notice that the wind has southed considerably. We hear more birds, but still cannot get near, so we hold a council of war and decide that the uneasiness of the birds is a prelude to a bad squall. The wind, too, begins to bring ragged little clouds from the southward which race over the moon in an ominous fashion, much faster than the earth wind blows; so we decide that we will make for bed. Up with the mainsail and off we go; we quietly glide past one island then across a lake to another island. We skirt this for some distance and hear the rising wind hissing in the fir trees. Away out of the shelter of the island we occasionally see white-topped waves rise like ghosts from the tomb and sullenly sink again. So we shove the guns under the fore peak,

take in the big gun, and undo the top strap of our boots. We reach the corner of the island and are out in the wind. Our boat shoots forward like an arrow out of a bow, and we tear up the twisting looe and off into the main channel. The clouds have blotted the moon from the sky and it is almost dark. We every now and then hear the sizzling hiss of a breaker and see a white-crested wave jump towards us out of the darkness. As we go our punt drives her long bow like a battering ram into the very heart of a coamer and almost pulls up, so we scandalise the mainsail and make our journey across quietly, nothing worse coming on board than a little spindrift and spray.

Half way across we notice the lights of a ketch driving up the channel toward us. They cannot see us, for we carry no lights, so up goes the sprit and we tear once more through the water till we are clear of her course. We prefer to risk running head under and swamping to being smashed by the bluff bow of the ketch. To shout would be useless at the drowsy end of the night, for coasters rarely keep an efficient look-out at three in the morning, especially for small and almost invisible craft. However, we clear the channel and race in over the mud, for the tide is full and enables us to make a straight course regardless of channels. We have to keep a sharp look out for booms and other obstructions, as at the pace we are moving to hit a boom would mean disaster to the boom or us—according to the strength of the boom.

We run down to our moorings, haul up, clean and bail out as best we can in the darkness. We pick up our birds, guns, glasses, and straw, and then turn toward home, which we reach about 4.30 a.m. We are well satisfied with our night's work, for the lot of the punt-gunner is often toil all night, and get never a shot, or else to get within shot only to have the birds put up by the roar of a big gun in the immediate proximity.

Before turning in we clean our guns and boil up some milk to stay an appetite keen with exercise; and as we have an impromptu breakfast we shoot our birds again and speculate on the chances of another shift of the wind to the east and a continued spell of cold; and then to bed.



FOOTBALL IN FRANCE

BY "OSGOLDCROSS"

THE "Entente Cordiale" is at the present time a thing of apparently real political importance. This is not the place to discuss that side of the question, but when one sees the spectacle of the Lord Mayor of London and his coachman (yes, it was the coachman of surpassing avoirdupois who impressed the Parisians) traversing the Grand Boulevards in state, and when one knows that the Mediterranean Squadron is hurrying all its best appliances to Bizerta to help raise a sunken submarine, it is no cause for wonder that an "Entente Cordiale Athlétique" should yet further be linking the men of the two nations.

The space of a decade has seen enormous strides in the progress of athletics in France. Among young Frenchmen of the middle classes it is the correct thing not only to confess a decided interest in football or athletics, but to take an active part. As evidence of this, one has only to mention the visits of the Stade Français and the Racing Club of France to this country to compete with University teams of athletes and footballers. The French Army authorities recognise the value of athletics, and encouragement is given to inter-regimental athletic and football contests.

The interest displayed in these things is seen by the increasing space devoted to them by such French sporting journals as the *Auto* and *The Sports*, though their influence is not altogether for good, as I shall show later. Nevertheless, the fact remains as a sign of the times.

The question of the national temperament soon crops up in considering this matter, as well as the important factor of the differing conditions of life in France, so far as they affect the possibilities of pursuit of healthy exercise. It is safe to say that the Gallic temperament is in many directions a handicap to those

young men who take up athletics. As members of the Anglo-Saxon race, we consider that our people excel in those struggles in which grit and stubborn dogged striving chiefly tell; we hold, too, that our sports tend to foster and increase the growth of these characteristics. On this side of the Channel we are pleased to dub the Frenchman a fickle fellow, lacking in the power to plug ahead in face of difficulty. We point to his colonies for an example. Without shadow of gainsaying, it is true to remark that his fickleness and lack of intent purpose stand out in the playing arena, while it is equally true to add that when he devotes himself wholeheartedly to athletics, he often develops not a little endurance and grit.

The fitful brilliance and lamentable collapse of General Boulanger (to take a modern instance) find their counterpart on the French running-track and football field. And one wonders whether history would have been quite the same if, when he led his legions to Moscow, Napoleon had had a few thousand men who had learned what it was to play up right to the end of a tough eighty minutes of scrummaging or to battle through to the end of a cross-country run.

On the other hand, the Gallic characteristic dash and eagerness are equally visible in play as in more serious things, though, as ever, this may tend to approach the theatrical and the showy.

FOOTBALL IN PARIS

When the all-conquering New Zealand Rugby team met the picked fifteen of France they had by no means a runaway match. The Frenchmen scored twice, and showed much really excellent form: they were never overwhelmed, and there was no gorge of scoring, a mere thirty-odd points—a favourable contrast with the bloated figures which the All Blacks ran up against some good English county clubs.

Without the slightest hesitation I would state that it is the Rugby game at which the Frenchman shows in the most favourable light, for it is here that his national characteristics find most scope. The shove and tumble of the scrimmage, the scudding dash of the flying three-quarter, the plunge at the feet of the advancing forward line, are things which appeal to his imagination and to his love of the theatrical. There is more opportunity for shouting and chattering, more chance of an eye-catching brilliant individual effort. It is joy to his heart to wear a wonderful ear-flapped cap and to run the chance of having his jersey rent asunder; he enjoys the sensation of seizing an opponent and slinging him to earth. And these

very same things appeal as strongly to the spectator. There is more joy over one dashing three-quarter caught and grassed than over ninety and nine exact passes between Association forwards. The great French Rugby games excite more enthusiasm than the Association matches, partly because the onlooker gets more of what he likes for his money, and partly because the quality of the sport shown is superior.

Notwithstanding these facts, there are far more Association clubs in the country than there are Rugby ones. The Stade Français and the Racing Club are the only Rugby teams in Paris worth considering, and of the provincial fifteens those of Toulouse, Bordeaux, and Havre are of decided merit. There are, in short, no more than half a dozen really outstanding Rugby clubs in France.

Why is it, then, if Rugby is more of a truly national game so far as national temperament succeeds in achieving excellence, that the rival code is followed by the larger number of players? The reason seems to me to lie in the fact that *an* Association game (not *the* Association game, note the distinction) is easier to set going. Eleven men scattered about a field and trying to propel a ball in a given direction—well, it does not so greatly matter, so far as the pleasure gained or the exercise achieved goes, whether the fellows keep their assigned places or no. On the other hand, seven or eight of the fifteen must turn their energies to scrummaging, and the remainder have hardly the same freedom of action as in Association.

As a mere exercise-giver or pleasure-provider it seems to me the dribbling code can be managed with more ease than the handling game. Hence I would venture to believe the Association clubs, from their greater ease of working the game, are decidedly the more numerous. One has but to use one's eyes in the outskirts of Paris on a Sunday afternoon to see that, and corroborative evidence is found when one looks at the match results in a Monday's *Auto*.

HOW FRENCH FOOTBALL IS HINDERED

Two of the greatest sources of weakness at the present time are the lack of capable, discerning, and unbiassed men to lead, and the attitude of the sporting press. These two are, in reality, one.

Journalists have far too great a hand in football management in France, and as they are journalists first and football legislators second they do not hesitate to favour the wealthiest clubs and those whose officials lick their boots most fawningly. The amount of intrigue, meanness, and petty jealousy abounding in the ruling bodies

of French football is appalling. The men who have a pull with the Press and the men who will kow-tow to the journalists can get their clubs and their players through any mess: the honest, independent club they have no use for.

I will give one concrete instance of what I mean. In Paris there is offered for competition the Sheriff Dewar Shield. In 1905 two clubs reached the final for this, one an independent club, the other a powerful club with a pull. In the earlier rounds a certain player, M., had been unable, owing to his military duties, to play for his team, which, as it happened, was early knocked out. Some days before the final, the club with the influence asked him to play for them in the final. He declined to do so and turned out with the eleven which gained the day.

Several weeks afterwards, the defeated team raised a protest on this man's case; without giving a chance of replay, the Competition Committee awarded the shield to the protesting team, on the ground that the player in question had taken part in an earlier round on a certain date. Their decision was in the face of the following evidence:—

1. The sworn declaration of the player to the effect that, on the date, he was with his regiment.
2. The sworn statement of the team captain that he did not play.
3. The evidence of the other players on his side in the earlier round.
4. The signed evidence of the player's military commander that he was on duty with his regiment that day.

But no, the honest club was disqualified and the shield awarded to the other team.

This is but one instance, from my personal knowledge, of the glaring iniquity and unfairness of managing bodies.

An exceedingly poor impression of the worth of French Association football has been given in this country by the performances of several so-called "International" teams.

If the men who used to perform at Olympia last year on the matting pitch had styled themselves an English International team and gone over to star in France, the cases would have been about on a par. There was a team which came over in the early autumn of 1904 and played Woolwich, Reading, Newcastle United, and other great professional clubs. They seldom had fewer than a dozen goals put up against them, and as a matter of fact they were but a scratch lot collected by an enterprising man of business.

Well, the spectator who witnessed their miserable antics formed the impression, probably a lasting one, that they represented French

football. Nothing could be more remote from truth, but the impression remained: it was enhanced, probably, by the heavy beating which the French International team received last year at Fulham, though the eleven was as good as the authorities could choose under the circumstances.

The match at the Parc des Princes, on November 1, 1906, shows how much French Socker players have yet to learn, though it is true that our English eleven contained a set of players who might face many a strong professional side with success. I am convinced that, despite the greater popularity of this code, the game itself is not so suited to the national temperament; it is too intricate to be understood in its niceties to have its fine points carried into execution.

A TYPICAL AFTERNOON'S GAME

The Paris League (First Division) contains about eight clubs, though there are likewise competitions for second, third, and fourth elevens, as well as a Second Division. Not all of these eight have grounds at which entrance money is taken, for some play on public meadows to which any one has access—as, for instance, at Joinville, where both the Gallia Club and the Union Sportive Parisienne use part of the racecourse. The Football Club de Paris have a fair enclosure (also at Joinville) and a stand, while the Racing Club pitch is at Bégon.

The start is due to take place, say, at three o'clock. Probably that hour will see both visiting and home teams still at the *vestiaire*, usually a small café near by. On the ground itself may be one or two enthusiasts who have been dribbling or kicking furiously for half an hour, regardless of the game to come. Along with them will be a dozen or score of "followers" vigorously playing in their Sunday clothes, careless of sweat and mud. Eventually the twenty-two men are marshalled, though, as likely as not, each side may be a man or two short; players are absolutely regardless of inconvenience to their side in this respect. At the last moment, one fellow may find that he has left his handkerchief at the *vestiaire*, and the rest wait till he goes back and gets it.

Competent referees are as rare as Quakers at Aldershot, the native product being enthusiastic but incompetent. Far and away the best whistle-holder in Paris is an Englishman called, curiously enough, Mr. French.

The points which best please the onlookers are the huge drive, the heaven-soaring kick, the tricky dodging of a forward, and the fisting of the goalkeeper. That a man's play should be of use to his side is immaterial; the sinuous course of a wing-forward straight

across the field till he runs into the farther touch-line is applauded equally with the full-back's huge kick which drops the ball in front of his own goal. The theatrical pleases best. Half-time arrived, the crowd surround the players and admire their limbs or else start a game of their own.

Combination is, for the most part, practically quite unknown. Conditions of life in the city entirely prevent any chance of practice during the week. From one Sunday to the next most of the members of a team will not see one another, unless it be at a club meeting. They train not at all, and but few strive to keep in condition. As likely as not you may meet three or four of them knocking about on Montmartre up till two o'clock on Sunday morning.

The writer once went from Paris to Havre to play against the local team. We arrived at the port about two o'clock in the morning, and I supposed that we should turn in at once so as to get a good rest. But no, we were not to do that. A cruise round, some billiards and bocks, and bed towards four, were the order of the night. All the same, we had a capital game next day before an enthusiastic crowd of some two-thousand-odd persons.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF FRENCH FOOTBALL

The redeeming features of the game across the Channel are not hard to seek. There is good fellowship, healthy pleasure, and very often real enthusiasm.

Above all, football *chez les Français* is a game and not a business. Professionalism in French football may be ignored, so slight an importance does it take. The paid men are few in number and mostly composed of such as form teams playing against each other for gate-money. Perhaps the winning side will have fifty or sixty francs to divide, nothing great at best. No bloated weekly wage, no gold in boots at the end of the match, no heavy transfer fees.

The average young fellow finds in football a game, a play, a chance of a run round and a few scrimmages thrown in. He plays football; he doesn't work as a footballer. Whatever may be the fault of the ruling powers in the French football world, they give no encouragement to open professionalism. Travelling teams get their railway fares and seldom their food and hotel expenses to boot; no saloons to take them even for international games, no champagne provided after the game, nothing thrown in. It doesn't run to it.

Football has caught on with our neighbours; but for them it is only a *game*, and is not likely to become more than that.



BABY BUSHMEN MILKING GOATS

A TREK IN THE KALAHARI DESERT

BY A. WIENHOLT HODSON

LET me very briefly say that the territory of the Bechuanaland Protectorate is bordered on the south by the Cape Colony, on the east by the Transvaal, on the north by Rhodesia, the German strip, and the Zambesi River, and on the west by German territory. Its area is estimated at about 275,000 square miles; the native population numbers some 120,000 and the European about 1,000.

The Kalahari Desert lies in the western portion of this territory, and is a vast tract of country, the greater part of which has never been travelled over. It is not quite an ordinary desert, for it has many varieties of country, some covered with thick bush, some consisting of open plains upon which good grasses flourish, whilst the remainder is made up of a sea of sand hills—this latter being known as the sand-dune country, and constituting by far the most dreary and depressing part of the desert.

Into this country I started from Kanye, the headquarters of the Bangwaketsi tribe, whose chief, Bathoen, accompanied the chiefs Khama and Sebele on their visit to England in 1895. From Kanye I took with me a Scotch cart, twelve oxen, four horses, one native

leader, and three Basuto policemen, one of the latter acting as my driver. My food supply for eight months consisted of 200 lb. of flour, 100 lb. of rice, a quantity of sugar, tea, and coffee; I did not take any tinned meat as I trusted to my rifle to provide fresh. This may not sound luxurious fare, but is all one needs.

The first place of any interest reached was a pan, known as Kooi, where the only water to be had was obtained from some very ancient wells. There I outspanned for two or three days in order to give the oxen and horses a good rest, and incidentally to enjoy some springbok-shooting myself. This species of buck is very plentiful thereabouts; their graceful postures and evolutions lend a



STEINBUCK AND DINKER

charm to the landscape, and their flesh is delicious roasted in a kaffir pot over a small fire.

After leaving Kooi I made for another pan, known as Kokong, and thence the following day I started for Lehututu, having some hundred miles to travel without any chance of obtaining water and over a very heavy sandy road. Very well-conditioned animals are necessary to attempt this trek, and great care must be exercised if it is to be accomplished.

The next morning I went out shooting, accompanied by a Kalahari hunting boy, whom I christened—as his native name was too much of a mouthful—Tommy. We left just before sun-up and hunted all morning without success, although I saw plenty of signs of fresh spoor which indicated that big game was in the neighbour-

hood. In the afternoon I made a fresh start, and had not gone far when to my extreme happiness I sighted a nice mob of hartebeest moving slowly across an open pan. We hid ourselves as far as it was possible, and watched them cross the open space and enter thick bush. We followed the spoor cautiously, moving from tree to tree, and were getting on splendidly when suddenly we arrived at another piece of open ground some four hundred yards across. There was nothing for it but to crawl. This may sound easy enough, but in practice is far from being so; for thorns have an unpleasant way of finding your legs, the skin rubs off your hands and knees, and the whole process is very fatiguing—those four hundred yards seemed more like the same number of miles. When



SPRINGBUCK, AND HOTTENTOT CARRYING FEATHERS OF DEAD OSTRICH

we got through the open gorse and entered the bush, we could see, by raising our heads a very little, the hartebeest grazing close by. I was getting ready to shoot when my helmet caught in a thorn bush and began to swing gently to and fro. My heart nearly stopped beating, for I thought that they would surely see and be off like the wind. But no, my luck was in, and a few yards further on I was able to stand up and take steady aim. I fired twice, each time picking out a bull; but my arms being shaky after all my exertion, to my disgust I did not kill, but only wounded. The hartebeest moved on, and we followed the blood spoor of the two which I had wounded, eventually securing both. Having covered the bodies carefully with grass and sticks to keep the jackals and other animals

off, we eventually got back to camp at about 10.30 p.m.—a hard day, but successful—and a drink when I arrived at my outspan was very welcome!

The oxen in due course were inspanned and we moved on, reaching Lehututu the morning after the second night from leaving Kome, this being the name of the place where I had shot the two hartebeest. The oxen were a wretchedly miserable sight; their backbones were terribly prominent; they ground their teeth and licked the iron tyres of the wheels in the intensity of their thirst. Many times have travellers on this road—known by the natives as “The Road of Death”—lost their entire span by some delay or mishap. I stayed a few days at Lehututu, where there is water to be had in pits, before starting for Damaraland over an absolutely waterless country. It is here that the “melon country” begins, in which the natives and animals live entirely without water and thrive on melons. There are two species of melons; one is cultivated and is called makatan, and the other grows wild and is known as kganwe, and of the latter there are two varieties, exactly alike in appearance, but one tasteless and the other bitter like quinine. Stock enjoy both, but human beings only the former. There is no way to tell which is which except by tasting. I remember that the natives whom I took with me into the melon country were uninitiated, and did not like the idea of doing without water at all. I camped at the first patch of melons encountered and called up a boy.

“Now,” I said, “you had better prepare yourselves some melon.”

“Yes, sir,” he replied, and went away to do so.

Later I heard heart-rending, sea-like sounds behind the bush, and by-and-by the same boy came and said:

“Oh, sir, these melons are terrible; the more we eat the worse we feel; they have nearly parted us in two.”

“Bring me one to try,” I said, and, finding that they had by bad luck fallen on a bitter patch, no longer wondered at the weird sounds proceeding from behind the bush.

These melons can be prepared in various ways; the usual method is to peel them, cut them into slices, and, if a pot is available, boil them; by so doing you extract a certain amount of juice with which you can provide yourself with a poor apology for tea or coffee. No pot being available, you must prepare a stick until it is blunt at one end and sharp at the other; you then operate on the melon with the sharp end as at home you would do on a civilised boiled egg at breakfast, forthwith proceeding with the aid of the stick to stamp the inside till it is reduced to a juicy pulp, and is then ready for consumption.

I once took four horses into this country; for the first day or two they would not sniff the melons, but later were forced to try them, gradually took to them, and forthwith flourished. Thereafter they lived for weeks on end upon melons and no water, and came to no harm.

In the melon country the natives, especially the Hottentots, use oxen a great deal both for riding and pack purposes. Hack-oxen are ridden by means of reins passed through a hole in their nostrils, are very comfortable to ride, and in the sand are more useful for slow work than horses. It takes three men to pack an ox, one to hold its nostrils and one on each side; the pack is then balanced on the beast's back and secured by passing a very long rein round and round, over the back and under the belly, being tightened each circle



BOYS CUTTING UP MELONS FOR THE HORSES

by the packers pressing one knee against the ox and pulling for all they are worth. I have several times seen two hartebeest packed on one ox. Cows are used for pack purposes in the same way as oxen. As a rule, Kalahari natives ride oxen bare-backed, but Hottentots manufacture a species of saddle out of wildebeest or gemsbok hide.

There are many varieties of game in the Kalahari, the most numerous being giraffe, eland, gemsbok, wildebeest, hartebeest, kudu, ostrich, springbok, steinbok, and dinker. I have been fortunate enough to shoot specimens of all these with the exception of the two first-named, which are protected by law, and in doing so have met with several somewhat weird experiences. On one occasion, whilst travelling between Okui and Setachwe, about three o'clock in the afternoon one of my boys suddenly pointed at a tree ahead of us. "What are you pointing at?" I asked. "Captain, there is a

hartebeest there!" he replied. I looked, and sure enough there was a hartebeest; it appeared to me to be asleep, and as we were short of meat, and there were many to be fed, I determined to secure it. By careful stalking I got within easy range and fired. The hartebeest staggered, but did not fall; I gave it another shot, and down it came. I rushed up and caught it by the horns, and shouted to my boy to bring a knife, but when it arrived it proved so blunt that I could not cut through the skin of the beast's throat. The boy sharpened the knife on a piece of wood, and I then cut the throat till I passed through the windpipe—but no blood appeared. At that moment I was called away, and a few minutes later I heard my Hottentot exclaim, "Captain, captain, the hartebeest is alive." I rushed back, and there sure enough was the poor animal, whom I



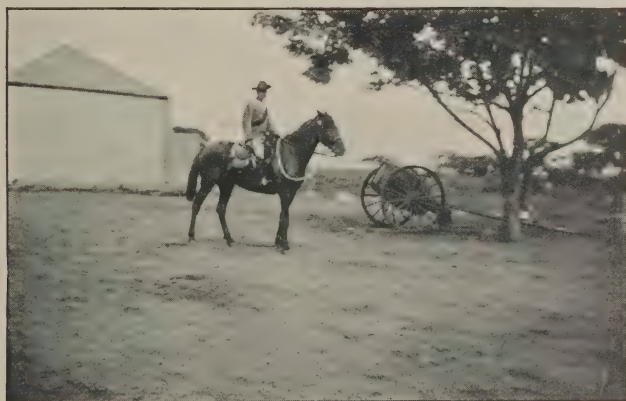
ORDERLY ON RIDING OX

had thought dead, standing up. I did not want to fire again, as I was short of ammunition, and, being in the melon country, had no chance of obtaining any for some considerable time. Moreover, having two bullets through its body, and its throat cut, I thought the resurrected hartebeest my own. For a few minutes it swayed from side to side, and then, to my utmost astonishment, started to move off at a slow trot.

I did not recover my presence of mind until it had disappeared behind a bush, then called to a bushman to come with me and started off in pursuit, easily following the spoor from the quantity of blood dropped along the trail. On and on I went, the hartebeest just in front, till the sun went down, and I was exhausted with fatigue and thirst. The bushman then began to gesticulate, and I could see that he was anxious to return, so we went back on our own spoor

until it got too dark to see at all. We shouted in the hopes of attracting some of the other natives, but met with no response. There was nothing to be done but to camp where we were for the night, and in the early morning to follow up our spoor again till we came to the track of the rest of my party. The bushman ferreted around, and, as luck would have it, managed to find eleven kganwe—no iced champagne has ever appealed to me more. The next morning we followed up our spoor, and had gone a very little way before we met a couple of thoughtful bushmen carrying stamped melons and meat for my consumption, and that afternoon I was very glad to get back to my oxen.

After a bit I asked the bushmen if any of them would follow up the hartebeest and bring me its head; one of them volunteered



MOUNTED BASUTO POLICEMAN

at once, and started off soon after. About a year later I met his father, who told me that his son must have died following up the hartebeest, as he had never been heard of since. He said that he thought his son must have gone on and on in the hope of finding the beast dead, and getting water from its paunch, but, failing to do so, he had eventually become exhausted and died. I hardly think this likely myself, as all bushmen know of roots which will sustain life for many days.

The Hottentots and bushmen have a snake cure, and one day one of the former came up to me and said: "Captain, I have something for you," and thereupon produced a little packet from his leather pouch, which he very carefully opened and laid before me. To my surprise I found a small wizened up lizard. "Captain, that is very good," the boy said, "it is mooi, mooi." "My good friend," I replied, "what on earth is it for?" "If ever you, my captain,"

the boy answered, "are bitten by a snake, this will cure you; when you are bitten you must make a cut above and below the bite, quickly grind some of this reptile up into powder like snuff, rub a little into the two cuts you have already made, then take a very very little of the powder—not too much or you will die—put it into water, and drink it. This will cure you from the bite of any snake except the reptile it is made of." I thanked him very much, and asked: "Can you tell me anything about the habits of this reptile?" "Yes," he replied, "this reptile lives in the sand, and, owing to its quickness, is extremely hard to catch. It will sometimes spring at you; it does not bite like an ordinary snake, but sucks like a calf feeding from its mother; once it clings to a person it will not let go, but has to be pulled off. Boss up, captain, if it ever bites you, as you



KALAHARI WOMEN WITH OSTRICH EGGS, IN WHICH THEY CARRY WATER

are bound to die. This reptile has legs, and is very scarce. We, however, know where to find it." He also told me that amongst themselves they exchanged an ox for this snake-bite cure. The Hottentots have shown me the old marks of snake-bites, and the cuts they have made above and below to use this remedy. Personally I believe that it is efficacious, as I have never heard of a bushman or Hottentot dying from a snake bite, and if ever I was bitten I should certainly, if possible, use it.

The bushmen and Kalaharis utilise ostrich eggs as water-bottles, often burying them in the ground in places where they think they may require them during the dry season, showing a certain amount of forethought which is usually foreign to most natives.

The idea that an ostrich, when chased, calmly and in a dignified manner buries its head in the sand is a myth. Their senses are highly developed, and they are very difficult to approach in the Kalahari, great trouble and precaution having to be taken to get within range. The bushman has his own methods of dealing with ostriches, and starts operations by finding the spot where a hen ostrich is nesting, and then waiting till she has laid her full complement of eggs. When assured of this, he betakes himself and his bow and arrows and hides himself within range of the nest. Presently the hen bird takes up her position on the nest, and is shot and removed. The native then waits for the cock-bird, who, not knowing of the fate of his wife, soon after arrives to take his turn



WILD OSTRICH AND HOTTENTOT

on the nest, and is dealt with summarily. The bushman then appropriates the eggs.

A bow and arrow is the principal weapon of a bushman; the arrow being poisoned. I have not been able to find out of what the poison consists, but I think that it is obtained from a root, and I know that it is most deadly, and is fatal to even such big game as the eland and wildebeest. This poison is a slow worker, and an animal lives for several hours after being hit; the bushman's practice is to wait for half a day and then to follow up the spoor until he finds the dead body of his victim. The flesh in which the arrow is actually sticking is cut out, and the remainder is quite safe as food. An arrow is made of a hollow reed, fitted with a detachable head; one end only of this head is poisoned, and when not in use this end is

kept inside the reed to lessen the risk of the owner scratching himself with it. When game is in sight the head is removed so as to be ready for instant use.

Another favourite weapon is a species of lance, made of a long stick with a horn of a steinbok as the prong. These lances are used mainly for slaughtering jackals. When a hole likely to contain a jackal is come across, the lance is inserted, and if the animal is at home he is gradually forced to the opening by the prong playing upon his hind-quarters. When he is nearly in sight, the opening of the hole is made very small by filling it up with sand. As soon as the jackal passes his head through this aperture he is seized by the neck as quick as lightning by the bushman, and his remaining life is very short. A jackal can bite very hard. I remember once wounding one and foolishly thrusting the muzzle of my rifle into his



DAMARA WITH BOW AND ARROW

mouth, and, before getting my rifle free again, the beast was dead with all his front teeth broken and the front sight of my rifle bent.

The bushmen also use various kinds of traps, the most common being made of ostrich sinews, bent sticks, etc. By means of these traps they secure a great number of four-legged animals and game.

The skins of many of the large and small four-footed dwellers of the Kalahari are much sought after for the manufacture of karosses; notably of silver-jackal, clousie, sepia, parhah, red-cat, sebilabona-quana and leopard (wrongly locally known as tiger). The bushmen, as a rule, having obtained any of these skins hand them over to a Kalahari or Baralong native, receiving nothing in return. Feeling the unfairness of this one-sided transaction I once called many of them together, and pointed out how foolish it was to give away their hard-gained skins to those who had no right to demand them and who gave nothing in return, and suggested that it would be far more

to their own advantage to barter them to traders for tobacco which their souls love. This made them think, or rather chatter together by means of much click-clicking for some time, till their spokesman made the following short and concise speech: "This is news to us!"

There are many brack pans in the Kalahari to which big game come down regularly at night to lick the salt ground. The Kalaharis dig little holes close to these pans and make small screens of bushes, from which they shoot the game when it comes down. I have spent several nights in these pits at various times, taking up my position about sun-down. Gradually it gets darker and darker, weird voices are heard, and things which do not really exist are seen. I remember my first experience how I kept awake till about midnight, and then fell asleep, waking about 2 a.m. feeling very cramped and cold.



KALAHARI IN NATIVE DRESS OF BRAYED HARTEBEEST SKIN—
PIT BEHIND

I peered cautiously forth; the stars were very bright, but there was no moon. I saw several objects which might have been game. Suddenly something moved. What was it? A kudu or a wildebeest? I strained my eyes, but with no effect, determined to shoot, and aimed by guesswork, but hesitated before pulling the trigger. Oh how I hoped the shot would be successful after all the trouble I had taken! I fired, and the report as of a cannon rushed through the still night air. To my intense disgust the animal instead of falling went off like the wind. Clatter, clatter, clatter, until the sounds died away in the far distance, and I sat down and meditated on the chances and pleasures of this eventful world. I may have first muttered a monosyllable, but about that I am not quite convinced.

I remember once hunting, accompanied by my Hottentot, Hartop, the beautiful and graceful gemsbok in the melon country.

As was my invariable custom I was carrying a very fine pair of prismatic glasses, which—be it quietly said—were taken by a native from a German during the present trouble in Damaraland. With these, from the top of a sand-dune, I was scouring the country. "Hartop," I suddenly called out, "I see a gemsbok." "No, captain, you are mistaken," he replied. Now, a Hottentot prides himself on his quickness in seeing game more than on anything else. "Hartop, it is a bull," I said. "No, captain, you are mistaken." "We will go on," I replied, "and see who is right." After walking some little distance Hartop saw the gemsbok himself, and cried: "Oh! oh! my captain, how well, how very well you see!" Slowly we got nearer and nearer. Hartop throws up a little sand to see which way the wind blows. I crawl and crawl, wriggle and squirm, until I can get a decent shot. I fire, and the buck falls down dead. Hartop gets a drink from the paunch, but I, although very thirsty, deny myself. The horns measured $41\frac{1}{2}$ inches—a very respectable pair.

Once just before leaving a Hottentot village the headman came up to see me. "What is it you want, Willem?" I asked. "Oh, captain, I have a great favour to ask you." "Go ahead," I replied. "Captain, we have all heard about your eyes, and most of us have seen them; will you kindly give us a pair like yours? We see game well, but you beat us; do help me, captain, by granting me this favour." "All right, Willem," I said, handing him my glasses; "here are my eyes, look through them." He carefully screwed up both his eyes and pointed the glasses towards the heavens. "Oh, captain," he said in a pitiful voice, "I see that it is the white man's magic; I shall never be able to see with them."

To return to the gemsbok. The next afternoon we went to cut him into biltong, and as this took some time we had to sleep where we were. Soon after turning in the jackals began their weird and uncanny noises, and about midnight I woke to find a pair of eyes gleaming at me from a few yards off, at which I threw a boot. The wolf, the possessor of the eyes, sheered off, and the bushman having made more fires I slept once more. Once again, a few hours later, I woke up feeling that I was being watched, and sure enough there was another wolf close beside me. A fire-brand was used and the beast disappeared, but the next morning I found that my shirt and vest had been taken from beside my head and wolf spoor all around the camp. The bushmen followed up one spoor and recovered my shirt; but my vest, which I had had no opportunity of changing for about three weeks, apparently had been eaten. Close at hand I came across another gemsbok which had been killed by lions. This is rather interesting, as it is generally

believed that lions will not attack this particular variety of antelope owing to their long and dangerous horns.

Both the Hottentots and bushmen love dancing, and will carry on all night without a break. Round and round in circles they go, all the time singing a weird chant, and if by chance one of them possesses a concertina their cup of happiness is full. The old, middle-aged, and young all join in; the girls ogle just as if they were properly civilised, and the young bloods puff out their chests and assume to be fine fellows. The women go in largely for dresses, gaudy handkerchiefs, parasols and such-like, whilst the men like to wear a piece of coloured print round their hats and also as a belt.

Kalaharis, when the rainy season draws near, hold big dances and bring all their pots and pans to show the god of rain that they



GEMSBOK, WITH $41\frac{1}{2}$ -IN. HORNS

are empty. The rain dance is very similar to other native dances, except that a very quaint song is sung, of which the following is a literal translation :—

Rain, rain, fall, stream, stream,
Till the cattle come back to the kraal.
Come back, father, from the Kalahari;
Come back, children, from the cattle.
We want rain here, in one place,
Doctor; we want rain,
We want rain here;
Come back, mother, from the fields.
Doctor, we want rain;
O yes, O yes, rain, rain,
Fall, O fall; stream, O stream;
Till the cattle come back to the kraal.
Doctor, O we want the rain here,
Doctor, Doctor, we want the rain here

(The Doctor sings)

Put the pots on your heads,

O women ;

Throw them on the ground ;

Ask for rain, rain, rain.

Now one more anecdote and I must close. I once had occasion to send a messenger to a village in the melon country, where they had fields of cultivated melons, to warn them to have some ready for use on my arrival. I arrived some days later with one orderly, and my horses were so bad that one of them lay down at once. I called for the head-man, and the following conversation took place : "Where are my melons ?" "We have none here." "In that case I, my native, and my horses must die." "We have no some here," he reiterated. "Are you quite sure ?" I asked. "Perfectly certain," he replied. I told my orderly to look out, as we must catch this head-man and hold him as hostage. Then we caught him and put him into a near-by hut. "Now," I said, "do not try to escape. I shall count up to one hundred : if there are no melons here by that time I will take you with me and we will all die together. Do you understand ?" "One, two, three, four," I commenced, but was interrupted by fearful yells from the inside of the hut. All at once the village presented the appearance of a bee-hive ; natives appeared from all parts carrying melons, and in a few minutes I had enough to feed a span of oxen. The above is a typical example of a Kalahari's nature ; a bushman or Hottentot would never treat you in this manner. The next time I visited that village they overwhelmed me with melons, showing that the lesson had been learnt.



BUSHMEN IN THEIR HUTS—NOT QUITE WATERPROOF



THE TIDAL POOL—SOME NATIVE FISHERMEN

CAMPING IN ARCTIC NORWAY

BY MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND

Author of "Cities and Sights of Spain," etc.

With Illustrations from Her Photographs

WHEN we are very much bothered by household affairs; when acquaintances beg for the loan of our motor "when it's not wanted"; when golf balls show a lamentable spirit of independence in their movements and tennis balls seek inevitably the net, then do we rise up and say: "Let us let the house and go off with our tents to Norway!"

In truth, I know of no retreat so restful, offering so complete a change from ordinary English country home life, as a camp in the far north of that country. We chose a spot in so high a latitude that all night long the sun was above the horizon, and we were thus never tied to time on our excursions. It did not matter in the least when we returned; the sun shone approvingly whether we did not come home till morning or at whatever hour it happened to be. Occasionally we crammed two nights and one day, or *vice versâ*, into forty-eight hours, and except that we were not certain afterwards whether it was Monday or Tuesday, it did not matter at all. Not

being sure of Wednesday mattered a good deal, however, for Wednesday was steamer day at the village nearest to us, and we had to row there and take our letters and fetch our mail and provisions. We were encamped on the shore of a lake perhaps five miles long, and at the end where the stream flowed out a narrow neck of land separated it from the sea. Between the lake and the sea was a big pool, and here, at the turn of the tide, we could count on splendid sport. Later in the day, laden with our spoils, our rods, our mail, and our food, we would row back in an hour or so to our camp, or hoist a sail if the wind were favourable. The little hut and our sleeping tents were close to the water, and in so lonely a spot that



OFF TO FETCH THE MAIL AND STORES

none visited it except an occasional Lapp in search of his reindeer. The deer themselves came fairly often, looking strangely large as they wandered close to us. The lake itself was of no use for fishing, and though we were assured that large fish were occasionally taken in it, we saw none. Our regular fishing ground was a small river at the head of the lake, and here we could get as many brown trout as we cared to pull out. It was a most charming stream, with pools and little falls and clear rippling stretches. Such trees as there were did not bother us, and in every way, if content with unambitious fishing, that little river was delightful. Some miles further up, where it took its rise, was a mountain lake close under



OUR TROUT STREAM



APPROACHING A POOL

the hillside. Great boulders had rolled down the slopes into it, and from the edge one looked far below into perfectly clear green water. I understand that in England—where I have never fished—it would under such circumstances have been necessary to crawl about on hands and knees and conceal oneself behind rocks if one would capture the wily inhabitants. Here, however, it was quite another matter. One sat comfortably on a boulder, one dangled a fly—any fly—over the looking-glass surface, and immediately the calm water was ruffled by innumerable swiftly moving fins, and a free fight for the fly proceeded, until a fish, more unfortunate than



AN AFTERNOON'S CATCH

the rest, managed to hook itself. In truth fishing in this lake was too unsportsmanlike, or rather, all the sport was on the other side, and it became a question, not of what fish we could catch, but what fish could catch us. So we preferred our little river, and spent many a happy day on its banks.

Fishing was not the only thing we did, however, from our various Norwegian camps. For several summers we climbed, and had all the delight of finding our way up peaks hitherto untrodden. There were many magnificent mountains around us, and great glaciers descended to the level of the forest. We had glorious days on the heights, sometimes going from summit to summit without



SOME LAPPS PAY US A VISIT

returning to camp, careless of time, for neither darkness could overtake us nor were there friends below to be anxious about us. Then came the delicious day of rest following long-continued exertion, when the guides would stroll out gun in hand in search of game,



IT IS USUAL TO RECORD A FIRST ASCENT BY BUILDING A CAIRN ON THE,
TILL THEN, UNTRODDEN SUMMIT

and I would do a general tidy round, write letters, and read in the shade on a carpet of heather.

Nothing can equal the restfulness of a camp as compared with being in any house, however quiet. There are no doors to bang nor stairs to creak, and no one except one's own people to disturb one. Fire is an ever present danger in a Norwegian dwelling, and having once experienced a fire I never feel quite easy in my mind while in a wooden building of any size and height. Then, owing to the continual daylight in summer, the hours of meals and work or play are peculiar in Norwegian homes, and one's slumbers are sometimes broken in upon at 3 or 4 a.m. by the enthusiastic shouts of a family playing croquet under one's window or the less cheerful



A SWIM IN OUR STREAM

sound of a piano being tuned. The latter is sure to occur whenever it happens that a steamer arrives and another leaves at night, and in one house where I stayed we were regularly awakened three times weekly by the mail boat at 2 a.m., the whole population, it seemed to us, turning out to meet it.

We had with us a military bell tent and several Whympers tents. The latter we slept in and the former was our kitchen and dining-room, except when we could find an empty hut, which was far more comfortable for eating and cooking in. We took camp beds from England and plenty of blankets, as the weather is sometimes very cold in the north. It can be extremely hot, too, at



THE MIDNIGHT SUN



THE UNUSED HAYMAKERS' HUT WE WERE ALLOWED TO OCCUPY

Immediately behind it is the imposing Stortind



THE SITTING-ROOM AND KITCHEN OF OUR HUT

times, and then the mosquitoes become very troublesome, so mosquito curtains should be at hand. All provisions can be purchased at Trömsö, where Hilmar Lehne understands without a word from the traveller just what is wanted.

Big bath towels should be included in the equipment, as in hot weather a swim is very delightful, especially if the camp is near the



ONE OF OUR CAMPS NEAR A FJORD

sea. The ideal situation for a camp is as close to the fjord as possible, for one is never troubled by mosquitoes when actually on the beach. But unfortunately, if fishing is to be an item in the programme, it is seldom possible to be within comfortable reach of it without settling at least a little way inland. At Jaegervand we longed for a motor boat, for then we could have camped on the shore, had the tidal basin within a few yards, and been at the head of the lake and mouth of our river within twenty minutes.

Our household in camp during our last two seasons in this Arctic playground consisted of a Norwegian girl, who turned out a real treasure. Hildur could cook most admirably, could sweep and



BREAKFAST IN CAMP

scrub, and polish and sew, and was a first-rate teacher of her somewhat unwieldy tongue. She talked to us till we *had* to understand; she untiringly found fault with us as soon as we began to answer; she drummed forgotten words into our brains till they came trippingly from our mouths. She was always clean and cheerful and full of resource if no bread arrived by the steamer one week and no meat the next. In fact, she was our guardian angel for two summers, and we only wished she could continue being so amidst the band of more conventional domestics which make up an English establishment; but Hildur's old father tied her to Bödo, and there she still remains.



THE START

FARTHEST NORTH IN INDIA ON A MOTOR

BY L. C.

DURING Christmas Week 1905 an American motor tourist, Mr. Charles J. Glidden, with a big car came up to Chakdara in the Swat Valley twenty miles across the Northern Indian border. No motor car had ever been so far north before, and this therefore constituted a record. On the arrival of the author's tricar from England, it was resolved that this record must be broken, and with the invaluable assistance furnished by Major Godfrey, the Political Agent for Dir, Swat, and Chitral, this was attempted on Saturday the 10th of March 1906. On this occasion a run was made from Chakdara to the first village in the Talash Valley of Dir, named Sarai, on the Dir and Chitral road.

The following account deals with the preparations for and the run itself, and also matters of interest as regards the surrounding country.

Chakdara is a hamlet on the north bank of the River Swat, famous in the 1895 campaign against Chitral, 150 miles away in the Hindu Kush mountains. A large bridge has been built by the Indian Government over the Swat River about three-quarters of a mile west of Chakdara capable of carrying a railway; and at the

north end of this bridge a fort has been constructed, on and surrounding a small rocky hill. In 1897 this fort was besieged by the local tribesmen, and was only relieved after heavy fighting lasting for eight days. Since then the fort garrison has been considerably strengthened, and the fort much improved. The metalled road from Nowshera stops at this fort, and, after this, becomes what in India is known as "kacha" or unmetalled. Always indifferent, it gets worse as it goes north towards the bridge over the Panjkora River, the scene of the Bajaur fighting, about eighteen miles north-west of Chakdara. In rainy weather it becomes very bad, especially where streams cross it, as is the case in many places. For the first nine miles the road is a steady uphill gradient, nowhere severe,



VIEW LOOKING NORTH FROM CHAKDARA, SHOWING SNOWS

except at the streams above mentioned, where it is often one in three or so for a few yards. These crossings are a solid test of hill-climbing in a motor, as the nature of the stream beds makes it impossible to take them with a rush.

The remaining three or four miles to Sarai are, broadly speaking, down grade. The road is full of twists and turns where it follows the contours of the hills, and careful driving is necessary. From Sarai to the Panjkora bridge the track gets worse and worse until it develops into a mere strong bridle path, quite impossible for motors, and is frankly a pack road.

Major Godfrey made every possible arrangement to render the run a success. He turned out the Levies, who are tribesmen of

Dir, and held responsible for policing the road, and the safety of the mails to Chitral north of Chakdara. The Khan of Dir had sent men to work on the road, removing obstructions and improving the surface generally, and it was decided to make the attempt on the date given above. There had been a lot of rain, followed by three fine days, and we hoped there would be no more, but unfortunately it rained hard on the 9th. The 10th broke fine with a good drying wind, and at 12.30 p.m. the little car left. There was a good gathering of officers and men, including the Colonel of the 7th Duke of Connaught's Own Rajputs, who form the infantry garrison of the fort, to see the move which was made from inside the outer fortifications. A huge crowd of Sepoys and Swatis had gathered



DIR LEVIES

outside the fort gate to watch the Shaitan Gharri (Devil carriage) as they call it; for a motor is not yet a common object across the Indian border. Most people doubted our ability to accomplish the trip, but the engine was chattering away to itself most contentedly, having no doubt as to its own powers of doing anything.

I, personally, felt very uncertain when we got on to the road, because the rain of the night before had caused the hundreds of mules and donkeys, carrying merchandise, which continually pass up and down the road, to leave thousands of deep hoof-prints, now rapidly drying hard in the sun, forming a surface very little worse than the Portsmouth road through Kingston, which was nearly the worst in the world, if not quite, in July 1905.

A mile from Chakdara Fort is the first Dir Levy post. The men turned out in the loose white shirts and black belts which form their uniform, and presented arms to the car as it passed, in exactly the same way as the Swat Levies salute the mail train to Dargai. The procession was somewhat uncommon, with a mounted escort, one of whom was a younger brother of the Khan of Dir, chasing after the machine. Major Godfrey had stationed a few Levies every mile or so, with mounted men every two miles, to help in case of a breakdown, and the Khan's brother had brought a wonderful rope made of goat's hair in order to tow if necessary, which it luckily was not. In this portion of the road are several



BROTHER OF KHAN OF DIR

wooden bridges, and mountain torrents, now luckily dry, also occur at intervals. The approaches to the bridges were generally heavy going, and we soon had to change on to the low speed, both on account of the up gradient, and also the tremendous bumps which would have soon shaken us to pieces if we had travelled at any pace.

The next point of interest was a Levy Tower, marking the northern limit for the garrison of Chakdara, not to be passed without the sanction of the Political Officer. Here the road takes a big bend to the north-west, having up to this point been due north, and some of it was very bad indeed. From this point the real ascent

begins, and winds in and out, round and among the hills. Just at the foot of a steep slope we met a large gathering of Independent Tribesmen, drawn up in the ditch. They were all armed with nearly every conceivable form of firearm, though I did not see any Lee Enfields, most of the arms being either muzzle-loaders or the earlier forms of breech-loader. Some in addition carried swords and knives. They were rather a terrible-looking crowd, but were most friendly, and had merely come out to see the show, which apparently pleased them greatly. Up and up till we came to the first compulsory stop. The proper road had been carried away, and a temporary diversion carried round a deep re-entrant with a make-



KAT GALA PASS (CUT-THROAT)

shift bridge. Beyond it was thick mud, and goodness knows what slope, curling upwards. However, the united efforts of ourselves and escort succeeded in pushing the little car through. Starting up the engine again it puffed its way up to the top of the climb—the Kat Gala (Cut-throat) Pass, which looks as though it should have been held by the friendly party of desperadoes we had lately left behind. The photograph is eloquent as regards the state of the road, here certainly not the worst part of it. It is this pass which is mentioned in Winston Churchill's book, "The Malakand Field Force." He refers to it as "That dark and gloomy defile where so many deeds of blood have been committed," and it would certainly strike any one

as a good place to hold up the unwary trader. A kindly Government has thought of this. The Levies shown standing out on the sky line live in a little square tower, not included in the photograph, from which their rifles could make things unpleasant for any small party which might get mixed over their translations of meum and tuum. As the down grade commenced the road got worse and worse. The torrent beds crossing the track had indeed been filled up with loose earth by the Levies to make them practicable for us; but the rain had converted them into regular bogs, through which we got with difficulty. Indeed, coming back, we stuck in one, it being at the top of an up grade, and had to be pulled out by our



SARAI—LEVY POST

faithful escort. Two miles farther on we reached our destination Sarai, about half a mile of the road being a sea of mud and very bumpy.

Here the Dir Levies are in full force and turned out to greet us. The photograph necessary for the record presented considerable difficulties. The camera had to point at the sun in order to get the name Sarai on the small gable into the picture. One of the escort shaded the lens, while another pressed the bulb after the car had been duly focussed and he got the word to do so.

Thus our record was established, and it will, in all probability, be many years before it is beaten. Whatever happens, this

tricar was the first motor vehicle ever driven in the wild Kanath of Dir, which until twelve years ago had never been visited by any European except Alexander the Great and his army. In the year of grace 1906 it is still a land—

All red with the blood of its kin,
Where the brothers embrace in the war-field,
And the reddest sword must win.

The Sarai Levy Post contains a rest room for officers, completely furnished, quite the last thing one would expect in such a place, and the explanation is that the road is closed to all feuds—a place of sanctuary for all. Sarai itself is worthy of a brief description. The village stands in a beautiful green valley—the Talash Valley draining into the Panjkora. On all sides are snow-capped mountains. The finest being to the north and north-west, where lie the huge chain of snow-peaks forming the natural boundaries between Dir, Chitral, and Afghanistan. The slopes of the hills are wooded with fir trees, and the colouring is magnificent. Here “the guardian hills ring an echo of voices that warn us back,” and after an hour for lunch we started on our return journey. It was thought advisable for the passenger to walk up “the sea of mud” referred to above, and then we went on gaily except for the bog incident, till we reached the Kat Gala Pass; there the high gear was slipped in for the long down grade home.

The road had improved in the sun or we had got used to the jolts, and the return journey was done at a good pace. The escort increased steadily as we went along, for all the mounted men on the road joined in and galloped for all they were worth behind us. They enjoyed the novel race amazingly, but hardly kept anywhere near. The armed party of independent tribesmen were still waiting for us, so we stopped here, and Major Godfrey addressed them in flowing Pushtu, their own strange tongue. They were very interested in the car and Major Godfrey’s description of it, and finally vanished into the wilds out of which they had gathered. We stopped at the last Levy post, and gave all and sundry who wished to see the force which drove the car a few electric shocks, by making them touch the high tension wire, and then switching on the current. It took some time before a brave man started the game, but once he had been shocked he made everybody else feel the *Shaitan*, including a tribesman from the Khan of Dir’s capital far away among the northern mountains. By this time he has probably told his friends of the extraordinary devil the Sirkar’s officers have tamed. The yarn will have lost nothing in the telling. We got back

to Chakdara Fort at 5 p.m., after a most enjoyable run with no mechanical or other troubles.

It may be of interest to add that the tricar was a standard machine of 5 h.p., single cylinder, water cooled, weighing about $4\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., and, two days later, without a nut being touched or adjustment of any sort, after the severe shaking it had received, it ran to Malakand, ten miles and back, mostly on a winding mountain road, very steep in parts, finishing up by doing something like thirty miles per hour on the level for a couple of miles.

During the run to Sarai the driver weighed 13 st. 8 lb., and the passenger 12 st., in addition to which a lot of lunch and many spares were carried.



THREE OF THE ESCORT



BOOKS ON SPORT

THE DOG BOOK: A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE DOG. By James Watson. Illustrated. London: William Heinemann. 1906.

New dog books come apace at the present time, and of several before us at the moment this is the most comprehensive and important. It purports to give descriptions of the chief breeds, together with practical information on their care and management; and the object is well fulfilled. The frontispiece, a rather poor photograph of the Westminster Kennel Club Show, Maddison Square Gardens, shows the nationality of the work, and indeed it appears that Americans are as keen lovers and careful students of dogs as Englishmen; but in every civilised land the dog has his devotees, and has had from time immemorial. Mr. Watson, tracing back history, finds drawings or carvings of the dog full seven thousand years ago, and clear evidence of its employment for hunting on an Egyptian tomb of the Fourth Dynasty, 3500 B.C. Some of the ancient illustrations given are quaint in the extreme. In one picture the animals are more like greyhounds with hares' ears than anything else—and not much like what such creatures as those would be. It is interesting to know that dogs had names about this period, and according to Mr. Watson "it was not for many years that other domestic animals were given names in this manner." Abu, Ken, Tarn, Akna, are examples.

If the pictures did not reveal the country of the book's origin the language would, notably the American use of the verb "to have." "Have the Club Secretary hold all communication with prospective judges," is a specimen sentence; Mr. Heinemann might have had the book Anglicised before issuing it, though it does not matter much, as of course one understands. Certain Americans appear to be wasting a good deal of time just now in endeavours to mutilate the English language, for they are bombarding editors here with pamphlets, cards, etc., giving lists of their preposterous misspellings; but this is by the way.

We have not space to treat these two large volumes in detail. The author has read much, he has also seen much, and the combination of practical and theoretical knowledge is turned to good account. From an old book of 1689 which Mr. Watson has discovered he quotes the rather curious instructions of the author on the art of

"shooting flying." "Go early into the field," the writer says, "take with you some rum in a wicker bottle that will hold about a gill; this will keep out or expel wind, cure the gripes, and give you spirit when fatigued; but do not take too much, for too much will make your sight unsteady." Having settled thus about the bottle, the author gets to the gun. Good field dogs were highly valued a century since, and many readers who fancy that big prices have been obtained only of late years will be surprised to find a note of the sale of "Dash, an acknowledged fine pointer," belonging to Colonel Thornton, for two hundred and fifty guineas.

A few strange names occur, the Chesapeake Bay Dog amongst others. He is, however, a retriever, and an extraordinarily good one it appears, for it is said that some of them will follow a crippled duck for miles through ice and heavy sea, and if successful bring it back. Justice is done to that favourite of many doggy people, the terrier. In 1565 an author, Caius, wrote of them, "Another sorte of hunting dog there is which hunteth the Foxe, Badger, or Greye onely, whom we call Terrars because they creepe into the ground, and by that meanes make afrayde, nyppe and byte the Fox and the Badger in such sort, that eyther they teare them in pieces with their teeth, beyng in the bosome of the earth, or else hayle and pull them perforce out of their lurking angles, dark dongeons, and close caves, or at the least through coceved feare drive them out of their hollow harbours." Probably it has not struck many readers that terrier is derived from *terra*, the earth? Queen Elizabeth, with an ear for music, is said to have made efforts to get beagles with voices of different tones to chime melodiously, and everybody knows how hounds "sing" in kennel.

Besides photographs there are many reproductions of extremely interesting old pictures.

THE POINTER AND HIS PREDECESSORS. By William Arkwright.
London: Arthur L. Humphreys. 1906.

This is a new edition of a book of exceptional merit written by an enthusiast who is also a man of letters. The work has been translated into various languages, by the author for the most part, the German version, the accuracy of which he warrants, being an exception. It really ranks as a classic. The author's father had devoted great care and attention to the pointer, and dying when his son was a few weeks old, left instructions that his pointers were to be preserved for the boy, and that his favourite keeper, Charles Ecob, should superintend his sporting education. This new issue of the book has been carefully revised, some additions have been made, and of the result we cannot speak too highly. Like Mr. James Watson, Mr. Arkwright

has sedulously studied the literature of his subject, and that in many tongues, for the pointer was employed in all countries. An old Spanish sportsman of the sixteenth century, for instance, declares of partridge-shooting that "the most noble way and the best sport that exists is to kill them over pointing-dogs," called *perros de muestra*, and he goes on to explain what is to be done, one direction being to approach the spot where the dog is pointing by circles. Why he may not walk up straight to the point we do not, however, understand? Doubtless there was a reason, and we must remember that the dog's master was armed not with a gun but with a cross-bow. One part of the man's performance was to "disguise his head in some sort with a piece of the cover itself, that the partridge may not see him making ready the cross-bow and stopping to shoot it; for with this precaution he will be able with certainty to get a shot, and it will not rise because it thinks he is continuing to walk and does not want to molest it"—poor misguided bird! If he be in a leafless place and cannot cover his head he must do the best he can without.

We differ seldom from the author, but do not agree with him in his generally admirable chapter on "Shooting over Dogs" that "probably the genuine gundog-lover has always been a rather rare personage," nor that "shooting over dogs is a bit selfish, unsociable, and unbusiness like." A multitude of men delight in the sport, and others would do the same if they were able to practise it. Mr. Arkwright has, he says, "been amused by writers with smug relish contending that because you can increase the stock of grouse by driving, this proves it to be the right way to shoot them"; but surely increase of stock is an object to be sought, and, moreover, it is an undoubted fact that grouse have become not only more numerous but healthier and stronger since driving came into vogue. There is no similarity in the circumstance that "you can kill more fish with a net than with a rod." Netting is not sport: shooting driven grouse is. The general custom is the most acceptable: to shoot over dogs for a time, and then to take to driving. But it is natural that so faithful a friend of the pointer should care little or not at all for sport which his dogs do not share, and if we differ now and then from Mr. Arkwright on this subject we can speak of his work as a whole with the most cordial admiration.

SHOW COLLIES, ROUGH AND SMOOTH COATED. By H. E. Packwood. Illustrated. Our Dogs Publishing Co., Manchester. 1906.

Mr. Packwood undertook the compilation of the book because he was pressed to do so and there was no recent publication on this

breed. He was induced to consent as he considered that "literary merit was not an essential to success"; but he writes quite well enough for all practical purposes and knows his subject thoroughly. Those who persuaded him to write did well.

He begins, as usual, with a disquisition on the origin of the collie, which Buffon described as the oldest known breed of dog: but the statement was based on the idea that the ancient sheep dog, which has existed at any rate since the time of Job, was the direct parent stock, and this is not accepted as certain. It really does not much matter: the point is the collie of to-day, and Mr. Packwood says all that need, or well could, be said about him.

THE POMERANIAN. By G. M. Hicks, M.A. Same Publishers.

This little volume is another of the "Our Dogs" series. Mr. Hicks is an authority on and a hearty admirer of what he calls the "Pom," and within the narrow limits he has set himself does the breed justice.

MODERN SPORTING GUNNERY. By Henry Sharp. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. 1906.

Mr. Sharp's book appears to us to be in the main an extraordinarily elaborate advertisement of a firm of gun-makers. The firm is one of several which have no doubt deservedly won the respect of their patrons, but literature is literature, advertisements are advertisements, and the two scarcely blend. The names of the publishers of course carry weight, but there is nothing in the least discreditable about the furtherance of this ingenious methods of modern advertising. Mr. Sharp, however, does not conceal his motive very adroitly. In the circumstances we do not propose to examine his production.

THE COMPLETE RUGBY FOOTBALLER, ON THE NEW ZEALAND SYSTEM. By D. Gallaher and W. J. Stead. Illustrated. London: Methuen. 1906.

Nothing in the history of games, not forgetting the progress of golf, has been more amazing than the development of football during the last few years. It had become almost a craze with multitudes of people when the "All Blacks" arrived in England with a programme marked out for them. They played creditably, it was understood, and might give some of their English opponents quite a good game; and they did! Their first match was against Devon at Exeter, and it was at once seen what English players were "taking on." The "All Blacks" played in 32 matches and won 31 of them, other details of the score being 830 points to 39, 103 goals to 6, 109 tries to 5. This is really little short of stupendous.

Messrs. Gallaher and Stead were captain and vice-captain of the all-conquering team, and in their modest preface they explain the object of their book: to describe the main features of their system. Half of it, they think, or perhaps not so much, might have been discovered by the observer; the rest was secret to themselves, and this work makes it clear. They have told for the first time all about their game that there is to tell they say, and what kind of a reception the telling will have among footballers who "want to know" will easily be guessed. The book is in many respects a revelation. Here, for instance, is a case in point. "One detail of our system," the authors say, "but only a detail—that evoked most interest because it was most apparent, was our scrum formation, and, while many critics agreed that it had merits over other arrangements of the pack, they seemed to conclude that such success as was obtained with it must necessarily have been due to the mere arrangement of the seven men instead of eight, and incidentally the gain of a man outside. Thus, one constantly heard that it showed that seven men were as effective as eight. But while we considered that the arrangement was the best, it only partly accounted for the good work done by our pack. It was never suspected that one of the chief merits of our scrum was the way in which those seven men applied their power, for they never pushed straight in front of them as they were supposed to do. They would have been comparatively ineffective had they done so." Just what they did and why they did it the book sets forth. The authors say what they have to say in the clearest manner, and these sayings amount to a summary of what is best worth note and consideration in the art and science of Rugby football.

ADVICE ON FOX-HUNTING. By Henry, XVIIIth Baron Willoughby de Broke. London: John and Edward Bumpus. 1906.

It would not become us to eulogise this little book, seeing that it is a reprint from our own pages. The late Lord Willoughby de Broke was invariably recognised as a well-nigh unique authority on all matters connected with fox-hunting. It was natural, therefore, that the editor should have sought contributions from his pen, and the papers herein contained were, amongst others, the result. We may briefly say that the three articles republished are addressed specially "To Masters of Hounds," "To Huntsmen," and "To Whippers-In." More masterly expositions have, we believe, never been penned. If we seem prejudiced, let the reader say whether there is not justification for the opinion.

CAMP FIRES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By William T. Hornaday, Sc.D. Illustrations by John M. Phillips. London: T. Werner Laurie. 1906.

Mr. Hornaday, who pleads that he has only written one book, and that twenty years ago, is director of the New York Zoological Park. In an unguarded moment his friend, Mr. John M. Phillips, Pennsylvania State Game Commissioner, began to talk of a tour in the Far West for shooting purposes, invited Mr. Hornaday to go, and, as he says, "before the invitation could be withdrawn and cancelled it was accepted." The author, it will be suspected, has a pretty wit, and this is so. The account of his expedition, mainly after mountain goat it appears, is brightly and cheerily related. The chief object of the trip—the goat—is a grand specimen of the tribe, but of course grizzlies and other beasts and birds come into the story—the franklin grouse, for instance. One of these he describes as "a creature with a superbly black breast and neck, but no mental capacity. To all appearance it was a bird of only two ideas: (1) to forage on the ground until disturbed, and (2) when disturbed to fly ten feet into the nearest tree and wait to be shot. Naturally a bird with only two ideas is not long for this world." The reader, as he mentally accompanies Mr. Hornaday, will find him a particularly pleasant companion, and Mr. Phillips contributes a number of remarkably good pictures.

GOLF GREENS AND GREEN KEEPING. Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. George Newnes, Ltd., London. 1906.

Mr. Hutchinson is from every point of view an authority on golf. He has won all sorts of championships, and has probably written more about the game than any other two living men. To play golf is usually to know golfers, and this volume is made up of contributions by specialists dealing with the different types of soil on which links are laid out in Great Britain. The Editor has known whose assistance to seek. "Not very many years ago," Mr. Hutchinson remarks, "it used to be said that Golf in the proper sense of the game could not be played, or certainly could not be enjoyed, anywhere except at the seaside on soil of that formation which is specially called 'links.'" Vast numbers of people who live far from the coast desire to play golf, they carry out their desire, and the old idea about the seaside is now entirely exploded. Golf is much more than a game to its votaries—it is an art, a science, a profession, an all-pervading engrossment. No one understands better than Mr. Hutchinson what is wanted to form an acceptable links. Anybody who cares to study the questions treated may safely trust to his guidance, and to the guidance of those he warrants.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

IN one particular we have of late discovered our deficiency. We have no "editress" attached to the establishment who could speak authoritatively on the subject of the Hunting Corsets which Mrs. Steele, of 38, Upper Berkeley Street, is anxious to bring to the notice of lady readers. Mrs. Steele, however, sends testimony in the shape of just half a score letters from her customers, who express themselves delighted with these corsets, and in several instances go into detail to describe wherein they found the special merit and convenience. Mrs. Steele is evidently a lady to be sought and consulted.

* * * * *

It is claimed by authorities on dress that a neat tie is a leading essential which sets off everything else, and a new departure in this direction is well worthy of notice. This is a tie of fancy leather, almost as flexible as silk, made in all sorts of shades and patterns, particularly easy to arrange, remarkably cheap and lasting. Certain effects are possible in leather which cannot be obtained in silk, it is said with evident truth. Nothing could well be neater than these ties, manufactured by Messrs. Worrall and Co., of Bromsgrove Street, Birmingham.

* * * * *

The Officers' Employment Bureau has been started—by officers of position—to provide congenial occupation for those who have left the service and object to leading idle lives. The idea is an excellent one, and the Bureau, at 133, Jermyn Street, does undoubtedly, as the much-abused phrase runs, "supply a long-felt want." Many officers, of course, have special knowledge of various subjects—travel, estate management, sport, secretarial work, or whatever it may be, and at the Bureau there is the best of chances that men who want to find assistance and men who are anxious to render it may meet.

* * * * *

"As sent to the Queen at Buckingham Palace by Her Majesty's special command" is a sentence which means much, and it applies to that highly ingenious novelty the Equipoise Couch—"couch" including bed or lounge chair. By a perfectly simple contrivance, the mere releasing of a catch, the user of the Equipoise can lie horizontally, or at well-nigh any angle or variety of angles he chooses. The ease and comfort of these couches—Equipoise Co., Ashford, Kent, is the address—render them extraordinarily seductive.

* * * * *

Readers are reminded that the last day for receipt of solutions of Hunting in London Competition is December 1st.



A PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the December competition will be announced in the February issue.

THE OCTOBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the October competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mrs. Henry May, Clare Hall, Clare, Suffolk; Miss W. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, Co. Down; Mr. B. N. Wood, Barnes; Miss Archer Houblon, Hallingbury Place, Bishop's Stortford; Mr. R. W. Hillcoat, Blenheim Club, St. James's Square, S.W.; Mrs. Carne-Williams, Bridgwater; Lady Mary Clough Taylor, Firby Hall, York; Mr. W. Abrey, Tonbridge; Mr. Adolphe Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and Mr. Ernest Brooks, Guildford Street, W.



POLO AT RANELAGH—1ST LIFE GUARDS *v.* MOONLIGHTERS—CAPTAIN F. GUEST
STRIKING

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Barnes



SALMON-FISHING ON THE BANN—HER FIRST FISH

Photograph by Mrs. Henry May, Clare Hall, Clare, Suffolk



COUNTY DOWN STAGHOUNDS POINT-TO-POINT RACES

Photograph by Miss W. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down



THE GARTH HUNT—H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN FIRST AT THE KILL

Photograph by Mr. Ernest Brocks, Guildford Street, London, W.



OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE HOCKEY MATCH—OXFORD IN POSSESSION

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Barnes



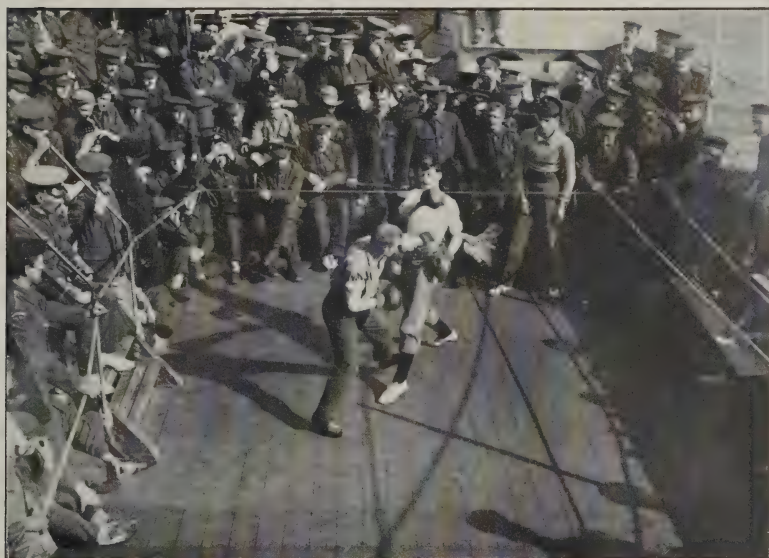
BELLMOUNT WEASEL HOUNDS, COUNTY CORK—THE WHIP HOLDING UP A STOAT WHICH HAS BEEN KILLED AFTER A FORTY MINUTES' RUN

Photograph by Mr. D. W. Herrick, Nottingham



TEACHING YOUNG HUNTER TO JUMP—"THE LESSON LEARNED"

Photograph by Miss Archer Houblon, Hallingbury Place, Bishop's Stortford



BOXING ON H.M. TRANSPORT "PLASSY"

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Hillcoat, Blenheim Club, St. James's Square, S.W.



STONEY INDIAN CHIEF AND INTERPRETER—GATHERING OF STONEY INDIANS
FOR THE SPORTS AT BANFF, CANADA

Photograph by Mr. W. A. Cruickshank, Hongkong, China

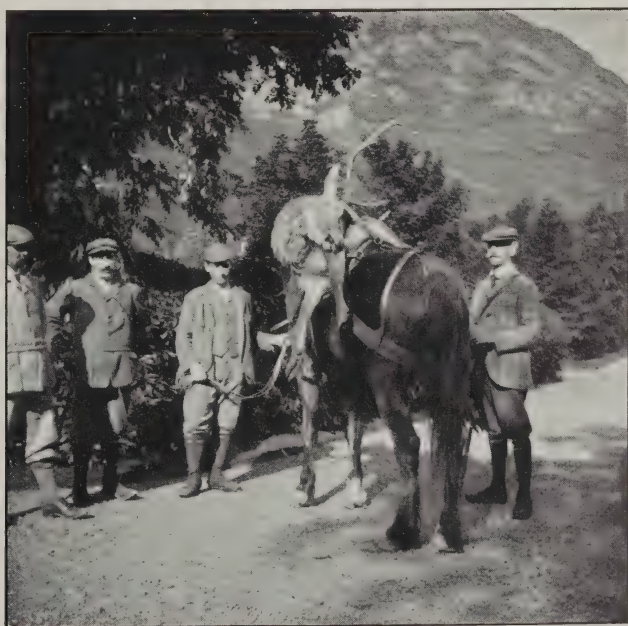


GILLIES THICKENING THE WATER WITH PEAT BEFORE NETTING SALMON POOL

Photograph by Miss Archer Houblon, Hallingbury Place, Bishop's Stortford



WEST SOMERSET FOXHOUNDS AT STOGURSEY—FIRST WHIP BRINGING UP THE HOUNDS
Photograph by Mrs. Carne-Williams, Bridgwater



A HEAVY BEAST
Photograph by Lady Mary Clough Taylor, Firby Hall, York



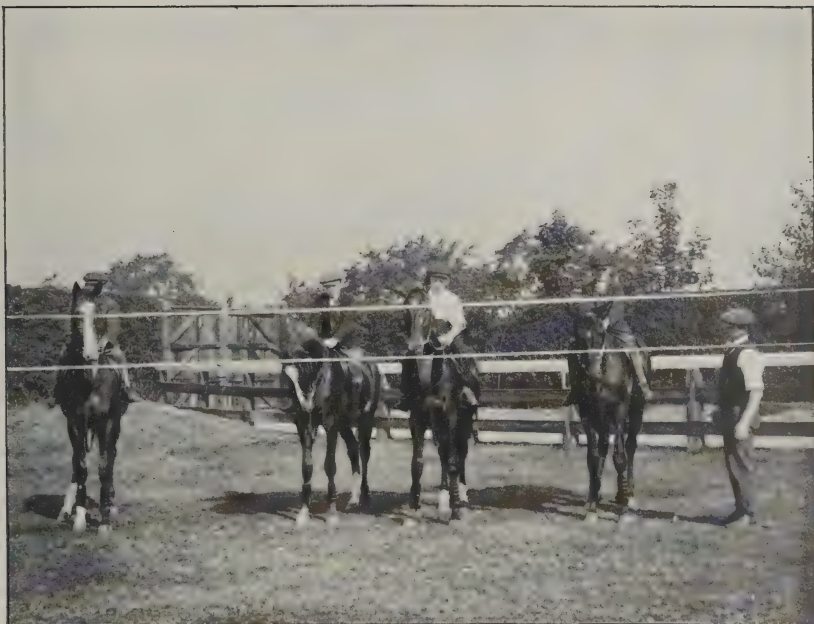
ALLCOMERS RACE, MEDITERRANEAN FLEET, FIUME

Photograph by Mr. James S. M. Ritchie, Lieutenant H.M.S. "Lancaster," Malta



BUCKLEY OTTER-HOUNDS—AT THE END OF THE DAY

Photograph by Miss E. K. Venables, Oakhurst, Oswestry



TEACHING YEARLINGS TO FACE THE GATE

Photograph by Mr. N. R. King, Graham House, Newmarket



A FALL

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



CROWHURST OTTER-HOUNDS—HOUNDS WINDING A DRAG

Photograph by Mr. W. Abrey, Tonbridge



WATER PUSHBALL AT MOLESEY

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



A CLEVER SWERVE—MR. C. B. ATKINSON OF BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Photograph by Mr. Adolphe Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital



THE GARTH HUNT—THE MEET IN THE WOODS, WINDSOR GREAT PARK

Photograph by Mr. Ernest Brooks, Guildford Street, London, W.



CUB HUNTING—WHOO! PULL HIM AND TEAR HIM

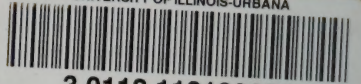
Photograph by Miss Gertrude Sprot, Riddell, Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire



HORSES WATERING IN THE MODDER RIVER NEAR SANNAH'S POST

Photograph by Mr. J. H. C. Horsfall, R.A. Mess, Tempe, Bloemfontein

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